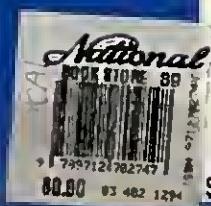


## THE BOOK

In Hnng Knng, in 1892, Jose Rizal began writing a sequel to *El Filibusterismo*. He began in Tagalog, called the opening chapter "Makamisa," then started anew in Spanish, and eveotually left behind two texts comprising an unfioished third novel.

In 1987, while working in the National Library, Ambeth Ocampo stumbled on the Spanish drafts of *Makamisa* within a 245-page manuscript labelled *Borrador del Noli Me Tangere*. He reconostructed the unwieldy drafts into a translation and a full narrative, which is the core of this book. He provides context for this by detailing for the non-specialist reader the scholarly chase that led to the discovery of the manuscript, the process of research, and the task of authentication that led to the conclusion that *Makamisa* is Rizal's third novel, and not, as previously thought, the unfinished work known as "Tagalog Nobility."

*Makamisa* briogs forward a new Rizal work for studeots and their families, historians and scholars, to enjoy — one in which Filipinos can see themselves and part of their history. Through it Ocampo proves that Rizal is not a closed book, and that even as we approach the centennial of his execu-tion in 1996, there still is matter for study on, research in, and enlightenment from the enigma that is Jose Rizal.



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# Makamisa.

## THE SEARCH FOR RIZAL'S THIRD NOVEL



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AMBETH R. OCAMPO

# *Makamisa.*

THE SEARCH FOR RIZAL'S THIRD NOVEL

# *Makamisa.*

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AMBETH R. OCAMPO



ANVIL PUBLISHING, INC.

## INTRODUCTION

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The publication of a hitherto handwritten manuscript by our national hero Jose P. Rizal is a landmark in Rizal Studies and Philippine History of the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

Ambeth R. Ocampo's painstaking efforts in reading through handwritten manuscripts in the Filipiniana Division of the National Library yielded a treasure in 1984 for which the entire nation should be grateful to one of the most assiduous historical researchers of our country and to the staff and management of the National Library and the National Historical Institute, in particular, Rene Perdon, Carolina Afan, Serafin D. Quiason and Narcissa V. Muñasque.

With so much scholarship and painstaking research invested by local and foreign scholars alike in Rizaliana studies, one would think that there would be nothing more discovered about Jose Rizal's writings and that the canon of his works had already been fixed during the Rizal Centennial in 1961.

However, Ocampo has not only uncovered in the dusty and musty manuscript section of the National Library a hand-written manuscript by our hero; it was a manuscript not of the *Noli* or the *Fili* but of a third novel in Spanish which upon closer examination and translation by the researcher turned out not to be a *borrador* (rough draft) of the *Noli* but an entirely new though unfinished manuscript of a third untitled novel.

Through logical inferences based on an extensive as well as intensive acquaintance with Rizaliana, Ocampo has established that the attributed third novel, *Makamiso*, in Tagalog, turned out to be only the beginning section which was later rewritten in Spanish though unfinished.

The novel and its writing, as reconstructed by Ocampo, is quite significant in terms of Rizaliana studies and the ongoing efforts towards national language development in the Philippines especially in its most demanding task, that of cultivation or elaboration.

To begin with, in line with Rizal's attempts to translate some classics intn his native Tagalog and his attempts at linguistics through his outline of a grammar of Tagalng (edited, translated from Spanish to Tagalog, and published by Cecilio Lopez), his research on the flora and fauna of the Philippines, and bis earlier annotations of Morga's *Sucesos*, our national hero began the writing of a novel in Tagalog undoubtedly as another way of retrieving the Filipino's rieh past and showing to the world and his countrymen the potentialities of the Tagalog language as a vehicle for serious fiction.

Unfortunately, Rizal soon realized what modern Filipinos are realizing when attempting to write intellectual prose in Filipino; the task of cultivation is difficult and time-consuming and sometimes so demanding of time and energy that the response of the writer, dominant in a second language because of his education, is to return to the second language and to leave composition in the first language to a later date.

This is what seems to have happened in the case of Rizal's Tagalog novel, the first chapter of which was entitled "Makamisa." He restarted the novel in Spanish and finished a substantial portion of it, the manuscript totalling 245 pages.

Ocampo's painstaking reconstruction out of a bundle of unordered papers, interspersed with notes and other materials, shows the original author in his creative process of writing. Ocampo has done us a unique service by putting these pages together into a coherent whole and then even more painstakingly translating them for the non-Spanish reader. Scholars wishing to see the original can turn to the manuscript in Spanish and in Tagalog in the appendix of the book.

Aspects of Rizal's frame of mind, his style, and his strong points as a writer emerge from this third manuscript. When Rizal tried to be serious, as he did in the *Fili*, the results are less than interesting. Rizal was at his best when he was being satirical and ironical, when he was making fun of Spanish abuses and abusers. The *Noli* introduced us to this satirical side of Rizal, who made extensive use of irony as an effective way of satirizing the *fraile*. The Rizal of satire comes out even more forcefully and dramatically in this third novel, perhaps rendered more embittered because of the experiences of suffering and oppression he had undergone after the publication of the *Noli* during his first sojourn home after his European studies.

Ocampo, perhaps the foremost Rizalist at this time in the Philippines even at so relatively young an age, represents the best of Philippine historiographical scholarship. He has the patience and the motivation to pore over difficult-to-read manuscripts now deteriorating in the National Library and to retrieve these manuscripts so that they

can be available to a new generation of Filipinos who must be reintroduced to Rizal and the significance of Rizal's life and work largely through his writings and the accounts of his life. He has performed a singular service in the cause of nationalism and patriotism by making this hitherto unpublished and even largely unknown work of Rizal available to this present generation of Filipino readers.

While the retrieval and publication of this minor classic is not on the same level as the retrieval and publication of a major work by our hero, its publication by Anvil Publishing, Inc. is a significant landmark nonetheless in Philippine historical and Rizalian studies. Certainly, it represents the most significant piece of Rizaliana to be published since Leon Ma. Guerrero's translations.

For this, the Filipino public will be forever grateful to the author-editor, translator, compiler and patient historical scholar and his enlightened publishers who are making this study available to a wider public.

Andrew Gonzalez, FSC  
President, *Manila Bulletin*  
October 1992

## PREFACE

**N**early a century after his death, Jose Rizal remains alive and well in the Filipino consciousness, simply because he is an enigma that continues to pose contradiction after contradiction.

Rizal, for example, is the National Hero of the Philippines and yet Filipinos cannot imagine him in a barong Tagalog or some other Philippine costume. Almost all the monuments throughout the archipelago depict him holding a book and wearing a heavy overcoat or winter topcoat. This iconography is based on his favorite studio portrait taken in Madrid in 1890. Unknown to many is the fact that Rizal did don Philippine attire and on one documented occasion wore his barong in Madrid in December 1882.

This same contradiction between Rizal's being half-Filipino and half-European is evident in his writings. The *Noli me tongere*, *El Filibusterismo* and "Ultimo Adios" are all in Spanish, but probably the most famous line from Rizal is from a poem extolling Tagalog, calling on his fellowmen to love their own language with the words of warning: "Ang hindi magmahal sa sariling salita [wika] ay mahigit sa hayop at malansang isda." [He who does not love his own tongue is worse than an animal or stinking fish]

Rizal is said to have written "Sa Aking Mga Kababata" in 1869 when he was but eight years old. However, after having gone through the Rizal manuscripts in both private and public collections, I believe that this so-called Rizal poem which appeared posthumously in 1902 can, at most, only be attributed to Rizal, since no documentation supports his authorship of this famous poem. Perhaps when Tagalog was declared the National Language in the 1930's, Rizal's name and this poem in particular were invoked to win Filipinos over into accepting Tagalog as the new National Language.

The issue of Rizal and the National Language will require another monograph, but I bring it up here because it is central to the

recovery and reconstruction of the drafts of a third novel by Rizal which we know of only from one titled chapter: *Makomiso*. Aside from his Tagalog translations of Hans Christian Andersen's tales and Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, Rizal seldom worked in his own language. *Makomiso* is important in any study of Rizal because it was written in that short period from around October 1891 to June 1892 when he actually decided to shift his writing from Spanish to Tagalog to reach a wider audience, the Filipino majority.

This modest book cannot supply a full-length novel to rival both the *Noli me tongere* and *El Filibusterismo*; it deals only with the very rough and hitherto unpublished drafts of Rizal's third novel. The book documents a search. It begins with an account of how the forgotten Spanish manuscript was recovered, and then follows the process by which these manuscripts were placed in their proper historical context through a study of Rizal's correspondence and other writings.

Chapter II supplies a synopsis of each of the unfinished prose works of Rizal which, based on the scanty National Library Catalog, might be presumed to be Rizal's third novel. It will also counter and correct the prevailing view that another work in Spanish popularly known as *Togolog Nobility* is the third novel. Rizal's correspondence clearly points to *Makomiso* as the third novel.

Chapter III describes the unpublished *borrador* or draft in both its physical aspects as well as its contents. Following the Epilogue is my version of the unwieldy drafts, translated into English, and edited into coherent form. For scholars who will want to work with the originals both in Tagalog and Spanish these have been transcribed, and form the bulky appendix.

This book earns significance because it shows that Rizal attempted to write his third novel in Tagalog, but gave up. The publication of the hitherto unpublished Spanish drafts of the intended novel one hundred years after they were originally written, as well as the attempted English reconstruction of a full narrative are done in the hope that as we approach the centennial of Rizal's death in 1996 more research in primary sources will be undertaken in order to complete our study and understanding of Jose Rizal's life and work.

A.R. Ocampo

7 July 1992. Centennial of the founding of the Katipunan.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

**F**rom the time I first handled the original Rizal manuscripts in 1984 till this work saw promise of publication, I have become indebted to many people who have to be thanked here and yet be spared from any errors I may have committed in writing this book.

Dr. Rene Perdon, former Chief of the Monuments and Heraldry Division of the National Historical Institute (NHI), who first directed me to the vault of the National Library, and Carolina Afan, former Chief of the Filipiniana Division of the National Library who first showed me the original manuscripts of the *Noli me tangere*, *El Filibusterismo* and "Ultimo Adios" must be on the top of my thank-you list.

Then came Ms. Narcissa V. Muñasque, director of the National Library from 1986 to 1991, who appointed me a consultant to the Library, thus giving me the support and access that led to this recovery of the manuscript as well as two other books in progress. Ms. Ma. Luisa Moral patiently opened the vault each time I went to do research in 1987 and later in 1989. My research assistant Rose Mendoza did most of the transcriptions and other chores that gave me the freedom to pursue other research interests.

Professor Oscar Alfonso, former Vice President for External Affairs at the University of the Philippines at Diliman, encouraged me to continue research on the manuscript following a term paper submitted to his graduate class in Philippine history, which formed the first chapter of this book. The outline of the book was shaped by the class on research methods under Dr. Prospero Covar also of UP Diliman.

This book wouldn't have been possible if I hadn't been forced into writing an MA thesis for a degree in Philippine Studies at De La Salle University. For keeping me on deadlines and reading my drafts I am grateful to my adviser Dr. Buenaventura Medina. The thesis panel was composed of Dr. Marcelino Foronda, Dr. Emerita Quito and

Brother Andrew Gonzalez, FSC. I am particularly thankful to Drs. Quito and Gonzalez for their encouragement and constructive comments. The late E. Aguilar Cruz and Dr. Serafin D. Quiason, both of the NHI, acted as guides through the historical labyrinth.

Danton Remoto read and edited the thesis, turning what was initially described by a member of the panel as "journalistic" into something more closely resembling the "academic". What is amusing, though, is that after the thesis had passed and been submitted I had to rewrite it again for publication. This time the so-called "academic" was thrown out in favor of a more popular style.

Doreen Fernandez took time out from a heavy workload to edit the thesis into the present readable book. I have owed her much since she made me write in her freshman class at the Ateneo in 1980, and I think the best way of thanking her is to produce more books.

Karina Bolasco deserves special mention for publishing two earlier books, this one and hopefully future others.

I must not forget to thank my parents, my sisters and my niece for bearing with my bouts of silence and providing a rest from scholarly labours. Last but not least I am indebted to the Abbot, the Deans and monks of the Abbey of Our Lady of Montserrat, Manila, for their hospitality and prayers.

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# I

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# THE QUEST

## The Quest: What/Where is the Novel?

**A**long the northern side of Sampaloc, Manila, one sees such familiar names as Crisntomo, Iharra<sup>1</sup>, Sisa, Basilio and Maria Clara on street-signs. Anyone who has gone to school in the Philippines will know that these are the names of characters from Jose Rizal's first novel, *Nali me tangere*.

The neighborhood also yields characters from Rizal's second novel, *El Filibusterismo*. These include Simoun, Makaraig, and P[adre]. Florentino. It does not take much convincing to conclude that all the thoroughfares in the area have something to do with the National Hero: [Austin] Craig was Rizal's American biographer, [Ferdinand] Blumentritt was his Austrian friend and confidant, Dapitan was his place of exile from 1892-96, and Laong Laan and Dimasalang were pseudonyms Rizal once used.

Not all the street names are recognizable, however. There are quite a few intriguing names like Metrica, for example, which baffles even those who have taken the standard Rizal course in college. Metrica actually comes from *Arte metrica del togalog*, an introduction to Tagalog grammar, which Rizal wrote and read before the Berlin Ethnographic Society in April 1887.<sup>2</sup>

More obscure is *Makamisa*, whose meaning is lost even to the residents of the area. "Makamisa" is one of the half-dozen or so unfinished novels of Rizal. It was chosen as a street name over the others simply because this novel-in-progress was written in Tagalog while the rest were in his usual Spanish. The main point of this book is this: what is *Makamisa*?

Bibliographical research leads us to Wenceslao Emilio Retana's "Bihliografia Rizalina", which can be found in his pioneering *Vida y Escritas del Dr. Jose Rizal* (1907). Retana quotes Mariano Ponee, a friend and contemporary of Rizal's, who described *Makamisa* as:

The title of some cuartillas or quarter sheets that are the beginnings of a novel in Tagalog. I do not know if this is the title of a single

chapter or the entire novel-in-progress, but I am inclined to believe that *Makamisa* is the title of one chapter only.<sup>3</sup>

Four decades after the publication of Retana's work, the Philippine Government published in 1949 Rafael Palma's prize-winning *Biografia de Rizal*, which likewise included a bibliography of Rizal's work prepared under the direction of Luis Montilla, then Director of the National Library. This bibliography did not add much to Retana's information, as *Makamisa* is said to be the "title of the beginning of a novel in Tagalog, written in a light ironic style. Composed of two chapters, it is incomplete. 20 pages. 34.2 x 22 centimeters."<sup>4</sup>

Finally in 1961 the Jose Rizal National Centennial Commission (JRNCC) published a *Bibliografia de los escritos de Rizal*, which said *Mokamiso*

...appears to be an incomplete novel in Tagalog, written in an ironic style. The title suggests that it is a chapter rather than a novel as Ponce believed. Only two chapters were written. [The] manuscript bears no date nor place, but according to V[ilcento]. Elio, it could have been written in Dapitan in 1894. We believe it was written in Hong Kong, when Rizal informed Blumentritt in his letter of 31 January 1892 that he had begun another novel in Tagalog. Later, Rizal would discontinue work on this novel because he found it difficult to write in Tagalog.

Another manuscript in Spanish exists with the same ideas and the same characters but with different names described in [Makamisa]. The draft manuscript is in the National Library...<sup>5</sup>

It is ironic that during the International Congress on Rizal, in 1961, which saw almost all eminent Rizal scholars from all over the world gathered in Manila, not one bothered to ask which of the six unfinished novels of Rizal was the third novel after the *Nali me tangere* (1887) and *El Filibusterismo* (1891). These scholars returned home, taking with them copies of the 25 volumes of Rizal's correspondence and writings that the JRNCC published in 1961, confident they had all the primary materials on Rizal. Much work on Rizal has been written by scholars who assume that the JRNCC publications are complete and reliable. Thus, they rarely demand to see the original Rizal manuscripts in the National Library, for if they did, they would realize that the JRNCC publications are sometimes marred by mistranslations and, much worse, by faulty transcriptions.

Many serious errors were indeed corrected in 1961, yet a mistake once published becomes difficult to correct, and some books still carry the pre-1961 errors. For example, the poem "Mi primera inspiracion", formerly attributed to Rizal, was taken out of the canon and disattributed when Leoncio Lopez Rizal, a nephew of the hero

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and member of the JRNCC, claimed that the poem in question was actually written by his brother, Antonio Lopez.<sup>6</sup>

Another small but amusing error likewise corrected by the JRNCC but still appearing in some books on Rizal is the place from where Rizal wrote a letter to his sister, Trinidad, on 11 March 1886. The *Epistolario Rizolino* edited by Teodoro Kalaw in the 1930s assumed that "Donnerstag" was a place-name in Germany. Therefore, the printed transcription of this letter stated: "11 de marzo [de 1886] Donnerstag, [Alemania]". Some writers who did not bother to check maps of Germany would never know that "Donnerstag" is a non-existent German town, because Donnerstag actually means "Thursday."<sup>7</sup>

Leafing through the two-volume *Focsimiles de los Escritos de Rizal*, one will find offset reproductions of manuscripts from Rizal's youth to 1896, including receipts for hotel bills and the like. It leads one to believe that anything and everything on Rizal has already been published. However, not known to the Rizal scholars is the fact that a handful of Rizal manuscripts and documents relating to him were not deemed by the JRNCC important enough to merit publication.<sup>8</sup>

Later I found out that the *Bibliogrofio de los obros de Rizol*, which the JRNCC published without an acknowledgement, had been compiled and annotated by the late Dr. Angel Hidalgo, who submitted this bibliography to the Universidad Central de Madrid as his doctoral dissertation. In an interview in early 1990, Dr. Hidalgo related that nobody paid any attention to his work in 1961, despite the fact that he was a descendant of Rizal, being the grandson of Saturnina Rizal Hidalgo.<sup>9</sup>

Hidalgo informed the JRNCC about an unpublished manuscript in Spanish resembling the Tagalog *Mokomiso* in plot and characters, and existing in the National Library. He later suggested to the JRNCC that this *borrador*, or rough draft, be transcribed, translated, and published. However, his uncle, Leoncio Lopez Rizal, the acknowledged authority on Rizal and a member of the JRNCC, silenced him and others who thought likewise by declaring, "No se puede por que el manuscrito es un borrador. Un borrador del *Noli me tangere*, nada mas!" (That cannot be done, because the manuscript in question is a draft. A draft of the *Noli me tangere*, nothing more!)

Thus one of the main points of this book is to illustrate how a simple librarian's error and the lack of primary-source research have kept us from knowing about Rizal's third novel.

Many people today believe that an unfinished work by Rizal to which Juan Collas gave the title "Tagalog Nobility" in 1957 is the third unfinished novel of Rizal. This work was discussed at length in

Petronilo Bn. Daroy's *The Ideos of Europeon Liberolism in the Fiction of Rizol*,<sup>11</sup> which placed it permanently in the canon as Rizal's third novel.

My recovery of Rizal's unpublished handwritten manuscript of 171 leaves comprising 245 pages in the National Library in 1987 changes this because, in my considered opinion, this *borrador* is Rizal's third novel. This book therefore concerns itself with these two main points: how the manuscript was found, what it contains, and my reasons for correcting the prevailing and established view that "Tagalog Nobility" is the third novel of Rizal.

The manuscript was recovered<sup>12</sup> from obscurity in the following manner. In 1984 I inquired from the Chief of the Filipiniana Division of the National Library, Ms. Carolina Afan, if I could see the original manuscripts of Rizal's novels, *Noli me tangere* and *El Filibusterismo*. I was informed that these precious documents were kept under lock and key and rarely brought out, except on special occasions or for visiting VIPs only. If I wanted to see these, I needed express and written permission from then National Library Director Dr. Serafin D. Quiason Jr. Moved by curiosity, I told a white lie: I said I had just been with Dr. Quiason in his office and he had told me to see Ms. Afan.

The original manuscripts of Rizal's novels and of the "Ultimo Adios" had been "stolen"<sup>13</sup> from the Library in 1961 and had been held for ransom, which was why security for these national relics has always been tight. When I noticed that Ms. Afan hesitated, I summoned all my courage and calmly told her to verify with Dr. Quiason himself. A telephone was within reach, and fortunately for me, she did not confirm my story: Dr. Quiason then did not know me nor even what I looked like. I was ushered through two locked doors deep into the Rare Books Section, where Ms. Afan opened the vault and took out the jewels of the National Library.

Seeing the original manuscripts of Rizal is a rare experience in a Filipino scholar's life, but the privilege of actually holding these national relics in one's hands is even rarer. I jokingly told the people present that I could now tell my children and grandchildren that, in my youth, I had touched the original manuscripts of both the *Noli* and the *Fili*.

I tried to prolong my stay in the Rare Books Section, because I saw so many manuscripts piled one on top of the other inside the vault, the door of which had been left ajar. I inquired whether the Library had the drafts of the *Noli*, because the manuscript I reverently held in my hands was definitely the clean copy Rizal had sent to the printers. Ms. Afan said there was no such manuscript, and gently hinted that I leave, since she had much work to do. When I insisted

on seeing the other manuscripts in the vault, I wore out my welcome, and was politely shown the exit.

With the changes in government following the events of February 1986, Ms. Narcissa V. Muñasque was appointed Director of the National Library, replacing Dr. Serafin D. Quiason, who was appointed Executive Director of the National Historical Institute. As consultant to the National Library in 1987, I was given access to the confidential inventory of manuscripts in the vault. I found in the list a certain "borrador del *Noli me tangere*." I told myself I was right: drafts of the *Noli* were, indeed, extant.<sup>14</sup>

Wishing to catch the tailend of the *Noli me tangere* Centennial in 1987, I envisioned a textual study which would trace the development of the novel — from the drafts or *borrador*, to the final manuscript copy to the published book printed in Berlin in 1887. What made the task doubly exciting was the fact that this borrador was not included in the so-called complete writings of Rizal, because the JRNCC had thought that since an offset edition of the finished manuscript was already available, the drafts were not important. Because of this oversight, I stumbled into a *terra incognita* in Rizal scholarship.

After being given permission to duplicate a photostatic copy of this borrador, I set to work immediately. Halfway through the transcription of this borrador, however, I began to wonder why I had not encountered any of the *Noli me tangere* characters: Maria Clara, Crisostomo Ibarra, Capitan Tiago, or Padre Damaso. Only then did I realize that I was holding the drafts of a different work. Further research proved that the Spanish manuscript was definitely the translation and/or continuation of the Tagalog *Makamisa*.

Research into the provenance of the manuscript was frustrating, because the National Library records on the Rizal manuscripts were unavailable. Only the old accession lists and some extant property cards gave me clues to the ownership of the Rizal manuscripts before they came into the collection of the National Library.

The *borrador* in question was acquired from the heirs of Mariano Ponce before the Second World War. The problem arose when the National Library placed the borrador on its accession list. A librarian assigned titles and dates to manuscripts which were unsigned, undated, or untitled. This anonymous librarian mislabelled the Spanish version, or drafts of *Makamisa*, having mistaken the manuscript for the *borrador*, or drafts of the *Noli me tangere*. The loose sheets comprising this draft were bound with a cover title, "Borrador incompleto del *Noli me tangere*," thus retarding one area of Rizal scholarship for nearly a century.

My work and experience with the original Rizal manuscripts in the National Library and the Lopez Memorial Museum, and those still with the hero's family have made me familiar with Rizal's penmanship. I was sure that this unsigned and undated manuscript was in the handwriting of Rizal. Yet to double-check I showed the photocopies of the manuscript to the Rizal descendants, such as Dr. Hidalgo and Asuncion Lopez Bantug, as well as to the eminent Rizal scholars Esteban de Ocampo and Fr. Miguel Bernad, S.J. All of them confirmed that the handwriting in the *borrador* was indeed Rizal's.

Further documentation has been provided by an extant National Library property card which states that the manuscript was acquired from the heirs of Mariano Ponce.

I assume Rizal wrote the *borrador* while on the ship Melbourne en route to Hong Kong from Marseilles in October 1891, or in Hong Kong itself in early 1892. I base my dating and assumptions on the two Rizal letters, in German, to his friend Ferdinand Blumentritt, the originals of which are also in the National Library.

In the October 1891 letter, Rizal informed Blumentritt that he would complete his third novel during the trip, which meant that he was already writing it by that time. A month earlier, Rizal was thinking of writing what he described as the "third part" of his work because of his frustration with *El Filibusterismo*, which had just come off the press and because of financial constraints was not in a form completely to his liking.

On 22 September 1891, Rizal was relieved to receive Blumentritt's kind opinion on the *Fili* which, deep down, he had felt was inferior to the *Noli*. Thanking Blumentritt for his kind words, he wrote:

At last I can breathe freely and gladly. I anxiously awaited your verdict [on the *Fili*]. This has arrived and though I shnuld think there is much deference in it, I can look forward to the future with confidence and hope for good luck. I would have liked to pour out all my knowledge, all my brains, all my sentiments on the pages of [the *Fili*]; but my characters did not give me an opportunity for it and neither did I have enough space. I am thinking of writing a third novel, a novel in the modern sense of the word. But this time politics will not occupy much space in it. Ethics will play the principal role. It will deal only with the mores and customs of the Filipinos, there will be only two Spaniards—the curate and the Teniente de la Guardia Civil. I want to be witty, satirical and candid; I want to cugel and laugh, laugh amid tears, that is to say, to cry bitterly.<sup>15</sup>

The unfinished work in Spanish believed to be Rizal's third novel, "Tagalog Nobility", is set in Malate in 1635. It deals with the early Filipinos and their customs. This does not fit with Rizal's

description because of the absence of the lone priest and the Guardia Civil. Besides, "Tagalog Nobility" is not humorous.

One can actually imagine Rizal laughing as one reads *Mokomiso*, because it remains one of the funniest manuscripts Rizal left us, next to his sketch of a man whose fart blows away everything around him. From Rizal's description alone, it is clear that *Makomiso*, not "Tagalog Nobility", is the third novel.

Style and characters are not the only evidence we have against "Tagalog Nobility"; more important is the language in which the third novel was written — Tagalog. Writing to Blumentritt from Hong Kong on 31 January 1892, Rizal himself leaves us with the biggest clue:

While I rest from my professional work, I write the third part of my book [after the *Noli me tongere* and the *El Filibusterismo*] in Tagalog. It deals only with Tagalog customs, exclusively of the usages, virtues and defects of the Tagalogs. I am sorry I cannot write it in Spanish, for I have found a very beautiful theme. I want to write a novel in the modern sense of the term — an artistic and literary novel. This time I want to sacrifice politics and everything for art. If I write it in Spanish, then the poor Tagalogs to whom the work is dedicated will not get to know it, though they may be the ones who need it most. What will the Europeans do with it? Perhaps they will only laugh and mock our defects. The book gives me much difficulty, for many of my ideas cannot be expressed freely without introducing many neologisms, and moreover I lack practice in writing Tagalog...<sup>16</sup>

There is no doubt that Rizal was referring to *Mokomiso*, since this was the only novel he started in Tagalog. "Tagalog Nobility" does not fit the description in Rizal's letter simply because it is in Spanish.

If *Mokomiso* is the only draft of a novel Rizal wrote in Tagalog, this also disproves the dating of some Rizal scholars, like Vicente Elio, who believe that *Mokomiso* was written in Dapitan in 1894. From documentary evidence, it is clear *Makomisa* was written between 1891-92 while Rizal was en route to Hong Kong, or when he was already in the Crown Colony.

The letters to Blumentritt cited above are not new. As a matter of fact, previous biographers like Rafael Palma, Carlos Quirino, and Gregorio Zaide have used the same letters to state that Rizal worked on a third novel. Our problem is that Rizal did not identify the work-in-progress but merely described it. This explains why many scholars mention the third novel only in passing, but always stop short of telling us exactly which of the unfinished novels it is.

*Mokomiso* fits Rizal's description of the third novel perfectly: first, it is in Tagalog; second, it deals with the customs of the Filipinos; third, it describes a certain Padre Agaton who lords it over

the small town of Pili. The first of the two chapters Rizal completed in Tagalog opens with a scene after Mass, or "makamisa," when people are pushing, shoving, and cursing because they want to leave the hot, crowded church as soon as possible. But before doing so, they all want to dip their fingers in the chipped holy water font, which is dirty and full of wriggling mosquito larvae or *kiti-kiti*.

Both *Mokomiso* and the Spanish *borrador* describe the parishioners trying to explain why their beloved P. Agaton, contrary to his usual practice, hurried with Mass that Sunday. Someone even suggested that perhaps he had taken a purgative. The ironic anticlerical tone of these two chapters is reminiscent of the satire in Rizal's first novel, the *Noli me tongere*. Why?

By 1892 Rizal was already disillusioned with the failure of the Filipino Propaganda Movement in Spain. His former reformist stand had now turned radical because of the land problems in Calamba, which led to the eviction and prosecution of his own family and close friends. Rizal's parents, Francisco Mercado and Teodora Alonso; his brother, Paciano; and two sisters, Josefa and Trinidad, had joined him in the Crown Colony from where, aside from practicing medicine, Rizal made constant trips to Sandakan in an effort to establish a Filipino colony in North Borneo. Rizal felt, rightly, that he had contributed to the land dispute in Calamba which caused so much suffering for the Calambeños, so he thought of helping the dispossessed families by facilitating their migration to a "new Calamba" in Sandakan. During this period Rizal worked on another anticlerical work, the third novel.

Rizal returned to the sharp ironic style of the *Noli me tongere* because he realized that the *El Filibusterismo*, with its serious tone and sheer melodrama, was a literary flop.

Being used to praise and adulation, Rizal was stung by Marcelo H. del Pilar's honest opinion of *El Filibusterismo*. Smarting from this criticism of the *Fili*, Rizal vowed to write another novel, as he told Blumentritt in September 1891, in the light satirical style which was very effective in the *Noli*. Rizal's response to del Pilar's criticism was civil but painful.<sup>17</sup> On 13 October 1891, before leaving Europe, he posted a reply to del Pilar:

I thank you for what you say about my work and I do appreciate your frank opinion on my *Filibusterismo*, that it is inferior to the *Noli*. Frankly, without irony or words with a double meaning, I share your honest opinion of my work. For me the *Fili* as a novel is inferior to the *Noli*, this is why I receive *cum grano solis* [with a grain of salt] the opinion of those who tell me that the *Fili* is superior to the *Noli*. Blumentritt, all the others in Paris and Barcelona, say the *Fili* is superior

simply because they are being kind to me. You are the first one to tell me the truth which coincides with my manner of thinking. This flatters me since it proves I can still judge myself objectively. Now, with respect to unity, ideas, depth, etc., . . . this is another story. I understand that you find the *Fili* too strongly written. I have done this on purpose, so that the objectives of *La Solidaridad* may stand out and appear less red, less radical [menos rojos]. I believed that it was unnecessary to give you these explanations, but then this gives you the key. I so believed that it might be convenient that you attack it. I work in parallel with the *La Solidaridad*. Reflect on this well.<sup>19</sup>

In Hong Kong sometime in 1892, Rizal was busy writing his third novel and editing his brother Paciano's Tagalog translation of the *Noli*.<sup>20</sup> In anticipation of this "popular" edition of the *Noli*, Juan Luna, the prizewinning Filipino painter, sent Rizal illustrations for the Tagalog version of the *Noli*.<sup>21</sup>

For his third novel, Rizal decided to write in the language ordinary Filipinos could understand. He began in Tagalog the extant chapters of what we now know as *Makamiso*. Rizal believed that Tagalog was one of the best developed of the Philippine languages and thus could become the basis for a national language outside of Spanish.

From internal evidence, it appears that Mariano Ponce was right when he said *Makamiso* is not the title of the unfinished novel; rather, it is the title of a chapter from a larger work. This larger work in Tagalog, however, was not completed because Rizal had difficulty readjusting to his own language; thus *Makamiso* was shelved and Rizal began writing again, this time in Spanish.

Rationalizing the sudden shift from Tagalog to Spanish, Rizal wrote Blumentritt on 20 April 1892:

The translation of the *Noli* continues, but I have already given up the idea of writing the third part in Tagalog, for it would not be appropriate to write a work in two languages as they would be like the sermons of the friars. So I am writing it now in Spanish.<sup>22</sup>

In my opinion, this letter to Blumentritt proves beyond reasonable doubt that the unpublished *borrador* I recovered in the National Library is the Spanish continuation of *Makamiso*, because it contains the same characters and situations. There is, however, another possibility. This *borrador* could also be the Spanish draft for a novel written on board the ship en route to Hong Kong in 1891, from which the polished Tagalog *Makamiso* was developed in Hong Kong in 1892.

As a draft, the Spanish *borrador* does not form a coherent whole; neither is it as polished and final as the Tagalog version, *Makamiso*. Reading the manuscript even in transcription is very difficult, simply

because it does not make sense after the first 15 pages. The text ceases to follow a logical order, repetitions occur, corrections make reading difficult, and text which is not part of the novel in progress are to be found bound in the same manuscript.

When the manuscript—later to be mislabelled the "Borrador del *Noli me tangere incompleto*" — was in the collection of Mariano Ponce, it was probably kept loose in a folder or envelope. It seemed Ponce was trying to put things together for publication, as he did with Rizal's Tagalog translation of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, published posthumously. Unfortunately Ponce died before completing his editing, so when the manuscript came into the National Library collection, the librarian had the loose manuscript bound without arranging the pages in their logical order.

This unfinished novel has three expository parts, mostly describing what goes on in church, the town hall and the *gobernadorcillo's* residence. Most of the manuscript is in Spanish, although some pages are in Latin, French, and there is even one sentence in English. A few pages are not in Rizal's penmanship; these are probably Ponce's. Not all the pages in the "borrador" have something to do with the novel. Some are random notes Rizal took from his readings or musings. It took three years of collation, research, and scholarly sleuthing before the manuscript took shape and formed the body of this book.

By presenting a previously unpublished manuscript which turns out to be the drafts of Rizal's third novel, this book hopes to place *Makamiso* in its proper place in the canon of Rizal's work. The manuscript, transcribed as faithfully as possible, gives us a glimpse into Rizal's creative process and helps us to understand Rizal's life in Hong Kong in 1892, a time frame which is a gray area in most biographies of Rizal. Fortunately or unfortunately — depending on the way one views things — this book, instead of filling a gap in the Rizal scholarship, paradoxically leaves us with more questions than answers: Why didn't he finish the novel? Why is this Rizal's strongest anticlerical novel? Are there more unpublished Rizal manuscripts waiting to be retrieved or perhaps discovered on some dusty library shelf? Why did Rizal begin in Tagalog and give up after two chapters?

Rizal's attempt and failure to write a novel in Tagalog gains significance in the light of the raging debate over the national language. Surely other questions will arise as soon as this book sees print, proving to the skeptics that Rizal is not passé. If one does primary-source research instead of rehashing the standard biographies and often inaccurate secondary materials, one will always find something new in Rizal studies.

# III

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# THE PRIZE

## After *Borradores*, Letters, MSS: The Prize

**I**t would not be far-fetched to say that the worst thing that ever happened to Jose Rizal was not that he was executed by the Spaniards but that he became National Hero of the Philippines. Because of his revered status his greatness has been reduced, oversimplified if you will, to four things: his execution in Bagumbayan (now Luneta or Rizal Park) on 30 December 1896, his farewell poem "Mi Ultimo Adios", a novel *Noli me tangere*, and its sequel, *El Filibusterismo*. Rizal's life and works are widely believed to have inspired the Philippine Revolution of 1896.

It is the paradox of Philippine education that despite the compulsory courses on Rizal's life and works in all schools, colleges and universities, Filipinos do not know any other work of Rizal aside from the *Noli*, *Fili* and "Ultimo Adios". Dozens of biographies and textbooks on Rizal obscure the fact that his complete correspondence, diaries and literary works are available not only in the original Spanish but in translation — into English, Tagalog and other Philippine languages. Other writings, compiled and published by the Jose Rizal National Centennial Commission in 1961, remain largely unread. It is unfortunate that half-hearted teaching of the Rizal course has discouraged students from studying Rizal from primary sources. Rizal is studied basically from secondary sources yet one could learn so much about Rizal and many aspects of Philippine life by reading Rizal himself.

Few Filipinos know that aside from letters, diaries, poems, plays, and essays, Rizal also wrote a monograph on the *mongkukulom*, a catalog of Philippine shells, a treatise on Tagalog grammar, medical/surgical notes, Tagalog translations of tales by Hans Christian Andersen as well as Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, unfinished novels, articles, and even the beginnings of an English-Tagalog dictionary. All these not only reflect Rizal's varied interests, but also prove to a skeptical generation increasingly geared toward specialization that the Filipino

Renaissance man does exist — or at least existed at some point in the past.

From among this wealth of materials, this book singles out and focuses on Rizal's unfinished novels in order to pinpoint which is the famous third novel after the *Fili*, a work which has always been mentioned but not clearly identified in many biographies.

Some biographers like Carlos Quirino, for example, state that Rizal was working on a novel in 1891 after the publication of the *Fili* but do not state specifically what this novel is about or whether it is extant. Others have followed the lead of Rafael Palma and have stated, incorrectly, that the third novel is an unfinished, untitled work popularly known under its English translation, "Tagalog Nobility."

Bibliographical research on Rizal is confounded by the fact that Rizal left many of his manuscripts unsigned, undated, and untitled. In the absence of dates and titles, scholars like Wenceslao Emilio Retana assigned dates and titles, which sometimes came into conflict with the work of later bibliographers who assigned different titles.

What added to the confusion was the fact that the National Library, which guards most of the extant original manuscripts and contemporary copies, does not have a detailed listing of these priceless relics, aside from a mere inventory with titles and accession numbers.

Tracing the source — meaning a new count and bibliography of Rizal manuscripts — was necessary for this exploration, because current Rizal bibliographies and card-catalogue entries are artificially bloated, making it difficult to separate what Rizal actually wrote from what has been edited, translated, commented upon or reprinted by others. In some instances, a single untitled work in the National Library was assigned two different titles.

There are also instances when the Spanish original is translated and the translator assigns his own title, often disregarding the Spanish title. When two or more translators work on the same manuscript, each assigning his own title, Rizal's work multiplies artificially in bibliographies.

To prove that the Tagalog *Mokomiso* is Rizal's third novel and to document the recovery of a Spanish manuscript similar to *Makamisa*, I went a step beyond a thorough bibliographical search. The present book required going through all extant Rizal manuscripts, original as well as photostatic copies, in the National Library, the National Archives, the Lopez Memorial Museum, and the collection of the late Leoncio Lopez Rizal. (All this resulted in notes which were revised and edited to form an annotated checklist or calendar of Rizal manuscripts in the National Library.)

For a researcher like myself it is the thrill of the chase that keeps me going. In the case of Rizal's third novel I went through and was enchanted by his unfinished prose works, which were not only clues leading to the identification of the third novel, but turned out to be interesting in their own right. These manuscripts not only helped me close in on the once elusive third novel, but even as fragments showed the way into other works by illustrating the often painful steps Rizal took in the course of his writing and thinking.

What follows in this chapter are entries from my bibliographical notes which describe Rizal's unfinished prose works, one of which is the third novel. To reduce the confusion over these manuscripts all titles cited here are those assigned the manuscripts by the National Library.

Among these manuscripts was hidden the third novel, and the process of listing, describing, classifying and examining them constituted the last mile of the search.

1. DOS TRABAJOS LITERARIOS Borradores incompletos. [Item 154, Ocampo.]

The original manuscript was acquired by the National Library from the heirs of Mariano Ponce before the war, probably 1938. There are actually two separate manuscripts written circa 1889.

One manuscript, known as "De Paris a Dieppe," is in Spanish and measures 20 x 16 centimeters. Ten *cuartillos* have writing on one side only in ink, making ten pages with writing. The other manuscript also measures 20 x 16 centimeters. On one leaf is written a mixture of French, Spanish, and English words with a heading in pencil, "Dieppe," not in Rizal's handwriting. This was probably added later by Ponce.

The manuscripts were bound together and given the cover title, "Dos trabajos literarios", which is misleading because these unsigned, undated and unfinished drafts are travel notes Rizal jotted down while making a trip from Paris, France to Dieppe.

Definitely not a literary work, this manuscript relates Rizal's train trip and his irritation with a bragging American. In the manuscript marked "Dieppe" are Rizal's notes on the history of Dieppe. In the publications of the JRNCC, this manuscript is rightly placed in the volume containing Rizal's diaries and travel notes under the title, "De Paris a Dieppe".

Rizal describes a trip he took in 1889 in a small hot train compartment with six other people; opposite him were an Englishman and two Frenchmen "who did not talk nor shut their eyes the whole trip." There were also three Americans on board. Two had "long

beards exactly like those I saw as a child in Jules Verne's *From the Earth to the Moon*. These two hardly spoke but the third, who only had a moustache, had all the appearance of an American humbug and spoke a lot.

"While waiting for the train to depart, the *omericono* with the *fisonomio hombuquero* [I think Rizal means *moyobong* as in the Tagalog *hombogi*] started talking. He found everything in Paris bad: Exposition, Eiffel Tower, cafes, restaurants, etc. Nothing was comparable to New York. New York here, New York there, New York everywhere; there was nothing like New York. From time to time the Englishman would say, 'Oh indeed!'

"...Speaking of St. Paul's in London, the *hombog* said, 'It is the dirtiest place I have seen in the world.'

"Oh, indeed," the Englishman replied wryly."

Rizal could hardly contain himself so he wrote: "...he must have seen little of the world and even less of his own country, for I believe that without going outside New York, one can find places there dirtier than the plaza of St. Paul's Cathedral in London."

Rizal was tempted to reply, but the *hombog* later added that "Pittsburgh is the dirtiest city I have ever seen in the world!"

Rizal sighed and kept his peace. He said, "I was beginning to be annoyed by the fury of the traveller and I was going to join the conversation to tell him what I have seen and endured in America, in New York itself, how many troubles and what torture the customs [and immigration] in the United States made us suffer."

So for Filipino travellers who hate the US port of entry, be consoled that no less than the National Hero suffered too. And this, a century ago. Rizal likewise hated the customary tip, which he called "the demands of drivers, barbers etc., people who, as in many other places lived on travellers."

Rizal was relieved that when the train started moving, the *omericono* fell asleep. He blamed the strong coffee he had taken earlier for his sleeplessness, then he realized that he was agitated by the boorish behavior of the *omericono*:

I was tempted to believe that my man's verbosity, being a good Yankee, came from the steam of a boiler inside his body, and I even imagined seeing in him a robot created and hurled to the world by the Americans, a robot with a perfect engine to discredit Europe...

It is obvious from this text that Rizal saw himself as part of Europe, and accordingly felt slighted by the unfair comparisons between the Continent and North America. Rizal was surprised at his own feelings, because despite his dislike of some Spaniards he was

compelled to defend Spain and Europe in front of this American who was so irritating that Rizal even regretted knowing English and other languages:

It is also a misfortune to understand various languages because thus, one has more occasions to hear stupidities and nonsense. Lord, I said thinking of God — because regardless of what the friars say, I believe in God — if for six or seven languages that I scarcely understand I sometimes have unpleasant moments because of the nonsense I hear, what moments would God have, God who understands all languages, not only of men but also of animals? If I who am little less than ignorance itself am so irritated to hear stupid designs of only one man, how would God feel, God who is wisdom itself? How will God feel when he hears our stupid intentions, our foolish pretensions and especially the qualifications and attributes of those who dare to measure, define and interpret God, those whose occupation is ignorance, whose dogma is blindness, whose covenant is obscurantism?

One wonders at this point in the manuscript whom Rizal hated more, the *omericono* or the friars. At any rate Rizal was happy for the rest of the night, because no one snored, no one put his legs on him or used his shoulder as a pillow. Rizal's main complaint was that each time the train stopped the *hambuguero americano* opened his big mouth and rattled again, always starting where he had left off. Rizal glared at him a couple of times, but as we say in Pilipino *hindi mokuhos sa tingin*. [can't take a hint] After exhausting all the complaints about Paris the *omericono* started to extoll the beauty of New York: its monuments, buildings, restaurants and people, to which the Englishman dryly said, "Oh, are they?" Rizal was saved from further torture by getting off at Dieppe, and this is where the manuscript ends.

## 2. ANG DALAWANG MACKAKAPATID. [Item 342, Ocampo.]

Also known as the "Cuento Tendencioso" or "Cuento tendencioso escrito en tagalo" this unfinished manuscript measures 13 x 20.5 centimeters, is in one folio with writing on both sides, making two pages with writing. This fragment is bound together with other manuscripts under the cover title, "Fragmentos de varios borradores de Rizal."

Using the "new" Tagalog orthography Rizal had systematized, this fragment deals with two brothers who lived with a wicked aunt. Some scholars believe that Rizal used the two brothers to symbolize Filipinas and other colonies under a wicked aunt, who represents Spain. Unfortunately the manuscript is too short to tell us whether this was the beginning of a short story, an essay or a novel. It also reflects Rizal's view of violence or revolution in a line that says:

"Violence should be answered by violence when the other party is deaf to reason." The full text transcribed in Tagalog is as follows:

Ako'y may kakilalang magkakapatid, na pinanirahan ng isang mapanglupig na ali. Ang nasabing ali ng unang panahon ay mayaman at malakas, kaya nga at nakapanhimasuk sa pamumuhay ng mga magkakapatid. Ngunit sa kalaunan nga baga ay nanghina at naghirap, karamay ang mga nasasaklawang pamankin. Nilupig nga at iginapus; at sa halang hingi o hangad kaya'y mura at parusa ang isinasagot ng palalong magulang. Sa lagay na ito, ang isa'y tumanong at nag[illegible] sa sarili.

'Ang sagot sa dahas ay dahas, kapag bingi sa katuiran; (tulungan kaya baga ako ng mga kasugo, sakali at pinagisipan kong kami'y lumigtas? Hangan dito'y kung ang isa sa amin ay mangahas o nangahas kayang sumagot ay napapagisa, sa pagka't ang iha'y hindi tumutulong. Ngunit tila naghago. Kung pangahasang [illegible] pagubos ang lakas at pagsabaysabay, tutulong kaya ang iba? Ang lakbayi'y luhang mapanganib, ngunit ang tubu'y higit sa ibayo: puhuna'y malaki, malaki sa buhay sapagkat kalakip ang buhay ng iha. Makapangaku kayang tutugon at di balulubay, yamang ang sala o hina ng isa makapapahamak sa lahat?'

Yto ang itinanong, ngunit di ko talastas ang sagot ng iba.

## 3. UN RUMBOÑO GOBERNADORCILLO. [Item 35, Ocampo.]

The original manuscript in the National Library was acquired from the heirs of Mariano Ponce. It measures 21.5 x 17 centimeters. These *cuartillas* comprise four folios with writing on one side only in black ink, except for one leaf, making five written pages. Corrections were made on the manuscript in violet ink.

Probably written in Madrid in 1884, this unfinished manuscript describes a certain Capitan Pepe, "a man of about 40 or 45 years; short and stout, fair complexioned with a head of hair long in front and short in the back. His forehead was slightly narrow and his head was small and round on a short robust neck." He was rich but gullible when it came to church donations and the salvation of his soul. This gobernadorcillo of Binondo had wealth that bought the friendship of everyone in town, especially the government officials and priests. He donated a gold staff encrusted with precious stones to the Virgin of Antipolo in gratitude for his election as *gobernadorcillo*. To keep himself in the good graces of the parish priest of Binondo, Capitan Pepe likewise donated a cape of gold thread to the Virgin of Binondo. He is a friend to everyone, except to an old woman who competes with him for the friendship of the priest.

The manuscript begins: "Capitan Pepe va a dar una cena. Todos los prohombres del Binondo estan invitados: el cura, el alcalde, el promotor..." and what makes this short unfinished draft important is

the possibility that it could be one of the drafts for the *Noli* started in 1884, because Capitan Pepe is a character who reappears in a more polished form in the *Noli* as Capitan Tiago, who is also a rich resident of Binondo and who likewise throws a party at the beginning of the novel.

Capitan Pepe owns houses on Rosario and Anloague, the latter being where Capitan Tiago of the *Noli* has his home. In the first chapter of the *Noli* there is mention of professional party crashers, hangers-on, and social climbers feigning acquaintance with the host of the party. In this manuscript Rizal wrote something similar:

We can go to the party even if we are not invited following the example of the army volunteers, those [social] butterflies who go wherever there may be light, music or dinner. They are the air that creeps in everywhere. It is enough for one of them to know or not to know the owner of the house so that all the rest may or may not be introduced.

#### 4. COSTUMBRES FILIPINAS. [Item 40, Ocampo].

The original manuscript in the National Library was acquired from the heirs of Mariano Ponce. It measures 13 x 21 centimeters. Composed of 14 folios, it runs to 27 pages with writing in violet ink, and only one leaf left blank. The faded manuscript is unsigned, undated and unfinished.

Retana says this manuscript was written circa 1884-1886 in Madrid, probably because of a line that says, "Let's confine ourselves to certain memories or to only one. And now that time and space separate us from the place and the personages, let us ... give them life that they may become our compatriots in distant countries."

I believe this manuscript was written earlier, and is contemporaneous with *Memorios de un estudiante*, which Rizal wrote on and off from 1878-1881 under the pseudonym P. Jacinto, because it describes an early infatuation with a certain Minang, of whom we know very little, in text that resembles that of his courtship and failed love with Segunda Katigbak in his *Memorios*. Rizal dates the event to a summer vacation one April in the late 1870's.

The original title of this work was "Un recuerdo," as attested by an extant draft also in the collection of the National Library. Likewise acquired from the heirs of Mariano Ponce, this draft measures 21 x 13.5 centimeters, 14 pages [Item 44, Ocampo]. The heading given in the finished version is "Costumbres Filipinas," probably to hide the autobiographical nature of the narrative.

Written in the first person, it relates the affection Rizal had for a certain Minang whom he met on a riverbank in Los Baños. She was

catching butterflies, and Rizal scared the catch away, so to make up for this, Rizal caught two butterflies, and gave them to her. From here, their friendship began. The persona then offered to take Minang and her chaperone home in his *corromota*, in order to find out where and how they lived. The persona was then invited into the house, where he noticed that the furniture and other objects spoke of a high social class. The manuscript ends with the persona declining an invitation to dine in the house but promising to return and visit Minang and her mother.

On the last page Rizal wrote "se continuara," but there was no continuation. Perhaps Rizal wrote a continuation which is no longer extant?

Not to be missed is a small detail in Chapter VII of the *Noli*, the famous autobiographical love scene on the ozoteo, where Crisostomo Ibarra and Maria Clara reminisce about their childhood. Here Ibarra tells Maria Clara that in her childhood, "You were always chasing butterflies." On p. 53 of the *Noli me tangere* manuscript the pertinent line reads: "Yo no te hacia caso; me entretenia a veces en ir detrás de las mariposas y libelulas..." Was the Minang described in "Costumbres Filipinas," used as part of the composite who became Maria Clara in the *Noli*? Could she even be Leonor Rivera? We will never know,

#### 5. LOS ANIMALES DE SUAN. [Item 121, Ocampo.]

The manuscript in the National Library was acquired from Epifanio de los Santos. These *cuortillas* measure 19.5 x 16.5 centimeters, comprising 15 folios with 16 pages in ink. The last five pages are the drafts for the same story. In Retana's "Bibliografia Rizalina," he changed the Pilipino "Suan" to its proper Spanish spelling, "Juan," therefore listing the work as "Los animales de Juan".

The most striking thing about this unfinished manuscript is that it predates a similar work by the English writer George Orwell (1913-1950) entitled *Animal Farm* and first published in 1946. Orwell set his famous story in a place called Manor Farm, renamed Animal Farm after a successful revolt of the animals which drove out all the humans. The leader of the animals was a pig named Napoleon. In Rizal's story the leader of the animals is also a pig, but he is named Botiok.

In this farm there lived an efficient farmhand named Suan who produced healthy and productive animals. One day, for some unknown reason, the animals turned sickly. Egg production dropped, the turkeys lost the sheen on their feathers and the other animals grew thin; this was strange, because there was no epidemic. The narrator, who was born on St. Solomon's Day, had the gift of understanding animal languages, so he climbed up and hid in a *makopo* tree to

eavesdrop on the animals and find out what was wrong. Here he discovered that the animals, like humans, had a social structure of their own, with the pig at the head of their society. The great grand pig who had been castrated about two years earlier and awaited slaughter for the Christmas table, was named Botiok and was asking the other animals to obey him. "We the pigs are the superior race; you're an inferior race. Who'll deny it? None of you has a snout as long and mobile as ours."

A turkey countered with "Ticaticatoccato!" which in translation meant "But we have a long and hanging red chest!"

Botiok replied: "But you don't have our broad ears."

"But we have a beard," replies another turkey.

Not impressed, Botiok said: "Of course you have a chest and beard, but you don't enjoy the high honor of having been touched by Suan, our God and Lord. You aren't consecrated, that is, you aren't castrated like us; in this, you're inferior!"

A hen interrupted by saying: "There are also castrated cocks!"

Unfortunately for us the work abruptly ends here. What is amusing is that Orwell wrote a fable on the failure of totalitarianism by showing Napoleon the pig living on the toil of the other farm animals while he started walking on his hind legs, entertaining the very same humans they had booted out of Animal Farm who returned to buy their produce. Orwell showed that the line that divides pigs from men had been blurred, while Rizal's anti-clerical story seems to point to the fact that the line that divided pigs from friars was also blurred. How this fable would have turned out we will never know, but it is the what-ifs in Rizal's work that makes research lively.

The last five pages of the manuscript are drafts of the same work not substantially different from the polished parts, except for the name of the farmhand, which is Siloy instead of Suan.

Although undated, this manuscript could have been written circa 1884-1886 in Madrid, because on the reverse of folio 15 Rizal wrote text which obviously comes from the *Noli*, on which he was working during this period: "El patio de Capitan Tiago. Capitan Tiago tenia una casa muy grande, muchas criados y mucho dincro para jugar el gallo y pagar misas solemnes. Pcro..."

Unfortunately the rest of the text is crossed out and illegible. It is possible that this was part of "Rumboso Gobernadorcillo" or even a draft of the *Noli me tangere*. One wonders whether Rizal's being thrifty led to his using the backs of other manuscripts for unrelated work or he was trying out other ideas while working on the *Noli*.

#### 6. PRINCIPIOS DE UNA NOVELA SATIRICA. [Item 153, Ocampol]

The original manuscripts in the National Library were acquired from the heirs of Mariano Ponce. This unfinished novel is written in two separate notebooks: One manuscript has 35 folios of ruled paper, each measuring 21 x 35 centimeters. Only 31 leaves have writing on them. The other manuscript comprises 12 cuartillos measuring 20.5 x 17.5 centimeters. Writing is only on one side, except for the last two leaves, thus making 14 pages.

This untitled work is more popularly known under the title, "Una Visita del Señor a Filipinas," or in its English translation, "The Lord Gazes at the Philippine Islands." The National Library assigned the title "Principios de una novela satirica" to this manuscript, which is also known under the titles "Friars and Filipinos" or "The Divine Wrath", depending on the English translation you are reading.

The story opens with God the Father turning his attention to the Philippines from where he has received many complaints. He consults the people in heaven, and is told that certain beings called friars and a Pope claimed to speak in His name on earth. God traces all this to the Christian church, so he summons both Jesus Christ and St. Peter to explain how and why this state of affairs has come about. Not satisfied with their answers, God the Father commands Jesus and Peter to return to earth and make a report on the Philippines. He assures the anxious Jesus that this trip will not entail another round of suffering on the cross.

Jesus and Peter arrive in Hong Kong, where they are surprised to discover that a passport and visa are required to visit the Philippines. When they arrive in Manila, the boat is placed under quarantine, adding to their impatience. Jesus notes all these in a notebook, which is later opened by Spanish customs and immigration authorities in Manila, leading to renewed detention. When Jesus and Peter complain about the shabby treatment, they are branded as subversives by the authorities. Peter manages to escape and searches for the Manila Cathedral, which he heard was "his," in order to get help. Along the way Peter hears Jesus being interrogated, and is relieved that it is daytime; thus he would not have to hear the cock crow again. The novel ends abruptly just when the action is supposed to begin. By leaving this unfinished Rizal dealt a great blow to Philippine comic or satirical literature.

If you are interested in a comparative study Dolores Feria in her essay "The Mysterious Strangers: Rizal and Mark Twain," shows the similarities between this unfinished work by Rizal and the black posthumous writings of Mark Twain published as *Letters from the Earth*.

## 7. DAPITAN. [Item 251, Ocampo]

The original manuscript in the National Library was acquired from the heirs of Mariano Ponce. Written in Dapitan circa 1892-1896, the unfinished, unsigned, and undated drafts of this novel come in various sizes. There are 5 folios with writing on 9 pages, folios 1-4 are *cuartillas* measuring 22 x 16 centimeters, while folio 5 measures 11.5 x 17.5 centimeters.

On the back of folio 5 is a note by Mariano Ponce which translators sometimes mistake as part of the text because they rely on transcriptions by the JRNCC and do not consult the original manuscript which says:

This manuscript is the introduction of a novel. The manuscript forms part of a bulky *paquete* that I acquired on my recent trip to Manila which contained papers from Dapitan that pertained to Rizal. Most of these papers were manuscripts, drafts, *cuartillas* and notes in the handwriting of Rizal. Upon closer inspection, I think this work or fragment is the introduction or beginning of a novel whose continuation is not extant. It is a pity that Rizal did not write more, because this is a big loss to our literature.

"Dapitan" is a narrative which describes the beauty of the place and its inhabitants. It begins a novel which aims to relate the story of an "anonymous exile," obviously Rizal. Rizal writes: "Dapitan without exaggeration is the town that deserves to be the best known on earth...the distinctive character of the town, surpassing that of Rome, Paris, Berlin, Madrid, London, etc. is the chastity of its inhabitants, both humans as well as plants."

Rizal describes the church, the municipal hall, and even the cockpit under coconut trees, noting that if Sir Isaac Newton had been dreaming in Dapitan instead of England, the laws of gravity would never have been written because instead of an apple, a coconut would have hit him on the head and killed him, like the poor man who perished in a similar way during a cockfight.

Rizal also gives the origin of the name Dapitan. When Magellan stopped there, he bought goods from the *indios* and paid them with promissory notes. The *indios* complained, but as Magellan's ship was pulling out, shouts were heard: "Dad, dad que pitan! [pidan?]" meaning "Give them what they want". So when the Legaspi expedition came by the same place decades later, the Spaniards dropped anchor and asked the inhabitants what was the name of the place. The people did not understand the question, but remembered Magellan, so they replied, "Dadquepitan;" thus the Spaniards called the place Dadquepitan, later Dacpitan and eventually Dapitan. This shows Rizal's interest in local history as well as in folk etymology.

## 8. PRINCIPIOS DE UNA NOVELA HISTORICA. [Item 345, Ocampo]

The original manuscript in the National Library was acquired from the heirs of Mariano Ponce. The unfinished manuscript measures 21 x 33 centimeters, with 44 pages comprising about five finished chapters. The National Library assigned two different Spanish titles to this one untitled manuscript: "Principios de una novela historica" and "Una novela historica incompleta." This unfinished novel is also known as "Maria Maligaya y Sinagtala" or simply "Novela tagala," but is more popularly known under its English title, "Tagalog Nobility."

Some scholars like Retana believe that this unsigned and undated manuscript was written in Madrid from 1883 onward, shortly before Rizal started work on the *Noli*. I am of the opinion that the manuscript must have been written much later, after the *Noli* (1887) but before the *Fili* (1891), when Rizal was doing research on pre-Hispanic Philippines and annotating his edition of Antonio de Morga's *Sucesos de las islas Filipinas*, which was published in Paris in 1890. With his research material on hand, Rizal could possibly have toyed with the idea of writing a historical novel which would dwell on the pre-Hispanic Philippine past. Later Rizal would explain that the *Noli me tangere* was about the present, his annotated edition of Morga about the past, and the *El Filibusterismo* about the future of his country.

Set in Manila in 1635, the unfinished novel opens with the solemn burial of Prince Tagulima, son of Sultan Zaide of Ternate. Sultan Zaide, the royal family, and his retainers were taken prisoner by the Spaniards during the wars in the Moluccas and brought to Manila. Promised good treatment by Spanish Governor-General Acuña, the old sultan, his children, and followers were, however, mistreated, leading to a hatred of Spaniards in the Moluccas.

The funeral rites for Tagulima are interrupted by a young Jesuit who desecrates the fresh grave with his foot, denouncing the so-called pagan rituals. Protests led a certain Kachil to fight with the Jesuit. In the scuffle, Kachil tries to strangle the priest, who is surprised when Kachil suddenly dies wide-eyed in the process. No explanation can be found for this, but later in the day, in the Jesuit Novitiate in San Pedro Macati near Malapad-na-Bato (now Guadalupe), the priest relates his encounter with a devil disguised as a man, who died as soon as the man touched the priest's holy robes.

There is as well another draft of a novel set in Malate. The gallery of characters includes Kamandagan, a descendant of Lakandula, the last king of Tondo, who plotted to regain his kingdom and freedom from the Spaniards. Kamandagan has twin granddaughters, Maligaya

and Sinagtala. One is Christian and the other is not, so Rizal compares and discusses their religious differences, illustrating the conflict between a Christianized or colonized subject and a purely native or pre-Hispanic Filipina.

#### 9. MEMORIAS DE UN GALLO. [Item 340, Ocampo]

The original manuscript in the National Library is unsigned and undated. It measures 21 x 26 centimeters, one folio, with writing on both sides, making two pages.

This could be a short unfinished article or the beginning of a new novel. Perhaps it might even be part of "Los animales de Suan." Written in the first person, it is a fictional autobiography of a newly hatched chick trying to fathom the mysteries of the world outside the secure confines of the eggshell.

The chick asks the mother hen: "What is a man?"

"A man," replies the mother, "is a chicken bigger than all of you [chicks], very powerful, very strong."

Rizal ends abruptly on this note.

#### 9. MAKAMISA. [Item 228, Ocampo]

The original manuscript in the National Library was acquired from the heirs of Mariano Ponce. It measures 21 x 34 centimeters, comprising 20 folios, with writing on one side only, making 20 pages. It is written in black ink with some erasures, and is very brittle.

"Makamisa" translates to "After Mass" or "after having said Mass". The word is seen on page 16 of the Tagalog manuscript: "Tunay nga't hindi biro-biro lamang ang galit ni P. Agaton. Nang makamisa at matapos magalbot ang lahat ng isinoot, nakyat sa conventong dali-dali, umupo at nag-aalmosal, at nang mapaso ng chocolate ay yhinagis sa cocinero ang tasa."

Since the 20-page manuscript contains very few erasures and revisions, it is possible that these two chapters are polished final drafts. Unfortunately, the rough drafts in Tagalog are not extant.

Set in the late nineteenth century Philippines in a small town, Tulig, on the Sunday before Palm Sunday, the main characters in Makamisa are the Spanish parish priest Padre Agaton; Aleng Anday, the curate's favorite; Capitan Lucas, the current *gobernadorcillo*; Marcela, the beautiful daughter of Capitan Lucas newly arrived from Manila and being courted by the curate; Capitan Tibo who is Lucas' political rival; Teniente Mayor Tato and Juez de Paz Don Segunda.

The story begins after Fr. Agaton's Mass, with everyone wondering why the priest hurried through the ritual, which he usually performed with such flourish and relish. The women try to explain Fr. Agaton's irritable manner that morning, and this concern catches on,

making Capitan Lucas, the *gobernadorcillo*, worry that the curate might not endorse him in the coming elections. Written in a biting satirical style, the story develops around the actions of Fr. Agaton.

#### 10. BORRADOR DEL NOLI ME TANGERE. [Item 229, Ocampo]

The original manuscript in the National Library was acquired from the heirs of Mariano Ponce. Written on *cuartillos* measuring 20 x 17 centimeters each, there are 171 folios, some pages having writing only on one side, while others have writing on both sides. Largely in Spanish, the manuscript also has text in French, Latin and even one sentence in English.

A large part of the 245-page manuscript consists of drafts for three chapters of a satirical work similar in plot and characters to *Mokomiso*, but set in a town called Pili.

Having gone through all the unfinished prose works that could be mistaken for Rizal's third novel we come to this point in the chase when we corner the prize. Rizal's third novel cannot be other than *Mokomiso* for the following reasons. First, in letters to Ferdinand Blumentritt, Rizal said he began his third novel on the ship en route from Marseilles to Hong Kong circa 1891. This work was supposed to have been completed before he reached his destination. Both *Mokomiso* and the Spanish *borrador* can be dated to this period.

Second, Rizal's third novel, as he stated, was not in Spanish but in Tagalog. Third, its storyline touches on the customs of the Tagalogs. Fourth, it is satirical and humorous. And finally Rizal changed his mind and shifted from Tagalog to Spanish, thus ending with two manuscripts with the same story and plot.

After going through the unfinished works of Rizal, I found out that only two are in Tagalog, *Mokomiso* and "Dalawang Magkakapatid." The latter is too short and does not fit the descriptions given above. The work that has entered the canon as the "third novel" and is called "Tagalog Nobility," is not even in Tagalog, nor does it conform to Rizal's descriptions.

The only work, therefore, that fits Rizal's description is *Mokomiso*. The unedited drafts of the same work in Spanish, once thought to be the drafts of the *Noli*, are actually then the drafts of Rizal's third novel.



# **III**

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## **THE**

# **PROCESS**

## The Process: Manuscript and Translation

**T**he unpublished 245-page manuscript in Spanish erroneously catalogued as the "Borrodor del *Noli me tangere incompleto*" hid the drafts of a different novel for one hundred years. The National Library error in labelling becomes understandable, however, when each page of the manuscript is studied, since one section of the bound manuscript does indeed contain characters from the *Noli*.

Fol. 120 and 121, for example, describe a certain Don Camilo, a suitor of Maria Clara's who makes a passing remark about P. Hernando Sibyla. Aside from these, two other pages contain the characters Basilio and Crispin, which points to the possibility that these were drafts for the *Noli*, perhaps even a sequel to the *Fili* since there is mention of Elias.

Some of these non-*Makomiso* parts in the Spanish manuscript, however, are written in a different hand on paper that does not match the rest of the manuscript. This text may therefore be either Rizal's drafts for the *Noli* appended to the Spanish *Makomiso* manuscript, or a copy of the drafts of the *Noli* made by Mariano Ponce. The lack of further evidence makes it difficult to speculate on whether this is, indeed, a work of Rizal's merely copied by Ponce, or a work solely by Ponce. Here a historian or literary scholar must take on the work of a detective. All these possibilities make the manuscript fascinating.

The longest drafts not connected to *Makomiso* are found on fols. 131-170, are labelled as Chapters IV, V, VII, and could also be an unfinished novel. For lack of a title supplied by Rizal, we could tentatively title this text "*Cristobol and Amelio*."

The narrator is Cristobal, son of Don Ramon D. Manganit, who has just arrived in Manila after twelve years of study abroad, presumably in Germany, because he mentions writing to his sweetheart, Amelia, in German. Other characters are a Franciscan, a Dominican, Copiton Ramon, a lieutenant of the Guardia Civil as well as the

alcalde of Sta. Cruz.

Aside from the fact that the name of the character Cristobal is close to that of Crisostomo Ibarra, there are more striking similarities between this manuscript and parts of the *Noli*.

One scene in the Spanish *Makomiso* manuscript labelled CH VII occurs in Cristobal's room at the Fonda de Lala Ari in Binondo. He has just retired from a *bienvenido* in his honor where he was insulted by an obnoxious Franciscan. In the *Noli* Ibarra likewise returns from Europe and is given the cold shoulder by a Franciscan, Padre Damaso, at a *bienvenido* thrown for him. Aside from the context, the scene with Cristobal in his hotel room resembles Chapter V of the *Noli*, "Una estrella en noche oscura." Part of page 33 of the *Noli* manuscript reads:

Ybarra subió a su cuarto que da al río dejó caer sobre un sillón, mirando al espacio que se ensanchaba delante de él gracias á la abierta ventana.

Compare this with fol. 156 of the Spanish *Makomiso* manuscript:

Llegó a la fonda de Lala y subió a su cuarto que daba al río de Binondo (illegible) y se dejó caer abrumado sobre un sillón de bejucos y cayó en una profunda meditación.

Further on in the drafts we have:

A la llegar a la fonda cayó se dejó caer sobre un sillón fatigado por las emociones de aquella noche...

Another example would be fol. 158 of the *borrador*, which reads:

...y abrió la ventana dando paso a un aire fresco y casi frío apagó su luz. La luna brillaba en el cielo y Manila toda descansaba. Lo que el canto de un gallo turbada la tranquilidad si es que no le haría su silenciosa...

This is similar to a passage on page 35 of the *Noli*:

El silencio babía soplado su huesco aliento sobre Manila y todo parecía dormir en los brazos de la neda: ofase el canto del gallo altanero con los relojes de las torres y con el melancólico grito de alarma del aburrido centinela: un pedazo de luna empezaba a asomarse: todo paracía descansar, si, el mismo Ybarra dormía ya también, cansado quizás de sus tristes pensamientos ó del viaje."

Like Crisostomo Ybarra, Cristobal is waiting for the daylight to break on his hometown. The only difference is that Ibarra's father in the *Noli* had died, while that of Cristobal was old and ailing, but still

alive.

One of the most famous chapters in the *Noli* is the seventh, where Ibarra and Maria Clara stand in the *ozotea*, discussing old times. She produces his letter of farewell, written when he left Manila for Europe. In a similar way Cristobal also writes a letter to his sweetheart, Amelia, explaining that he cannot make it to a prearranged meeting because he has to hurry home to see his ailing father. However, he promises to visit Amelia as soon as he has settled the affairs in his hometown. Both Cristobal and Ibarra have letters of farewell which are both quoted in the narratives.

As evidenced by content as well as pagination, the text I have just described could be drafts of the *Noli* or its sequel. These could truly be a *borrador* for the *Noli*, but were not originally part of the bound Spanish *Makamiso* manuscript. It is probable that the National Library acquired these manuscripts in loose pages from the heirs of Ponce, and later bound these together into one volume. This explains why there are miscellaneous notes on the natives of Guam or even notes in Latin on church history in the Spanish *Mokomiso* manuscript.

Now we get to *Mokomiso* itself as well as my edited English version of the Spanish text. The largest part of the *borrador* is definitely the Spanish version of the Tagalog *Mokomiso*, which comes in four parts which Rizal, or probably Ponce, marked with pagination prefixed by *a*, *b*, *c*, or *d*.

Section *a*, which has 35 pages, resembles very closely in plot and even the name of the priest, Fr. Agaton, the Tagalog *Mokomiso* manuscript. Some minor differences, for example, are that the town in the Tagalog version is called Tulig but is called Pili in the Spanish version. The beautiful daughter of the *gobernadorcillo* in the Tagalog manuscript is named Marcela while in the Spanish version she becomes Cecilia.

Furthermore, fols. 122-130 also discuss the uncharacteristic brusque actions of Father Agaton that Sunday morning during Mass. The two characters who open this "chapter" or section are Capitana Barang and Manang Sebia.

Section *a*. For obvious reasons I begin my translation with the text in the manuscript which has been marked and paged with the prefix *a*. Aside from this I took into consideration the fact that the Tagalog text begins after Fr. Agaton's mass or in Tagalog "*mokomiso*". In the English translation in this book the text begins shortly before the abrupt end of the mass and describes how the people reacted to it.

Section *b*. On the 12 pages marked with the prefix *b*, the story

unfolds with the introduction of more characters. Here Copitono Barang scolds her maid, Anday, a girl of 18 or 19 whose daughter, Felicidad, is refused a blessing by the priest. Felicidad is actually the illegitimate daughter of her former master, who has been packed off to Manila to study for the priesthood. For all this the ill-fated Anday has to endure harsh treatment from her new mistress, Copitono Barang as well as give in to the sexual advances of Copiton Panchong.

In this section, after the incident with Anday, the novel returns to the church patio where other townspeople discuss Padre Agaton's foul mood. Among them is Fura, who tells the old heretic Clodio that he has scabies because of his profanity and because he attends Mass only out of curiosity and leaves before the final blessing.

Section *c*. The 17 pages marked *c* have Copiton Panchong contemplating his chances for reelection as *gobernadorcillo*. In the manuscript this character is given many names: Panchong, Panchitong, Pachong, or plain Atong. Rizal may have been trying to show the different ways different people addressed the main character, but a more probable reason for this is that the manuscript is still a very rough draft. In the edited English translation in this book, in order to be to be consistent, I used "Capitan Panchong" all throughout.

In this section Panchong discusses Padre Agaton's actions in the tribunal, worried that he might not get the parish priest's support in the next election. Panchong is so upset that he becomes ill and goes home, where he is tended by Cecilia, who sees and falls in love with Ysagani, a clerk and son of the assistant parish priest competing with Padre Agaton for her affection. The problem is that the friar offers 30 pesos for Cecilia's handmade paper flowers, and to make matters worse, Padre Agaton courts Cecilia through her father, the nervous Capiton Panchong. He is cured not by medicine, nor by quack cures administered by his wife Barang, but by miraculous water from the river Jordan brought to his bedside by Padre Agaton.

This section also sidetracks to elaborate on Cecilia's biography and how she grew up in Manila as a ward of her rich maiden aunt. I had to delete much of this digression because it blocked the flow of the narrative. A future translator could quite probably make use of this, and if he be skillful, integrate it with the rest of the text.

Also on pages marked *c* are descriptions of Lenten activities in the town of Pili, which Rizal says is situated near the crater of an extinct volcano. Since Makiling is an extinct volcano, Rizal may have based this imaginary town on Calamba.

A major part of section *c* is on an egg-cracking game called *tuktukon*. Rizal's is a less scandalous version of the game usually played by boys or young men who have not yet reached adulthood.

They tie eggs around their waists, and with these hanging between their legs attempt to crack the eggs of another player by swift pelvic thrusts that hit the opponent's egg hard enough. In this manuscript the eggs are cracked in the hands of the combatants.

Spectators bet on the players, Silvino and Cecilio, as they would in a cockpit, and as the former has a reputation for cheating, the game results in controversy and eventually leads to a brawl, which competes with the religious procession for the attention of the townspeople. The brawl between players is aggravated when Capitan Panchong (father of Cecilio) and Tanukang (father of Silvino) join the fray.

*Section d.* In the section marked *d*, Rizal recapitulates the aftermath of all these events: the procession, the fight over the *tuktukon*, and talk against the wicked Tanukang, who donates 200 pesos for the parish priest's support during the elections for *gobernadorcillo*. All these lead to renewed inquiries into Padre Agaton's angry actions during mass.

I had commissioned an English translation shortly after the whole manuscript was transcribed in 1988, but decided to do my own translation of the *Mokomiso* text after finding the translation too literal.

The first line in the manuscript, for example, is long:

"En Santus deus, Santus fortis... Mana Sebia! Mana Sebia! exclamó Cpn. Barang interrumpiendo su rezo y despertando de un codazo a una gruesa vecina suya que cabecaba postrada sobre el suelo."

This literally translates into:

"During the Sanctus deus, Sanctus fortis... Mana Sebia! Mana Sebia! exclaimed Cpn. Barang interrupting her prayers and waking up with a nudge of her elbow a fat neighbor who was leading the prayers prostrate on the floor."

My translation of the edited text begins with:

"During the *Sonctus Deus, Sonctus Fortis* Copitono Barang nudged the fat woman next to her, the one leading the prayers prostrate on the floor."

In my editing and translation of the unwieldy draft into more coherent form I took the liberty of tightening the text for a modern reader who might find a literal translation from the original Spanish too florid or stilted.

In arranging the text I was guided by different sections in the manuscript marked *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d* — although not strictly, because, these being drafts, Rizal repeats text with slight differences in other pages of the manuscript. In the case of two or more similar texts scattered throughout the manuscript, I often chose the version with

the most detail so that it would help flesh out the narrative. In other cases I would merge similar texts or integrate detail into the main sections marked *a*, *b*, *c*, or *d*.

In order that the Spanish text which I had translated would not be confused with the two polished chapters of the Tagalog version, I decided to use the names of the characters in the Spanish manuscript. The parish priest in both the Spanish and Tagalog texts is called Padre Agaton, and I have retained this, even if the Spanish text in some pages also gives the cura the name Padre Fernando Ojerosa. The name of the town in the Tagalog version is Tulig, while the Spanish version has Pili.

In section *c* some confusion occurs in the characters in the *tuktukon*. Originally these are Tanukang and his son Silvino as well as Capitan Crispin and Ape or Cecilio. Towards the end of the section Rizal made Crispin the husband of Barang. In other sections of the manuscript Barang is the wife of Panchong; thus in my translation I replaced Don Crispin in this section with Panchong. For more coherence I also dropped the name Ape in favor of Cecilio, which seems more logical since Panchong's daughter is Cecilia.

For those who may wish to check on the translation, I have clearly marked my text with the folio numbers in brackets. The working translation supplied in this book is meant to give readers who do not understand Spanish an idea of Rizal's writing after the publication of his second novel, *El Filibusterismo*. For those who wish to try their hand at another arrangement or translation full transcriptions of the Tagalog text of *Mokomiso* as well as the complete *borrador* in Spanish are supplied in the appendix.

I assure the reader that it is a very challenging exercise, requiring many decisions about meaning, style, readability and authorial intention. What did Rizal mean? What would be clear to today's reader? I asked myself again and again. The translation I first attempted for my thesis in 1989 had changed substantially by the time the thesis was rewritten as the present book.

## Epilogue

**N**ow that we have located a hitherto unpublished manuscript by Rizal, established its provenance, proved that it is the third novel after the *Noli* and *Fili*, arranged these drafts into a continuous text and completed an English translation, what then? What did the whole quest described in the preceding chapters mean to me and to Rizal studies in general?

First of all, the thrill of the chase, and capturing the once elusive prize, have whetted my scholarly appetite for more Rizal manuscripts, and I hope to find one day the complete Tagalog translation by Paciano Rizal of the *Noli me tongere*, which had been edited and corrected by his younger brother Jose. This manuscript, according to Paciano's grandchildren, was extant till Paciano's death before the war, and has, we hope, been kept by some member of the family or household. Perhaps it will surface once day, as unexpectedly as did *Mokomiso*.

I believe that this Tagalog translation of the *Noli* was undertaken in Hong Kong at about the same time that Rizal was writing *Mokomiso*, and therefore it would not only be the definitive translation, but would also reveal the brothers' perception of the text — in a Philippine language, thus in their native Filipino sensibility.

Rizal, as we said in the preface, remains prominent in the Filipino consciousness, and continues to be an enigma, still posing contradictions.

*Mokomiso*, his unfinished third novel, erases neither contradictions nor enigma; on the contrary, it adds to both. The fact that Rizal intended to write this novel in Tagalog, and seriously attempted to do so, leaving a relatively polished draft manuscript behind, confirms his stated conviction that Philippine literature, to be effective, should reach the majority and should therefore be in their own language. The fact that he had to give up the attempt, and resume writing in Spanish, is comment on the effect of the colonial condition on language and on writers. Rizal, the cosmopolitan Filipino, lacked practice in his own

tongue, and wrote better, more rapidly and surely in Spanish — as many now write in English. This is a major paradox, since Rizal has been used by the government for decades to justify the imposition of Tagalog on everyone — or, much later, the Tagalog-based National Language we now know as Filipino.

People who had read the drafts of this book, particularly my father, insisted that I complete the novel or provide a clue as to the direction Rizal would have taken, had he finished it. Unfortunately, there is not enough material to even suggest some sort of ending. The most that can be said is that Rizal was still concerned with the issues and interests that made his novels, particularly the *Noli*, so important to Filipinos and their literature: anti-clericalism as a response to the unchecked power and influence of the clergy; the customs and daily life of the Filipino of his century, and how they were bound up in the church; the oppression of the so-called *pobres e ignorantes* as well as the arrogance of the rich; the neighborly concern and curiosity within the Filipino community; the games, rivalries and humor in community life; the true devotion and superstition that mix into what has been described as folk Catholicism or even split-level Christianity; and last but not least the pervading emotion of familial and romantic love.

If Rizal had completed *Mokomiso* I guess it would have been funnier than *Noli* and therefore more painful. It seems that in *Mokomiso* as well as in the other unfinished draft novels, Rizal was sharpening the sword of satire — his favorite and most potent weapon.

Some friends have wondered at the accidental finding of *Mokomiso*, suggesting that in some supernatural way Rizal waited for me to find this manuscript which he had denied earlier scholars. I don't know what to think of this, except that in an earlier book I brought out a new Rizal for a new generation of Filipinos, hence, the title *Rizol without the Overcoat* (1990). I guess bringing to light this hitherto unnoticed and unpublished manuscript, we not only revise the Rizal canon, and point at the directions his writing was taking. By reconstructing the drafts into a translation and a full narrative, we bring forward yet another view of Rizal — in a work for students and their families to enjoy, historians to study, scholars to analyze, and for Filipinos to understand, and see themselves in.

In the few years that we have left before we celebrate the centennial of Rizal's death in 1996, the search for and finding of *Makomiso* only stressed the fact that despite the hundreds of books, articles, lectures and speeches churned out every year, there is still much that cries out to be studied, and there is more scholarly research to be done — all of which can only add to our understanding of the enigma that is Jose Rizal.

## MAKAMISA

Edited and translated from the draft in Spanish

(fol.1) During the *Sanctus Deus, Sanctus Fortis, Capitona* Barang nudged the fat woman next to her, the one lying on the floor, leading the prayers.

"*Mana Sebia . . . Mana Sebia!*" *Copitana* Barang exclaimed, interrupting Sebia's prayers.

"*Santus tolis. . .*" murmured *Mono Sebia* ". . . serere nobis!"<sup>24</sup> rubbing her eyes and making the sign of the cross across her chest.

"*Mono Sebia . . . Mono Sebia* did you see it?" *Capitono* Barang asked with alarm.

"See what?" *Mono Sebia* replied, half-awake.

"Our parish priest, Padre Agaton! Ay!" he pushed the missal."

"Look!"<sup>25</sup>

*Mono Sebia* yawned, her mouth wide open, revealing teeth blackened by *buyo*. (fol.2) She raised her head and got up, jolting herself awake. Now wide awake, *Mana Sebia* knelt to see the proceedings better. She saw nothing. Being short, she could not see anything, except the flickering candles set on two *ciriales* in front of the *Nuestra Señora* — serious, *marena* and symmetrical in her gilded silver vestments in the center niche of the *retablo*.

There must have been something unusual happening that day, because all the women cast knowing glances at each other and made small hand gestures, asking silent yet expressive questions.

"*¿Que pasa, Capitana Barang?*" *Mana Sebia* asked, staring blankly into the *Capitana*'s face.

"What's happening?" she repeated, again trying to glean an answer from Barang's face.

"Ay! It seems. . ."

A few measures of music still remained to be sung by the choir when the swinging censer, together with the pealing of the tiny bells from the sacristy, gave everyone a vigorous signal indicating the end of the Mass.

(fol.3) The Mass was over, and everyone could now go home. Those who had fallen asleep because of the interminable and uncomfortable heat began to rise, stretching their limbs to awaken their still-sleepy bodies.

The heavy suffocating atmosphere was aggravated by a tempest of sounds. The air seemed filled with a mixture of evaporated sweat, exhaled air, candle smoke, human stench, and the scent of incense. With each whiff of incense, *Mana Sebia* gazed at the curtains closing on the altar.

"What happened? What's the matter?" she asked, striking her chest each time the bell sounded.

But then *Capitana* Barang did not reply. She simply made a couple of signs of the cross, each time striking her chest so hard she was unable to hear herself.

The strings of the bass fiddle, the sound of the wind instruments and the pistons of the brass instruments resounded like war trumpets. (fol.4) The clarinets blared, the flutes whistled, and the saxophone sounded like the hoarse voice of a drunken person. The whole flock was in a frenzy in the midst of these sounds, with small bells tinkling furiously at the end of the Mass producing a commotion akin to that of bells around mules on the loose.

[The bells in the tower began to chime.] The small bells shrieked like giddy college girls away from their studies and on a field trip, while in the center of the tower the huge bell called Sta. Cecilia tolled solemnly, her sound majestic like an old Mother Superior trying to contain the uproar. Her voice seemed to follow the pealing of the small bells, seemingly saying:

"Calm down. . . calm. . . calm. . ."

(fol.6) Padre Agaton, however, did not wait for the curtains to drop and cover the altar completely when he handed the censer to the sacristan and left in a huff, disappearing into the sacristy, preceded by the huge candlesticks held by bearers, followed by magnificently dressed acolytes. The Mass had ended.

The chiming of the church bells became weaker and then slowed down, as if trying to impose silence on the furious sounds which had followed the end of the Mass. Way up in the belfry, the bells were vigorously pealing, one after the other, while the huge bell called Sta. Cecilia carried away by rapture kept ringing as if it were animating the small bells instead of calming them.

"Sing, sing, sing," its metal tongue repeatedly intoned.

The people who filled the church to the rafters began to move out as soon as they had made the sign of the Cross. (fol.6) Suddenly there was a great commotion among the people inside the church. The men

stood up and shook off the dust and grime from their knees with their handkerchiefs, producing a tumultuous noise, while the women gathered up the hem of their *soyas* and *topis*, then shook the dust off their clothes by slapping the undersides with their palms. Then, turning about as if they were dancing to the tune of the music, the children started crying loudly while the tapestries, draperies, and curtains agitated by so much commotion kept swaying; the tiny flames seemed to be dancing over the candlesticks because of the whirling wind. Everyone inside the church seemed to be in a desperate mood: The sacristans moved to and fro; the evangelists on the altar with unbelted waists and one foot advancing seemed disposed to follow the crowd by imitating the poses of the images of the saints on the side altars.

San Sebastian had the air of a dancer with castanets in his hands; San Miguel the Archangel executed a difficult pass over the head of the devil. Only the image of the Jesus Nozoreno (fol.7) had a serious mien, as it knelt on its ugly, unadorned carriage. The Nazarene seemed to be gazing strangely toward the choir, scandalized by such profanity. In this surprised posture he seemed to be unmindful of the heavy Cross he bore, which had been donated by Mono Sebia, and recently varnished and gilded. The Moter Doloroso, our Lord's faithful companion in His Lenten sufferings, could be seen beside him with her head slightly bowed, shedding crystal tears. Beneath her hands, folded devoutly to express her sorrows, was her heart. It was engraved in her bosom and shaped like a *kosuy*. Her statue was covered with a black mourning veil throughout Passion Sunday.

A loud drumbeat signalled the end of the religious affair, and the people responded with great rejoicing. They hastily got up, pushed the doors open then rushed out, jostling one another toward the exit.

The women murmured, shrieked, and became irritated when their feet were trampled upon and their arms pinched by unseen hands in the crowd. (fol.8) All of a sudden, a man would leap, pinched by an old woman whose long skirt he had inadvertently stepped on, while in another corner one could hear the sound of a loud slap on the face of someone followed by curses. *Aba! Solvoje!* was the angry shout directed to a waggish old man. Some women alleged that there were really men who take advantage of such a tight and packed situation in order to abuse them.

(fol.8) Here and there one could hear the nasal mumbling of an old woman praying her novena together with a lay brother leading an association of *beotos*, while over there you could see a young maiden blushing. (fol.7) The children kept crying loudly. A confused muttering multitude momentarily stayed inside the church.

(fol.8) Meanwhile Copitan Panchong,<sup>26</sup> (p. 110) a man of me-

dium build, stout and around 38 to 40 years old (fol.8) came by, pushing, trampling upon everyone else's feet, clearing the crowd with his cane, while his followers (p. 8), their shirts soaked in perspiration, elbowed each other in a race to the door, raising their hats and *solokat* above their heads to keep them from being crushed and to defend themselves from being mobbed by the crowd. (p. 9) Then Copiton Panchong, as if to stop a tempest, stepped toward the holy-water font, dipped in his finger, made the sign of the Cross, genuflected, and later disappeared.

Once more the crowd resumed their struggle for the exit. Copitana Barang and Mona Sebia both got up, anxious to exchange impressions and observations about the rites. (fol.9) Mono Sebia, above all, could not satisfy her curiosity:

"Bendito y olobodo sea... What happened to our parish priest?"

"To our curate? Ave Morio Purísimo!"

"Sin pecado concebido", she answered looking intently at Menang.

"Ave Morio purísimo!"

"He pushed the Missal, Mono Sebia!"

"He pushed it? Ave Morio!"

"He refused to bless Anday's daughter. *Abo!* And think of it, Mono Sebia, the stipend for the candles and blessing had been paid in advance, but then the money has not been returned to them. A peso and half a *reol*, Mono Sebia!"

"A peso and half a *reol*, Copitono Barang!"

"Yes, a peso and half a *reol*. A peso for the blessing and half a *reol* for candles. I know because I lent her the money."

"So you were the one, Barang? And you said that Anday (fol.10) owed such an amount?"

"Ay! seventy-three pesos plus another peso and a half this morning. But how could she use it for such holy things?"

"How can you ask him to bless the baby when she was crying while her mother was praying the rosary? You know, I think that girl has been possessed by the devil since the age of one. Ay! she will become wicked like her mother."

"But why is the mother wicked?"

"*Abo, Mano Sebia!* She did not want her child to be blessed by the priest because she owed me much money, so I threatened to throw her out of our house at once because, Mono Sebia, I don't like wicked people staying with me. They heget misfortune."

"Ah, so that's the reason why she presented herself at our home and begged me to hire her as our maid. *Jesos!* Who would want to employ a maid with a child? Servants should not have children."

(fol. 11) "They are all rotten! *Ave Maria purísima!*"

"*Sin pecado cancebida,*" answered Mana Sebia.

At that moment, the people rushed toward the holy-water font. They dipped their forefingers into the font, and with a grimace made the sign of the Cross on their foreheads, faces, and chests, mumbling prayers, and then left the church.

Outside, in the patio, all the men were noisily discussing and commenting on what had happened during the Mass. Fura, a barrio fixture, was relating to his neighbor a story about Clodio, a rustic old man, a heathen, a notorious heretic, who used to beat the images of the saints when he was in a foul mood. Old Clodio attended church but once a year and that only out of curiosity. He always left the church immediately before the final blessing; thus, it was widely believed that he contracted skin disease and lost the powers of his *anting-anting* due to his profane and unbelieving behavior.

Fura related and even imitated with gestures (fol. 12) how the parish priest pushed the missal away, as well as the manner in which Padre Agaton jerked the censer.

"Clodio," Fura said, "be now convinced that you have missed a great thing in life! You may never see anything like it again."

Clodio laughed mockingly. "Hey," he answered, "I have said it, for me; I really don't care to wait for the final blessing."

Fura replied, "Do you know why you have scabies? Because you refuse to be blessed by the parish priest."

[They could see] the groups of curious people loitering around the main entrance of the church all commenting on the same topic, as well as the line of women passing, who were also talking about the same subject. They added details, some exaggerated in retelling things, while others invented conjectures. For the people of Pili, nothing was more important than the movements of their parish priest.

The whole of Europe could be at war, science could come up with the most useful discoveries, the most (fol. 13) humanitarian principles in matters of law and sociology could be enunciated — all this to the people of Pili was mere rice chaff as long as Fray Agaton continued to be Fr. Agaton, and his handsome forehead did not darken with his terrible frown. The people of Pili had good reason to think this way.

Wars did not directly affect Fr. Agaton's life. He considered modern principles a dismal disturbance for the great majority of people, like light for dull and dormant minds. More than the existence of God, more than the sun, science or even their destiny — nothing was more important for the people of Pili than Fr. Agaton their famous

parish priest, feared by the whole province — from the miserable rural folk to their presumptuous governor.

Fray Agaton [despite his age] still looked young. He maintained fame for being extraordinarily brave and energetic. Ever since he had arrived in town, he tried to dominate the people completely by requiring total obedience from them. (fol. 14) In the seventeen years that he had exercised his ministry, Fr. Agaton's fame was not only confirmed, it also increased tremendously.

He was apparently a good young bachelor with an arrogant bearing and a manly physiognomy. His head was always erect, as if puffed up with pride, which perhaps could not inspire respect, except for some kind of consideration because of his ministry. He was endowed with a taurine force and an unlimited audacity, and was confident in the support of the religious order to which he belonged.

He dared to challenge all his enemies and take their lands. He relied mostly on the strength of his fists, the gorrote, the law, the decisions of the tribunals and judges in whom he inspired mysterious terror. All the *alcaldes* and government employees who crossed him were dismissed from the service. The lieutenants and even commanders of the *Guardia Civil* who dared disobey him openly were either relieved of or reshuffled in their positions. Some of the residents were exiled. Indeed, no project or activity in the province could be done without consulting the parish priest, for nothing could be accomplished without his approval.

(fol. 15) On the other hand, he who was fortunate enough to fall into his good graces could live peacefully and securely, as if all the saints in the celestial court had come down to protect him.

Furthermore, Fr. Agaton was a model parish priest. He was always clean, neat, elegant in his manners; refined, dignified in front of high authorities; imposing and majestic to his peers. He maintained his prestige in the religious order to which he belonged and upheld all principles that would keep the priesthood in the people's high esteem.

The town of Pili is located near the crater of an inactive volcano. It has hot springs and waterfalls frequently visited by many people. All travellers and foreigners who visited Pili mentioned Padre Agaton in their writings. This priest was always cited as a paragon of virtues, gentlemanliness and courtesy.

As a token of his singular virtues, his enthusiastic brothers had exalted him further by recommending him to a bisbopric several times, but he declined. For this act of seeming self-abnegation his order praised him to the stars. (fol. 16) Why refuse a mitre during those times when everybody seemed to be dancing and prancing for

such a noble and lofty position?

His close supporters nodded their heads in admiration, while his rivals, as well as some bishops, bit their lips and smiled wanly. "Modesty, it's true modesty!" a newly-consecrated bishop exclaimed.

A bishop commented further that "as a simple priest it is easier to administer and shine spiritually in a town, rather than govern with decorum as a prelate in a place where force is needed in order to be successful. Bear in mind that only a screen hides apparent modesty from pride."

(fol. 17) Even the devil, [not wanting him made a bishop,] wished that this kind of reaction from the people would be known to Fr. Agaton, so he himself could appraise them and give the corresponding response. It would be foolish pride for him to aspire to become a bishop. "It's really pride! He is right then." People thought: "He can't degrade himself too much."

Fr. Agaton used to say Mass with much grace and dexterity. He had a beautiful baritone voice and according to his proteges and admirers, his studied manners, gestures and movements seemed rehearsed in front of a mirror.

As a parish priest, he nobly performed his avowed duties, that is, he would never degrade his profession with trivial matters. He confided delicate things only to persons of unblemished reputation, select and trustworthy clients and those of high social standing, who would surely not commit ignoble and mean actions. His delicate sense of hearing seemed to choose only elegant and delightful sins.

(fol. 18) You would never see him officiating at the funerals of poor people anymore, of those unworthy of his dignified position. [But for the wealthy] there would be a solemn and pompous ceremony for the dead, with all the bells tolling funeral dirges, a tomb or catafalque covered with black cloth, and the air enveloped in the fragrance of incense. There, you could see him majestic and imposing between two assistant *india* priests or co-adjutors, singing the psalms and lamentations soulfully in his beautiful baritone, sprinkling the cadaver with some drops of holy water. It was enough to see Fr. Agaton officiate at solemn rites to be convinced that God could not condemn even the most hardened sinner.

He would not preach for less than 300 pesos, nor administer the saving sacrament of baptism for less than twelve pesos. He used to perform ordinary baptisms for this amount. (fol. 19) Twelve pesos was required to hire the musicians, for the display of fireworks, for the ringing of the bells, and to get Fr. Agaton to personally administer the sacrament of baptism.

The *indias* could die without confession if that was their wish,

but Fr. Agaton would not abolish such a salutary institution. He requested that he be taken even to the miserable *cabañas* with *cagan* roofs in the distant barrios. His primary concern was the prestigious position of the priesthood and the eternal care of souls, without which religion would be easily taken away from the people by mere malicious advice or information from others.

Hence, this priest, Fr. Agaton, was honored and respected by everyone and his fame as a refined and gentle friar became quite proverbial. The town fiesta which was not attended by Fr. Agaton was looked upon with a grimace of scorn or disdain, like the reunion which (fol. 20) was not sanctified by his presence. All kinds of sacrifices were made; the last peso kept in their chests was taken out in order to be baptized, to be married or to be buried by the parish priest. These rituals were considered a luxury by the rich, and became the subjects of conversation, talked about and remembered for weeks and weeks.

It was considered an honor to kiss the friar's hand or greet him. Perhaps even his kicks, like those delivered to his *socristan moyor*, could be considered a blazon of nobility. (fol. 21) It was not strange, therefore, that his somewhat abnormal actions would cause such a sensation. Even the ignorant and obscure townspeople, more so those who were anticlerical, were very much preoccupied with the missal that had been pushed and the censer that had been brusquely thrown away.

Most prominent among these anticlerical townspeople was Dr. Lopez, a physician who had lived in Europe and had become a free-thinker and anti-friar. Although he always claimed to desire the progress and prosperity of the town, in reality his ulterior motive was to immediately land a job in the government and gain some more fur for his *moustache*.

(fol. 22) Dr. Lopez was discoursing in a loud voice, undoubtedly to call the attention of the people. He made many gestures at Attorney Don Paquito, the current Justice of the Peace, who was more concerned about the causes of the parish priest's ill-humor. Dr. Lopez blamed all this on the wine offered during Mass. He observed that Fr. Agaton used to drink too much blood of Christ. It was a bad habit the priest had acquired, and it was becoming worse.

A Catholic, Don Paquito shortened his talk, but with [the same number of] gestures and mimicking, saying he could not afford to acquire a bad reputation, which usually happened once he entered into a discussion. To each his own, unmindful of the valid reasons of the other. He always insisted on his own reasoning and tried to have the final word. Suddenly both disputants kept quiet and each one

assumed a relaxed posture. (fol.23) At that juncture, Cecilia passed by, mute, silent, respectable and admirable.

Cecilia, the daughter of Copiton Panchong, was fondly called the Star, the Pearl of Pili. The young girl gracefully walked erect along the line of curious people who were hurrying to greet her and lead her on the way. She was dressed in black, with a tulle veil covering her head, her face partly hidden. She seldom wore jewelry, except for some jet-black and brilliant ornaments, like the rosary which was coiled around her hands.

"I don't know how the parish priest could be in a bad mood!" She overheard the loud voice of Don Fermin, the warehouse keeper of the town, who was winking at the others with a certain malice. (fol.24) But the young girl passed by without any sign that she had understood the words uttered by Don Fermin; not a muscle of her face contracted and she continued walking majestically like a goddess, the *cola* or train of her skirt held in one hand until she disappeared behind the improvised bamboo *olotoruelo* partly hidden between *gumamela*<sup>27</sup> shrubs and plants from the Moluccas (*coles de Molucas*).

"Oh, what a fragrance!" exclaimed Don Fermin, inhaling the air sensuously.

Four or five young girls all admired by the warehouseman also passed by noisily, and he repeatedly exclaimed: "Oh, how fragrant, yes, what fragrance!"

The warehouseman, encouraged by the cheers and applause, permitted himself to tease one of the young bystanders who stood speechless at the sight of such beautiful creatures. (fol.25) "Señor Ysagani, are you dumb?" Don Fermin asked "You are good for nothing, eh!"

"What is it?" Ysagani replied coldly.

"What? Hombre!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Don't play dumb! We know everything. Somebody should really pick the first fruit easily, Sr. Ysagani; somebody should taste the first fruit at once." And Don Fermin murmured some words audible enough to be heard by the young girl. He smiled maliciously afterward. Ysagani bit his lips and his face reddened momentarily.

"Yes, that is true, Don Fermin, you ought to keep quiet ...with more reason" replied Ysagani.

"There's nothing wrong with it," said the warehouseman, somewhat irritated. "You ought to be grateful to me for this inside information. You should relay that tip to your father yourself."

"Yes, I know how to take care of things that pertain to me," Ysagani answered.

Don Fermin threw a glance at the young girl, but upon seeing her

bearing and her figure, he repressed his (fol.26) ire, telling her that Ysagani, the nephew of a mere assistant priest, was so pretentious. And he directed his comments to another group—that of *principoles*. Copiton Panchong was in the center of this group of prominent people, about to leave, with a tasseled cane held up high in the air. He was a small but obese fellow dressed in a swallow-tailed coat, the bosom of his white shirt soaked with his perspiration. Copiton Panchong was painstakingly wiping his forehead with the hand that held the cane, which looked odd, since his other hand held an exquisitely embroidered silken handkerchief.

Every Sunday, the faithful townspeople assembled after Mass to kiss the friar's hand; (the *besomonas* was) a custom which was observed in Pili with much pomp and solemnity. This ritual was accompanied by the band, which moved around the patio and proceeded to the convent in an orderly line, headed by the current *gobernadorcillo*. (fol.27) When they reached the convento, the parish priest would be waiting to extend his clean, well-perfumed hand for the veneration of the faithful. Of course this was also an ostentatious act of displaying his well-polished fingernails, which had been prepared for this ritual.<sup>28</sup>

In other towns, cognizant of the poverty and weakness of his parishioners, the *besomonos* was done in a more diplomatic way. Fray Agaton extended his perfumed hand near the window of the convento while a multitude of curiosity-seekers would lie in wait in the patio to watch the ceremony and comment on each and every movement. By extending his hand to certain people, he glorified the most favored persons in town, who could then boast before the multitude.

On that day, all the windows of the convent were opened and as usual a huge crowd of curious people gathered in the patio to witness the ceremonies, all of them making side comments on his movements. The friar would extend his hand and would add some slight blows (*golpecitos*) or tender pats (*cogotozos*) on the backs of their heads, saying: "Muy bien, well done!" [After such an act] the favored ones could even insult the gods, like the impudent Ajax.

(fol. 28) If on the contrary, the friar distractedly extended his hand (blankly), as if he were staring far into the distance, this was a bad sign. Later, he would extend his hand upward — bad, a very bad gesture, since it was an omen of great misfortune.

But when the parish priest refused to give his hand — Ah! this was a different story altogether. But then this had only happened once, when he unexpectedly found out that the son of an unfortunate parishioner who had just arrived from Europe had delivered a speech

about the present conditions in the country. That event made everyone tremble each time they were reminded of it. The unfortunate persons who were thus castigated went home weak and stupefied. Many got sick, and they only got well when the priest said Mass with greater solemnity, prolonged tolling of the bells and numerous lighted votive candles. (fol.29) In this context we can understand that *Capitan Panchang* had sufficient reason to wipe the perspiration off his brow with his cane instead of his handkerchief. He was made absent-minded by his preoccupation with the priest's bad mood. Thousands of dreadful suppositions welled in his mind, thousands of conjectures.

(fol.49) On this day the *cura*, a figure terrible beyond words, did not receive any of the *principalia*. There was no *besamanos* that Sunday. Everyone had to return home full of anxiety, uneasiness, and consternation. Never before had there been any event like it in Pili. Most friars were really wont to have the *besamanos* even if they were already lying on their death beds.

The quietude [of the townspeople] worsened when the curate's servant secretly told Panchang that the *Among* had shouted at Menang and splashed his chocolate at the cook when he found it too hot. With this news, Panchang and all the *principalio* (fol.50) were seen running from the convent, as if fleeing from a *garratazo*. Everyone looked crestfallen and melancholy as they proceeded to the *tribunal* to deliberate on the event, a process akin to that done in Rome in times of public calamity. The musicians went home and were about to play a funeral march at the slightest provocation.

(fol.58v) Despite his great discomfort, Panchang proceeded to the *tribunal* instead of going home, in order to preside over a meeting. He had to take up several matters at this meeting concerning Holy Week. (fol. 50) But nothing was discussed in the *tribunal*. The question of *Maligoy* and plans for the Haly Week activities were entirely set aside.

(fol.58v) Some one who had been detained for two days complained of hunger. Nobody knew why he had been imprisoned. The *teniente mayor* said the *teniente del barrio* was responsible, while the latter laid the responsibility on the Justice of the Peace or the *gobernadorcilla*. (fol.50) This detainee, not knowing why and by whose order he had been jailed, complained of hunger. But he shut his mouth suddenly upon hearing that another fellow had been threatened with flagging the previous night — twelve lashes for claiming he had been forcefully abducted by thieves in uniforms very much like those of the *Guardia Civil*.

A *teniente mayor* who complained that his cattle had died because of the raging pestilence in his barrio was bitterly blamed by

everyone for his gross negligence: He had failed to have his animals blessed by the parish priest! (fol.55v) The herd died by the dozen and there were no people to bury them. Licentiate Lopez suggested that they should be burned, but Panchang left, knowing the curate was indignant because he had not been asked to bless the animals. This led to the pestilence. But somebody noted that the dead animals were the very ones which had been blessed by the priest, who charged five pesos per head.

(fol.50) The *teniente* observed (fol.51) that the dead people had all been blessed. Panchang, who was in a bad humor, replied: "The dead are already dead, so no one can ever revive them. What is important now is to know how to pacify the curate with gifts."

"Sir, the bridge in our barrio is already destroyed," reported a *teniente del barrio* and its residents.

Panchang became furious. "Stupid fools! Don't you know that we are concerned here with more urgent and important matters? You come to talk about bridges? If your bridge is destroyed, let it be destroyed; and if you don't know how to swim, [then] let all of you drown! Anyway, there is already an excess of people in your town."

(fol 58v) Panchang did not bother with any other matter, except the nagging question: Why was the curate so angry? (fol.55v) What was urgent now [Panchang stressed repeatedly] was to find out the real cause of the parish priest's wrath, so that they could at least pacify him.

Nobody dared give his opinion. However, a *teniente del barrio* tried to recall [reasons for the curate's actions, suggesting] that it might be because of the bundles of firewood which had not been delivered to the convent, since the bridge connecting their barrio to the town had collapsed.

"I used to cross the river," replied the poor *teniente*. "[Now] I get wet up to the armpits, but since you talk of gifts, the bundles of firewood for the parish priest would get wet."

"(Very well,) carry them over your heads!" Panchang retorted. It did not matter if all the bridges in the world collapsed — provided his election would not be endangered. Would he be able to get the support of the peasants if they got wet? Would they vote for him? Yes, all of them were wicked. The *cabezas de borongay* would [surely] vote for *Capitan Tanukang* who had promised to pay them 200 pesos each. If his opponent won, the peasants would stop him from running for public office [again]. (fol.69v) If the curate got angry, surely that would endanger his reelection. That was his problem now: He might not be reelected. Dan Tanukang would surely win, and then would call him *Kiaa Kioo* in front of everyone. This idea would surely drive

him crazy. [The meeting adjourned without any agreement, and Panchong went home restless.]

(fol.29) *Capitan* Panchong had sufficient reason to be restless. He was stupefied thinking of the bad humor of the curate, so much so that he wiped his forehead with his cane instead of his handkerchief. What orders, or what dispositions of the curate, had not been complied with? There had been a public proclamation ordering the people to have their cattle, poultry and fishponds blessed by the priest to protect them from an epidemic of influenza. What was the sin committed, if not all would comply with the order? During that week, there were two solemn burials and the heirs of the deceased certainly had to sell part of their land to defray the expenses. In fact, another rich and powerful person had died, but the heirs did not have a pompous funeral although they could afford it.

(fol.30) [Padre Agaton's] parishioners were all egoists who simply buried their dead as they wished, unmindful of the exigencies which they ought to follow as baptized persons. [After] a pompous and solemn funeral, many persons certainly asked what happened to the fattened *capons* given as gifts to the curate.

These *capans* had been for sale, but they were confiscated from a certain barrio resident who, unfortunately, had failed to produce his *cedula*. Oh! Therefore, if that was the reason for the priest's foul mood, *Capitan* Panchong thought, then poor barrio folk should be paid at least 25 pesos and taught later how to raise better *capans*!

Perhaps it was mere intrigue from the wicked Don Tanukang, who had vowed to disobey his orders in the coming elections? *Capitan* Tanukang was capable of anything; he was a very wicked person. He did not yet understand the consequences of the priest's actions, since he had never been exiled.

(fol.31) *Capitan* Panchong continued to reflect on his political rival's tricks. Two hundred pesos had been promised to each voter if he won the elections for *gabernadorcilla*. All this money not counting *Capitan* Tanukang's contiguous gifts to the curate! Two hundred pesos! That was immoral; *Capitan* Panchong had only given 50 pesos to each voter. Where did *Capitan* Tanukang get such a large amount of money? Why, Tanukang had even offered him work one day in the street and even called *Capitan* Panchong out in front of everyone. Oh, *Capitan* Panchong had sound principles in him, not all could call him well...really now, there must be ungrateful people in this world! Now, since *Capitan* Tanukang offered 200 pesos, all voters would naturally vote for him.

Oh well, the parish priest had not yet gotten angry. He might have fixed his attention on the silken cloth *Capitana* Barang had bought

for him to decorate the altars. *Capitan* Paochong had already said that (fol.32) it was ordinary, but his wife was a very mean woman. In this life nobody, not even his own wife, could think of the *compromisos* which might beset him.

Meditating further on the reasons behind the priest's unusual behavior, *Capitan* Panchong thought, it might be because his daughter, Cecilia, did not appreciate the carpet which the curate had ordered for her. Another stupid girl! How scrupulous could she be! How egoistic! The parish priest was simply being a fine and gallant gentleman. What more could it mean? Nobody would definitely think any evil about that. Oh, *Capitan* Tanukang would be appointed and he would be called... *Capitan* Panchong's thoughts trailed off as he wiped his forehead again with the tassled cane and looked around him.

The *principalia* were glad about those afflictions and showed their contentment to each other by meaningful glances. Times were not really propitious, but they would willingly give a peso each, provided they could provoke the curate to quarrel with *Capitan* Panchong. He had an insufferable character (fol.33), and he had been elected only by his own will. Certainly, not as ordered by the parish priest. Yes, Panchong would give at least a peso and a half provided the curate would not quarrel with him, and thereby get him reelected.

*Capitan* Panchong was roused from his stupor by the arrival of the *sacristan* informing him that the parish priest was really getting impatient.

"Tell him that it is not my fault, it is the fault of the others," he said. "Where are the others?" he asked anxiously "Don't you see that the parish priest is waiting for us?"

"It's already a most opportune time, a pretty good time. This is what we have been expecting from you," responded an elderly man.

"It's already a pretty good time," murmured *Capitan* Panchong. "What about the music?"

"They are waiting for your orders, sir."

Then ten or twelve musicians lifted their instruments and started to make short, brief sounds.

(fol.34.) "But all that I have to do, all that I have to display," *Capitan* Panchong exclaimed furiously. "You have already seen it, Selmo" he said, facing the *sacristan*. "When the *Amang* gets angry, you tell him everything you have seen. He expects you to enumerate them all."

"Let us go to the convent!" *Capitan* Panchong said with a commanding voice, and began to walk away with a gait that betrayed an affected grace and solemnity.

They proceeded to the convent accompanied by the tune of a beautiful waltz. The sun was shining brightly and its brilliant rays were like golden thread. The air was saturated with perfume, and the patio was covered profusely with flowers and beautiful ornamental plants, everything in the warm embrace of the sun (fol.35). The almond trees were swaying. The palm trees were shaking their green fronds; the bamboo murmured mysterious songs like repressed laughter, and down below, the ground was covered with a verdant green carpet. At the ramp, one could gather white flowers to be scattered into the air like a divine perfume. It was springtime in the country of an eternal spring!

(fol.37) *Capitana* Barang heaped on poor Anday all the blame for Fr. Agaton's bad mood, which began when the curate had refused to bless her daughter. According to *Capitana* Barang, Anday should have knelt near the altar before the priest read the last gospel, then he would surely have blessed her daughter even if he was in a bad mood.

"Do you think the curate would wait just for you? Ay! You? A miserable maid? If we [your masters] have to be on the alert much more so should you!"

Anday was a young girl of 18 or 19 years, yet her beauty seemed to have faded; she was pale and weak. She humbly replied to *Capitana* Barang that she could not do as she was told since the *sacristans* would not even allow her to get near the altar; they likewise refused to give her a candle on the pretext that the curate was really furious. But *Capitana* Barang did not listen to Anday's explanations, and continued reprimanding her:

(fol.38) "If we who have already paid the *cedula* were not able to receive Holy Communion. Ay!" *Capitana* Barang exclaimed, "much less this maid, who had only paid a *medio real*! Surely, I have to confess once more. Oh, Jesus! I am surrounded by many temptations. If you were only able to have your daughter blessed by the priest, you would have less occasions for sin. That's why I lent you a peso and a half in spite of my tight finances right now. I hoped that some drops of holy water would fall upon you, so that everyone would [at least] have gained something from God."

Anday bowed her head and continued to work. She folded clothes, washed dishes, brushed and arranged the clothes of both mother and daughter. It was indeed very humiliating to be accused of being a temptress and seductress in front of many people, but what could she do? Maybe her master had other motives for scolding her? Maybe there was a reason for doing so (fol.39), for accusing her bitterly?

She had borne that daughter out of wedlock by the son of her

former master, which was why she was dismissed. Now, her new master was *Capitan Panchong*, who demanded all kinds of services—domestic and otherwise. Anday could not complain: she either performed all these chores or *Capitan Panchong* would surely maltreat her for many days.

Being an unwed mother, she was considered despicable. Yes, she really was a sinner, but what could she do? She owed her masters much money because she loved her daughter. She had to support the little girl. She could still remember her first experience with her former master or rather lover, but what else could she have done? She willingly accepted all accusations and vituperations against her. But if these were against her daughter? *Santo Dios*, oh no! Her daughter was young, just a year and a half, charming, gentle and innocent. The girl still cried when darkness fell during her prayers.

*Capitana* Barang continued scolding Anday. "These are the bitter consequences of being hardheaded, hence it is like condemning your own daughter! Ay! There are children (fol.40) blessed by their parents for Satan. You will bring your daughter to Hell yourself."

"*Naku! señora*," Anday answered very much alarmed. "God knows that I would offer my own blood for the sake of my daughter!"

"Shut up! Don't you dare answer back because it was your fault. You did not insist that your daughter be blessed by the priest. You always like doing things your way. You are really stubborn and hardheaded!"

"*Señara*, if the *sacristans* would not permit me to . . ."

"The *sacristans*, the *sacristans*, [always the *sacristans*!]. Not another word! You are such a nagger. You can't bear to be scolded, you always answer back. Ay! anyone who can't suffer scoffs and reprimands should stay at home and never borrow money."

"I don't want to work as a maid, but there was no choice. Who knows? I could have been a lazy flirt."

(fol.41) *Capitana* Barang's suspicions were right. "How could she be serving day and night while committing sin at the same time, thus causing scandal to everyone?" Anday merely bowed her head and tears welled in her eyes.

*Capitana* Barang could still recall the causes of the girl's misfortune. Her father was once a *cabeza de barangay* who embezzled money and eventually became bankrupt. He lost his fortune in the cockpit. He had to make trips to the capital several times, and was later sent to prison. Thus, his family had to sell everything and borrow money at an exorbitant interest.

Consequently, Anday had to serve as a domestic with a family who had a son studying for the priesthood. This son was handsome

and amiable, so Anday, the maid, fell in love with him and finally allowed herself to be seduced by him. This happened when she was barely sixteen years old. When the boy's parents discovered this, they immediately sent their son to Manila and dismissed Anday after beating her up. The father of the boy threatened her, saying she would be pardoned provided she would forget the young man and deny that this future priest had seduced her.

(fol.42) She acceded to everything as long as she was not dismissed. But later she admitted that she had been seduced by Titay and suffered much, but later became resigned to her fate. She sought refuge and was cared for by an old woman who gave her food, treated her well and made her pray so much. There, she gave birth to a baby girl called Felicidad, but the old woman died a few months later, forcing Anday to seek new employment.

She went to the house of *Capitan Panchong*, who treated her badly, subjected her to hard work and oftentimes whipped and tormented her little daughter. [His wife] *Capitana Barang* also used to pinch and scold her daughter. Anday could have changed masters, but it was not so easy to do so. She could not leave because she could not find another employer, and she owed her masters much money. She owed them 60 pesos, yet she received not more than four pesos (fol.43) a year.

She calculated that she had to work for 18 years before she could fully pay her debts. That meant having to endure more years of suffering in the future. All of Anday's computations excluded money required for annual tribute, as well as clothing expenses, and payment for [all] the plates and utensils she might break. [She also needed money] for her daughter's medicine when she fell ill.

*Capitana Barang*, as an act of charity, used to give Anday seven-and-a-half pesos since her father, the discredited *gobernadorcillo*, had [once] saved the life of *Capitana Baraog*'s husband. Anday had already served as their maid for eight years by then, so [she had to endure] some ten more years of suffering.

During her first year in the house, Anday experienced all kinds of hardships from *Capitan Panchong* in order to remain faithful to her first love. She endured all these partly for chastity and partly (fol.44) for fear that *Capitana Barang* would send her away. However, because of her initial resistance to his advances, *Capitan Panchong* threatened to send her away because of her faults as well as her daughter.

Fearing dismissal, the maid first pleaded, cried and implored her master's mercy. What else could she do? Is God really just? The young man who had seduced her had not yet returned to town and it was said that, sooner or later, he would be ordained a priest. She then

confided everything to *Capitana Barang*, and was resigned to her fate. She said that she really deserved all kinds of insults from her master for she had, truly, committed some faults. She had deceived them before, but all her hidden faults were eventually revealed. The young girl was trembling with fear because she was very much afraid that *Capitana Barang*, [even] by chance, would discover her relationship with *Capitan Panchong*.

*Capitana Barang*'s sermons were endless. The good lady believed it was a virtue to preach [to] (fol.45) that unfortunate being and save both mother and daughter from the fires of hell. It was evident that they were indeed possessed by the devil, because Felicidad, the little girl, cried bitterly precisely when her mother was praying. Surely, the devil took advantage of that occasion to distract her from her prayers and condemn both of them to hell! The devil's wiles and deceit could be understood easily. The devil had vowed to impede the young man's vocation; therefore, the little girl was the devil's daughter. This fact was undoubtedly true! Similar examples were reflected in the novenas and other religious books which could be read every day.

A teardrop fell on *Capitana Barang*'s skirt, which she hastily shook off. That skirt had cost her more than six pesos! "But look at this *maldita!*" she exclaimed indignantly, pausing from her sermon. "Don't you see what you've done? You have tarnished my ten-peso *saya*. What would you do if I told you (fol.46) that I will add this to your debts? Where would you get money to pay me?"

Anday [momentarily] forgot all her sufferings and sorrows because of these threats. As she stood motionless *Capitana Barang* pinched her hard and slapped her on the nape.

"The skirt was not tarnished, *señora*. No, it was not stained either," replied the maid pointing to the skirt with a reproachful look in her eyes.

"Yes, it is not soiled, it is not even stained," retorted *Capitana Barang*. "You are really clever! Your apparent sorrow meant nothing. I don't know what more I can say to you. You would have done the same thing to my mother. All I can say for the moment is that I will pardon you now."

Anday did not reply; she just remained patient but kept crying and sighing. (fol.47) She tried to be cheerful just to please her master. She raised her head and was about to fold her dress when *Capitana Barang* came in and tried to stop her little daughter from crying.

"You see? Don't you see?" *Capitana Barang* shouted, pointing at the little girl. "Look, she seemed to be very intelligent or shall I say the devil's... oh, let her play alone. Don't waste your time just to make her shut up. I have not even whipped you," she added furiously.

Anday, trying to pacify her daughter, also wept, [hard put to show the girl] that nothing whatsoever had happened to her.

"Do you think I would pay you seven-and-a-half pesos if you just wasted your time playing with your daughter? Ay! when I was young I would never spend my time occupied with my children nor tell them to keep quiet. If they cried I would just hit them and they would hush up by themselves. Thus, the devil could never enter their bodies. But you? You willfully tolerate your daughter's playing and shouting.

(fol.48) Anday left her daughter alone with a heel of a shoe to play with. But the girl stuck her "toy" into her mouth.

"If you continue to behave like that, or refuse to be corrected," Capitano Barang said, "it would be much better for you to look for another master. I don't want to be responsible before God for anyone. I don't want to be accused of neglecting and abandoning [both] you and your daughter in order to be condemned [to Hell]."

"Señora, my little daughter is very good by nature. You don't know her well enough; she is good and obedient. If my daughter behaves [contrary to this, as you claim she does], I assure you I will follow whatever you want." Anday could not contain her grief and anxiety any longer, so she burst into tears again.

Capitana Barang was about to scold her again, but she saw her husband coming, together with two *cabezas de barangoy*. The little girl started to make noise again. Capiton Panchong was very irritated. He heaved a deep sigh and called out, "Barang!... Barang!..."

#### PANCHITONG'S CURE

(fol.49) Panchitong had just arrived home from the *Tribunal* and he was in a miserable state. His coat was slovenly, his pants were crumpled and his blue necktie was misplaced atop the collar of his shirt, like a girdle worn by some sultan. He came in dazed, howling and moaning, "Barang! Barang!"

(fol.56v) Pale and trembling because of the cold, Panchong closed the windows quickly. Cecilia came, [Capitono Barang forgot her usual sermons to Anday] and amidst questions, shouts and lamentations he removed his *frac* and lay in bed.

(fol.54) Everyone remarked that he might have been exposed to some kind of bad wind, thus Capitona Barang tried all means to revive his spirits. She stretched certain parts of his body, pinched him, applied several kinds of spices like garlic, onion, mustard, etc., on his body, as if she would cook the poor Panchong like *odobo*. (fol.56v) Barang was panic-stricken, yet she refused to send for a doctor, and attempted thrice to keep back their servant from doing so.

(fol.54) All the neighbors came to his aid; Cecilia wanted to call

the doctor but Capitono Barang [repeatedly] stopped her from doing so. There were many visitors, [as] if Panchitong would [only] live till nightfall. [Well], the doctor could still visit, Cecilia suggested again.

Panchitong kept complaining about his ailments and the good neighbors tried all imaginable remedies. Mona Sebia suggested an infallible cure for scabies and rheumatism — strong faith through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin! Another remedy suggested was the relic of a certain saint for the pain of his pot belly. Then Copitono (fol.55) Barang remembered a bottle of holy water which she had carefully kept following the advice of the cura. This [miraculous] water, according to the parish priest and Mono Sebia, could cure all kinds of ailments. Since he was apparently in danger of death, they forced Panchitong to drink all the holy water!

The unfortunate patient drank all its contents, although he abhorred its taste, and after a few minutes began to throw up the rest of his breakfast consisting of *puta*, *tapa* and fried rice. It was an unusual meal, which made one believe that his illness was grave.

At eleven o'clock he asked for confession. Meanwhile, Mono Sebia went to the convent to summon their parish priest. Cecilia was left beside the bed, silent and in a pensive mood, with her arms folded over her bosom; she was motionless and seemed to contemplate his eternal damnation; she also tried to divine the causes of his illness.

(fol.57) Looking out from their balcony, Cecilia saw the figure of Ysagani, the nephew of the new assistant parish priest. The young man was passing by, fixing his gaze on the window. Their eyes met and she managed a gracious smile at him and the young man took off his hat and greeted her.

(93v) The modest Ysagani served as a clerk at the *tribunol*. She had met him when her father asked her to get a copy of some documents pertaining to her aunt *Daño Orang*. One of these happened to be the will she had left after her death. [Even] at this time, she was attracted at once to Ysagani's serious, taciturn and likeable appearance. Once they had exchanged meaningful glances.

(fol.57) Cecilia felt a sudden flush in her cheeks. She wanted to withdraw, but her feet didn't want to move. She tried to turn back, but it would be impossible. [On the surface] she seemed serious, apparently indifferent, but in reality she directed her eyes to the garden in order to see better. She kept looking as the young man drew away from her gaze. Cecilia felt a kind of childlike reproach for that strange feeling. What? Was she in love with the nephew of the new coadjutor who used to criticize his new friends haughtily?

(Cecilia was the daughter of Copiton Panchong and Capitana Barang who could not support her education as she had an elder

brother who was still at school.] (fol.59v) So Cecilia had been reared in [her aunt's] home [in Manila]. She spent her childhood with *Doña* Orang till her adolescent years, [returning] to Pili for two or three days a year during the town fiesta. *Copitono* Barang had sacrificed her maternal love for Cecilia to her love of money, and little by little was able to assuage and pacify the loving tenderness she had nurtured in her heart knowing full well the quality of life her daughter would enjoy with her rich aunt.

(fol.58) The young girl was very much interested in this man, Ysagani. She had already heard about him even while she was in Manila living with her aunt, sister of her mother, the noted lawyer *Doña* Orang who had financed her education and upon her death left behind an immense fortune — huge bank deposits and vast landed estates. Cecilia would soon be the sole heir, upon reaching legal age.

This extraordinary woman, *Doña* Orang, used to revolve in high society. It was she who had molded Cecilia's imagination and character from adolescence, developing her into a strong and wholesome woman adorned with sterling virtues. *Doña* Orang had nurtured in her mind the type of man she would love — an ideal which her young mind had conceived even in her fantasies.

(fol.57v) Cecilia could visualize this type of man by following the ideals instilled in her by her deceased aunt, who used to tell her that if a woman would behave well she would be admired not only for her beauty but also for her strength of character, firm decision, nobility, intelligence and courage. Now she could feel that this ideal being really existed, or at least ought to exist, such that sooner or later she would meet and fall in love with him. They would surely complement each other and then be happy. This would explain her apparent aversion toward all those who had courted her. The young man in question was well off, he was the son of a very affluent family. He was irresistible to her eyes.

(fol.59) Most outstanding of all were his rarest qualities: valor, youth, generosity, heroism and disinterest, which were his natural attributes. Hence upon waking up from the reality of her gilded dreams, upon hearing his pastoral words, upon seeing him make a crude gesture, she closed her eyes, and smiled sadly. She closed her eyes again, as if she would want to go to sleep and recall those nocturnal dreams of an ideal man, dreams improper to a young maiden like her. That young man coming from an affluent family was the real man she desired, the man to whom she could confide her future and to whom she could unhurden all kinds of self-deceptions.

(fol.61)[In her imagination] she watched him dragging his feet along a huge mountain amidst gloomy shadows, [then] dancing and

smiling but still full of apprehension, with a very powerful impulse. Later she stopped gazing at this disagreeable scene to encounter the taciturn figure of Ysagani, enigmatic, silent and incomprehensible. With her eyes she saw much more. There on the summit seated like a sovereign was the imposing figure of the *cura* kicking everyone crawling on the floor before him. He looked disdainful and arrogant like a victorious lord.

"Here is a real man!" an interior voice murmured. Cecilia closed her eyes.

"What beautiful flowers you have, did you make these?"

[With those words Cecilia was roused from this dream] (fol.62) The curate was approaching her together with her mother. Cecilia retreated, [to no avail since] the *cura* had access not only to all houses but also the private rooms of these houses in Pili.

[The *cura* brought with him a bottle full of water which he claimed was water taken from the river Jordan. He had been informed that *Copiton* Panchong was sick, so he had come bringing with him an infallible cure for his ailment. He had himself been cured by this water.]

"I was informed that your father is sick," Fr. Agaton blurted out while he was approaching Cecilia. He paused for a while to survey the flowers in the garden. "I myself have brought this bottle of water from the Jordan which is a sure cure against any kind of ailment."

(fol.63) Fr. Agaton stayed for a while in the house. He told *Capitona* Barang that the water had also cured him instantly that morning.

"Ah!" exclaimed Cecilia, [breaking the silence, sensing] that the friar was staring at her intently.

"What beautiful flowers you have," he said as he moved even closer to her, at the same time looking around him. "How abundant are those roses; those dahlias and azucenas are beautiful! Is that one a camelia? How were you able to make them grow and bloom in such a luxuriant way?"

"I take care of them as best I can," Cecilia replied, to regain her composure.

"Were you the one who made them bloom? Why, even the thorns in your hands would produce roses!" Fr. Agaton gazed at her lovingly, as he drew closer and closer toward her, beaming the smile of a conqueror.

(fol.64) At that moment, voices and exclamations were heard. The door burst open and Panchong came out, smiling and crying. He genuflected, and extended his hand to grasp and kiss the friar's hand in gratitude. Behind him followed *Capitono* Barang together with

several *beatas* and curiosity-seekers in tow.

"*Gracioso, Among. Muchas gracias Among!*" Panchong greeted him. "I am well."

"Eh, what shall I say," retorted the friar, turning solemnly with a victorious air. "Well, all this results from the water from the Jordan."

"Well then *among*, it is really due to the water from the Jordan. Holy water is undoubtedly good, but water from the Jordan... too had I received not more than a few bottles."

All the *beatas* insisted on being given even a few drops of the Jordan water. [Fr. Agaton said,] (fol.65) "A small bottle cost me ten pesos." But the devotees, undaunted, replied that it did not matter even if it cost twenty pesos per bottle because with this water, they could economize on medicine and doctor's consultations.

In spite of all this commotion, Cecilia did not utter a word. Her eyes merely moved alternately between her father and the curate. Panchong was really well.

"I have also come precisely to settle a problem," the cura added. "Cecilia said that she could not make the decorated palm fronds for the Domingo de Ramos procession because she doesn't know how to fashion artificial flowers. Well, the garden is full of flowers, so I will pay you thirty pesos for the decorated *polaspas* you will prepare for me plus an additional five pesos for those you will make for my two assistant priests. Well? Is this all right with you?"

All the women in the room were astounded at the curate's generosity and benevolence. *Copitona* Barang accepted the offer on behalf of her daughter. She had never heard such a generous offer in her life.

(fol.68) As Cecilia was contemplating this matter deeply, she was able to divine the cause of her father's illness. She became restless and pensive, [and looked out of the balcony of her room to distract herself]. She could surmise the real cause of the *cura's* bad humor that morning but she did not dare to confess it to him, for fear he would be offended and embarrassed.

She proceeded to the balcony facing a miniature garden full of flowering plants on huge antique earthen pots of different sizes and shapes. She tried to erase the *cura's* obsession about her preparing the decorated *polaspas* from her mind.

[TEXT TO BRIDGE THIS WITH NEXT SECTION MISSING]

Chapter marked "c" ends here.

#### *DOMINGO DE RAMOS (d)*

(fol.69) During the Palm Sunday procession each year, the young

people who had not yet paid their *cedula personal* nevertheless had to give ten *cuartos* for the *cedula de confesión*, a slip of paper they would then present to the parish priest before confession. With the money from this *cedula de confesión* they subsidized the decorated palm fronds for the *cura*, who used to collect around fifty pesos annually. But this year the *cura* had entrusted the confection of this to Cecilia, who had just arrived from Manila. Cecilia felt a certain repugnance for the chore, and wanted to excuse herself, claiming she did not know how to fashion artificial flowers from cloth. But Fr. Agaton suggested that if this was inconvenient then he preferred natural flowers which bloomed abundantly in Cecilia's garden.

(fol.88v) The town plaza offered much animation that afternoon. The young men and other pious persons who joined the prayers during the Stations of the Cross were all talking about the miracle as they gathered around the stalls selling food and drinks. The curate and Panchong had been miraculously cured, the former from an extreme headache and the latter from his recurrent gas pains, which could not be cured by any medicine or doctor. A certain vendor had testified that the *cura* really looked gravely ill that morning after mass, and this explained why he did not receive his prominent visitors for the *besomonas* that day. Another, an *emponodo* vendor, confirmed that she had seen *Copiton* Panchong almost dying, staring blankly while (fol.89) *Copitona* Barang stretched all parts of his body in order to revive him. (fol.88v) Fortunately, he suddenly was cured at about 11:30 in the morning, simply by drinking some drops of water from the Jordan mixed with ordinary water and praying one Our Father and one Hail Mary! Panchong was on his feet again.

(fol.89) "Ow?" one of them asked doubtfully.

"Yes, [he's back to normal]. As a matter of fact the best proof is that he has whipped Anday's daughter with his slippers twice since. I was there when it all happened, the little girl is still there crying."

"What kind of water was it?" asked a *poncit* vendor.

"*Aba!* it is the water from the river Jordan."

"It is just like ordinary water, any kind of water which you use for washing your plates," answered the *emponoda* vendor, "but it was really water from the Jordan river. Do you know its healing effects?"

"Ah, it's indeed water taken from the Jordan river," a young man confirmed as he looked at the two women, nodding his head with compassion, "Yes, it is the miraculous water from the Jordan. Everyone can be cured instantly [by applying it] like *bolsoma de Fierobras*, the healing balm for wounds, or simply by drinking it."

(fol.90) "How strange."

"You see, that's why it was so costly!"

"How much?"

"Abo! four pesos for a small bottle like this *de gronde chiquito!*  
Ay! one could hardly buy a bottle of this water due to the miracles it  
is supposed to perform."

"Oh, how fortunate I would be if I could live along the banks of  
the Jordan river!" said the *pancit* vendor calculating the amount the  
*curo* could expect to earn at four pesos per bottle.

"Listen," the young man asked pensively, "is the Jordan river the  
same place where John the Baptist baptized Jesus Christ?"

"That's right! That's why one can get much profit from it."

"But that place is very far away!"

"Just imagine, it is a very distant place and the baptism of Christ  
happened a long, long time ago."

[fol.91] "Didn't they say that the water came from nearby mount  
San Cristobal?"

"That's true! I heard that the head of the *Hermanos de San*  
*Froncisca* would travel to Jordan every year. They would leave here  
on Good Friday after the procession, reach there on Palm Sunday and  
return home before Easter!"

"Departing *viernes santa* and reaching there by *domingo de*  
*ramas?*" the gullible *pancit* vendor asked.

"Ah, I also heard that said about many *hermonos*; how curious  
eh?"

"Isn't that strange?" repeated the *pancit* vendor.

Church bells began ringing [interrupting this amusing conver-  
sation, and] calling the faithful to take part in the Stations of the  
Cross. The church patio was [soon] filled with children, some running  
around, playing and jesting while the others preferred to stay tranquil  
and were content to visit [fol.92] the bamboo *oltorcitos* in the patio or  
those situated in the corners of the plaza. Each *oltarcita* contained a  
frame with a scene from the Passion of Christ between two flower  
vases, all resting on a table covered with a mantle.

[fol.115] In this manner, Lent, like the other years before it, had  
bamboo *oltorcitos* covered with *sowoli* built purposely to mark the  
path of the Lord on the *Via Crucis*. In olden times this used to be held  
inside the church in front of the twelve chromolithographs depicting  
the Passion from Pilate's Judgement up to Christ's burial. That was  
until [fol.72] Cecilia<sup>30</sup> had arrived in town. Since then the *curo* or-  
dered the *gabernodorcilla* to construct small altars for the Stations of  
the Cross around the church patio. This design had the added ad-  
vantage of being conducive to prayer because it was less hot and  
humid than it was inside church. Besides, the parish priest could see  
everyone from his convent window, watch over them and guide them

in the right direction — meaning, to any place convenient for him.

The procession started with great solemnity, headed by the  
*Cofradia* president, who was devoutly following the carriage of the  
*Nozareno*, whose stereotyped face was beaming with surprise. It  
seemed as if the Divine Image could not comprehend how on earth  
these people could abuse his infinite patience. Below the carriage  
were four miserable-looking persons wearing gaudy vestments [fol.73];  
two of them were *socristans* and the other two looked as if they were  
criminals condemned to be hanged. These devotees were commonly  
called the *reputados*.

The image of the *Virgen Dolarasa* followed that of the *Nazareno*.  
She was weeping as usual, and looked as if she were admonishing the  
people to repent for their sins, but no one paid any attention to her  
sorrowful gaze, specially those who were bored and irritated with this  
Lenten obligation.

Then a crowd followed, composed of the different members of  
the various groups: *cafrodias*, *beotos*, *hermonas*, and young people —  
happy and smiling — who joined the procession just for fun and out  
of curiosity. The children merely simulated the elders, kneeling and  
kissing the ground; they stood up each time the *cafradia* leader rose  
alternately with the music from the choir noted for their loud chanting,  
particularly the hymns accompanied by the shrieking of a clarinet.

[fol.122] It was Holy Week; they were going to crucify the Son of  
God who became man. He who had been suffering since the beginning  
of Lent in order to make even the stones cry, as Fr. Agaton used to say  
to his faithful parishioners. Only God knows if both Mother and Son  
had really suffered. Since the first Sunday of Lent, the devotees had  
to endure the ordeal and discomfort at each of the twelve stations,  
hearing the snuffling voice of the mischievous person who was leading  
the prayers during the procession. Step by step they followed the  
Stations of the Cross like miserable mendicants who used to beg for  
alms in the midst of vast throngs of people: troubadours, various  
members of religious fraternities and associations, people both old  
and idle [twisting their bodies, like their souls and consciences.] They  
went to church just to evade boredom at home, or maybe the men did  
not have money to bet in the cockfights?

Finally, the little bell was rung at the end of each station. [fol.70]  
On one side of the town plaza one could see numerous groups of men,  
seated in front of the *tiendas* and food stalls run by the women, in  
heated discussion on the issues of the day. [On the other side] the  
young men carried chicken eggs and busied themselves with their  
favorite pastime called *tuktukon*, played only during Lent, while their  
fathers and elders were in the cockpit playing with their fortunes

Boys usually played *tuktukan* until they become adults. The only difference between this game and cockfighting was money. In cockfighting, one lost large sums but in *tuktukan*, the winner just took the cracked egg. (fol.71) [Before playing *tuktukan*, they first] carefully examined the eggs to determine whether one was more resistant than the other by testing them slightly against each other. Firmly holding the eggs, they gave each a slight stroke on the elongated portion of the egg. This slight blow on the lower part of the egg usually produced a tiny crack while the top remained intact.

In the plaza, one could see Silvino, son of Tanukang, among the group of youngsters. He was well-dressed, and carried a small pouch with half-a-dozen eggs that he had previously won, wrapped in a silk handkerchief. He was thus challenging everyone to the eggshell-cracking contest.

"*Tuktukan!*" he shouted triumphantly. (fol.73v)"Come on, are you afraid? Come on! I have already received several blows." (fol.74v) The other young men, upon seeing his basket full of eggs, shied away and refused to join the contest. Silvino was notorious among the boys for being clever, arrogant and very demanding because his father was in power. Besides all this, everyone murmured that Silvino was a cheat, who filled his eggs with very fine brick or metal pellets.

"*Tuktukan!*" he shouted more arrogantly each time, and many responded by shaking their heads and keeping silent. (fol.73v) Seeing that nobody would dare challenge him, he approached the son of Capitan Panchong, who was also in the crowd, and provoked him. "Let's go, the two of us." he said with a provocative air.

Cecilio, the son of Capiton Panchong, who was timid and bashful responded: "I don't want to play with you. I'm not feeling well."

"Oh! Are you afraid?" Silvino sneered.

"What? Me? Afraid of what?" Cecilio replied, somewhat irked. "Let us examine the eggs first. Oh, I guess you don't want to show your egg because it is filled with tiny brick pellets."

Silvino was irritated by these comments. "What brick pellets are you talking about? You're a coward! The truth is you're just afraid of your father, [that's why you don't want to play]."

"Say that again?" [the once timid Cecilio answered]. "When was I ever afraid of my father?"

(fol.74) "*Tuktukan!!*" Silvino shouted triumphantly and maliciously. "*Tuktukan!* Who would dare challenge me?" he repeatedly cried aloud.

Still everyone refused to take the challenge, especially when somebody whispered that Silvino's winning egg might be a fake. In

fact, young boys could devise many ways of faking an egg. Some would meticulously prick a small hole into the eggshell, then fill it up with tiny brick or metal pellets to reinforce the elongated part of the egg.

(fol.75)"Very well, then, *tuktukan!* I accept your challenge," [Cecilio] retorted helplessly, yet looking quite impassioned. "Who will hold the egg below my hand?"

"You will," replied Silvino.

"No, you will be the one above," he said while trying to test the strength of his eggshell by gently hitting it against his front teeth to assure himself of its resistance. He likewise made slight and delicate blows or *golpecitos* on the elongated portion of the egg.

"Well, your suggestion is well taken," replied Silvino quite generously. "I'll hold my egg below your fist."

He grasped the elongated part of the egg firmly in the palm of his hand, leaving only a very tiny portion of it exposed between his thumb and forefinger. These boys knew by experience that between two eggs of (fol.76) equal resistance the egg placed below the hand usually loses strength since it receives the hardest blow.

But the young boy suggested that they follow the rules of the game strictly, and first examine the eggs to be used. The young boy was glad, so that he could first test the strength of the eggshell by pounding it slightly against his teeth.

[Silvino] also brought out his winning egg and tested it against his teeth. He opened his eyes wide to attract more attention from the onlookers. Upon testing, the egg gave a sharp and resistant sound; he was exceedingly glad that it was really an extraordinary egg for the contest.

"Well, now my friend, allow me to examine your winning egg," [Cecilio said as] he extended his hand to Silvino.

"You have already examined mine!"

"I'm giving you your option, whether I am to be (fol.77) below yours." replied the young boy.

"I can even get somebody to confirm that my egg is unbreakable. I'll pay him a *reol* for it. If you wish, I'll strike it again against my teeth. Listen carefully and you can hear its sharp tinkling sound."

Silvino struck the egg once more against his teeth and it really produced a strong tinkling sound. The young boy, who had not had so much *tuktukan* experience was readily convinced and nodded his approval for the contest to begin. Silvino firmly grasped his winning egg in the right position and then smiled maliciously. [Cecilio] grasped the elongated portion of his egg with his right hand, when suddenly Silvino struck a strong blow against his opponent's egg, producing a

cracking sound. [Cecilio] suddenly turned pale, while Silvino laughed sarcastically.

(fol.78)"Give me that egg!" [Silvino said] as he suddenly seized it from Cecilio, who gave it to his opponent willingly without uttering a word. Tears welled in his eyes. Meanwhile, Silvino victoriously kept on shouting loudly:

"*Tuktukon, tuktukon!* who wants to challenge me?"

Another fellow who was supposed to contest his winning egg sneaked out while the bystanders stood amazed at Silvino's tricks.

"This is just between us, Cecilio," Silvino told the loser, who merely smiled wryly.

(fol.79) [Cecilio then replied arrogantly]: "I don't like to challenge anyone in *tuktukon* without betting a big amount."

"All right then, let us play the game [this time] with big bets," Silvino blurted out. "How much do you want to bet?"

"One peso and the cracked egg to the winner."

"Two pesos!"

"Well then, I agree."

Hearing of the stipulated amount, the other boys gathered round the combatants, encircling them in a tight cordon. These two boys were considered the best in town, the unbeatable champions of *tuktukon*.

"First, we will entrust the money agreed upon to this fellow here," (fol.80) Cecilio said, pointing to another boy nearby.

"Noku! the parish priest and your father might see us. Watch out!" Silvino shouted. Sensing that he would surely emerge the winner, he took two pesos from his pocket and took the winning egg from inside his handkerchief. Cecilio did the same thing. Silence reigned momentarily even if all seemed to be at the height of their excitement. Silvino bit his lips and gazed intently at the four pesos he was about to win, but Cecilio stood silent and motionless. "Shall we test the eggs again?" he asked.

"What for?" [Silvino replied and tried to divert attention by asking] "Now what do you want? Who will hold the egg below and who will hold it above?"

"You should."

"No, you should be the one!"

(fol.81) "Coro o Cruz! Let us toss a coin," suggested a third party.

"You're right." the combatants agreed.

"Coro o Cruz?" asked Silvino.

They tossed a coin and settled it this way. Cecilio held his egg below his opponent's hand [thus like the first try]; it would receive the hardest blow. A diabolical smile brightened Silvino's face as

Cecilio protected his egg, holding it carefully with both hands and showing only a very tiny portion of the elongated part of the egg, such that Silvino could hardly touch the tip. Silvino became angry, since he could not even hear the slightest ticking sound of his blow.

"Both eggs are winners," he decided quite hastily.

"Both?" Cecilio asked, quite surprised.

There was a momentary silence, then Silvino tried to test his egg by striking it against his teeth once more. He stood up and made heavy blows on his opponent's egg repeatedly. Neither of the eggs cracked. However, they heard a faint cracking sound with the last blow.

(fol.82) "It's already broken." Silvino shouted triumphantly while looking at Cecilio's cracked egg with disdain. "Yes, it's already broken. You have lost! Your eggshell was already cracked." Silvino glanced once more at the egg in his hand and noticed that the tip of the egg had indeed cracked.

"Lintik!" he exclaimed angrily. He suddenly turned pale and looked at his opponent scornfully.

"Now give me those eggs," Cecilio said, as he was trying to retrieve the little basket for them.

Silvino allowed him to take the eggs, staring at him with knitted eyebrows. He did not know who was to be blamed, so when Cecilio insisted on getting Silvino's cracked egg he flatly refused.

"No, don't get take this egg. No, no!"

"Yes, that egg," replied Cecilio "This was our prior agreement, remember?"

(fol.83) "Let me see your egg first!"

"No, I don't want to, because you won't show me yours either."

Then a sudden flash, like lightning, struck Silvino's eyes. "Ah! perhaps your egg is made of stone. Maybe this is why you dare not show it to me. Maybe your egg is filled with tiny brick pellets — that's why you won't show it to me."

The two boys exchanged insults and exhausting this, later came to blows. The eggs in the basket were thrown away. Silvino received a strong blow, [this time not on his egg but on his face], causing a black eye. Cecilio likewise had the same on his eye. [They stopped for a while, perhaps to rest], and resumed the heaving boxing "Filipino style".

All food vendors nearby shouted so much that those attending the procession stopped their prayers because of the uproar. When Tanukang saw his son, he hurriedly rushed toward the scene, followed by the rest of the faithful in the procession. Copiton Panchong, father of Cecilio, [got there first and] (fol.84) tried all means to pacify the

boys. [His efforts were in vain], and seeing Tanukang hit Cecilio, his paternal love was offended and he rushed like a wild bull to defend his son.

Even the women rushed to the scene and there was so much panic and commotion that even the plates filled with pancit were thrown about in every direction. [All] you could hear were shouts, vituperations, interjections and maledictions, while the women shrieked at the top of their voices, later following this with deep sighs. The choir, psalmists, and even the men carrying the images of the *Nazareno* and the *Virgen Dolorosa* dropped the *corrozos* and joined the riot.

The *Nazarena* seemed both shocked and amazed at the mob, staring at them in utter disgust, while the *Dolorosa* behind him seemed startled, her wounded heart radiating with seven silver daggers (fol.85) piercing it and shaped in the form of a fan.

Grave consequences for both parties undoubtedly followed this rumble. The cord strung around Tanukang's waist was untied during the scuffle of the fathers. *Copitano Panchong*'s belt loosened and his pants slipped down! Upon seeing this *Copitano Barang* suddenly rushed to his aid covering the exposed part of her husband's body with her *topis* and *pañuelo*. This riot reflected both barbarism as well as sacrilege, which led to great dishonor for everyone.

"Let us go to the *tribuno!*" Tanukang shouted, panting while trying to fix his underwear. "Let us go to the *tribunal*," he kept shouting.

"But look at yourself!" *Copitano Panchong* replied scornfully "You should go home first and get properly dressed. Put on your best shirt and pants."

"I don't know why you had to meddle in the affairs of these young scoundrels." *Copitana Barang* shouted at her husband while crying angrily.

(fol.86) [Copitano Panchong was berating his son]: "I have already told you that you are too small, Cecilio. I have forbidden you several times not to mix with these rabble rousers."

Everyone was talking, five or six people all talking at the same time, when Tanukang shouted at the top of his voice, calling for the *cuadriñeras* and other local officials to intervene, but each word he uttered was ignored. *Copitana Barang* with dishevelled hair, raised her large arms and gesticulated; however, Silvino and Cecilio continued their brawl, insulting, threatening, and lunging at each other. At this moment, the parish priest looked out of the convent window and saw the head of a lady from a nearby house who also watched the incident anxiously, trying to guess what was really happening.

(fol.87) "We will see," Tanukang shouted.

"Yes, vamos a ver," *Copitano Panchong* added mockingly as he thought to himself. So what if Tanukang might be a *gobernadorcillo*, well, he worked in his *calzoncillas*, in his underwear! Besides, everyone called him *kiti-kiti*.

Tanukang resumed the squabble, but *Copitano Panchong* withdrew and left the scene with his son. At this point, one could notice that the *Nazarena* seemed to stare in shock at the crowd, while the *Dolorosa* simply stood, behind his *carroza*, in sorrow — her eyes filled with crystal tears.

The aftermath of the fight.

(fol.95) That night the *cura* visited *Copitano Panchong*'s house and after the prayers the doctor, the lawyer and telegrapher likewise gathered there. This time they arrived earlier to air their protests against Tanukang. The warehouseman who saw them enter Panchong's house closed shop at once and followed them, for fear that anyone in that group would complain first.

As expected, they commented on the current issues of that afternoon. They condemned their enemies. Cecilio was really sure that Silvino's egg was made of wood. Although in the shape of an egg, it was a fake. Since everyone had agreed against Silvino the lawyer said:

"*Tuktukon* is a kind of pastime, a game, and so nothing can be said against it. (fol.96) Now, as to the egg; whether fresh, empty, cooked, refilled, or any way you want it, it is enough provided that it is an egg. As the contest is only centered on the eggshell, if it has a shell, it fulfills the requirement for the contest. An egg made of wood, [despite its shape and general appearance, does not have a shell], and cannot be considered in the contest."

The doctor, on the other hand, had to examine Cecilio very carefully as he might have sustained internal injuries which could later prove fatal. It would therefore be convenient (fol.97) to make it known. Who knows? Silvino was a barbarian.

"If I had not intervened," interrupted the *gobernadorcillo*, "a catastrophe might have befallen us."

"This is a question of honor and defamation," the telegrapher said. "If you wish me to do so, I'll send a vexing, mischievous note to the governor right now!"

"But everyone knows that Tanukang is in the good graces of the parish priest." This thought occurred to Panchong at once, because of his recent fears and anxieties about Fr. Agaton's displeasure at mass and the *besamanas* earlier on. "Then this means we can do nothing at

all — out of respect to the *cura*. I'm sure the *cura* will support and protect Tanukang."

"Yes, he will protect him," added *Copitona* Barang. "Just this morning I saw him going out of the convent. He had surely reported the incident to the *curu* as you will see later."

"He is a subservient yet very mean fellow. He would do everything provided he could become *gobernadorcillo* [to replace me.]"

(fol.98)"I have not seen anyone with such a passionmate hunger for power, but..."

"We will see!"

Criticism flowed freely and the people in the house kept talking about the gifts Tanukang used to take to the convent, not to mention, of course, the day he had given several kinds of fruit and sweets.

[Cecilia did not utter a word nor take part in their conversation. She just smiled affably at the people around her and in turn, they nodded their heads toward her. *Capitono* Barang began to talk about mutual understanding between *Capitan* Panchong and his peers. They would probably have to settle their dispute simply, by offering some gifts to the authority concerned[— Fr. Agaton.]

At this point, the sound of footsteps on the porch alarmed them. They pretended to talk indirectly about the matters at hand, so that the parties concerned would not suspect their rather shaky relationship with the parish priest.

(fol.99) "Yes, on the contrary," the doctor said, deviating from the topic of their conversation. "I think the parish priest should be married, because in the first place it is a call of nature. It is a natural necessity of every man. To be celibate is against nature; hence he might be incapable of properly administrating the parish assigned him. If the *curu* is always irritable [because of his celibacy], there would be no peace in our town. That would be disastrous for all of us."

Then the doctor looked at Cecilia meaningfully [and continued]:

"This is, indeed, a natural need of our *curu*. When the parish priest hears confession from a woman, the latter confides everything to him, even her innermost secrets. Therefore, it is much better to confide such matters at home rather than in the confessional."

(THE UNFINISHED DRAFT CAN ONLY BE RECONSTRUCTED UP TO THIS POINT.)

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> The full name of the hero of the *Noli me tangere* is Crisóstomo Ibarra y Magsalin. Why this name was broken down into two street-names remains still a mystery.

<sup>2</sup> *Arte métrico* is a Spanish translation of the original paper in German, *Togolische Verskunst*, which Rizal read in Berlin.

<sup>3</sup> This quotation is the entry for item 131 in Retana's *Bibliograffo Rizolino*, p. 472. *Vida y escritos del Dr. Jose Rizol edición ilustrado con fotografados prólogo y epílogo de Javier Gomez de la Serna y Miguel de Unomuno respectivamente*, (Madrid: Librería General de Victoriano Suarez, 1907). Hereinafter referred to as Retana. All translations from Spanish, unless otherwise stated, are mine.

<sup>4</sup> Rafael Palma *Biogrofio de Rizol. No. 15 de lo serie, Documentos de lo Oficina de Bibliotecos Publicos*, (Manila: Bureau of Printing, 1949), p. 377.

<sup>5</sup> Item #6S, Part 1 of the *Bibliograffo de los Obros de Rizal* in *Pensamientos de Bizal. Tomo X. Escritos de Jose Rizal*, (Manila: Comisión Nacional del Centenario de Rizal, 1962), p. 38.

<sup>6</sup> This was related to me on 16 February 1988 in an interview with Francisco Rizal Lopez, son of Antonio Lopez and Emiliana Rizal. The interview was conducted in the Los Baños home of his maternal grandfather, Paciano Rizal. This is also noted in *Bibliograffo de los obros de Rizol*.

<sup>7</sup> An offset copy of this letter as well as the transcription with the editor's error can be found on p. 171 of *Epistolario Rizolino*, Tomo Primero 1877-1887, *Documentos de lo Biblioteca Nacional de Filipinos compilados y publicados bajo la dirección de Teodoro M. Kalaw Director de lo Biblioteca*, (Manila: Bureau of Printing, 1930).

<sup>8</sup> Item 193 of my notes on the Rizal manuscripts in the National Library vault is a small pocket notebook with miscellaneous notes by Rizal. The main criterion used by the JRNCC was to publish letters to and from Rizal only. Thus, the correspondence of Rizal's sisters in Hong Kong circa 1891-92, the letters of Josephine Brackan to different people after 1896, as well as the correspondence of Higino Francisco, a friend of the Rizals, with Ferdinand Blumentritt also after 1896 have not seen print.

<sup>9</sup> Angel Hidalgo, Interview, 15 March 1990, Quezon City.

<sup>10</sup> Juan Colles transcribed and translated some obscure works of Rizal and published them in a collection, *Rizol's Unread Legacy*, (Manila: Bookman, 1987).

<sup>11</sup> M.A. Thesis, University of the Philippines (Diliman), 1965. A year later, the thesis was published under the same title as Number 13 of the Philippine Studies Series, *Philippine Social Sciences and Humanities Review* Vol. XXX, No. 2, (backdated) June 1965 pp. 109-183.

<sup>12</sup> I use the word "recovered" in quotation marks because this thesis writer cannot lay claim to having "discovered" a previously unknown Rizal manuscript. A handful of people knew the *borrador* existed and what it contained, but were not quite sure whether this Rizal manuscript was important or not. The writer have merely "recovered" this Rizal manuscript from obscurity, and established its place in the canon of Rizal's writings.

<sup>13</sup> "Stolen" is placed in quotation marks because there is some doubt raised over the recovery of these manuscripts by then Education Secretary Alejandro R. Roces, who claims he did not pay a single centavo of the ransom demanded for the manuscripts. To this day Roces refuses to relate the full story of this incident on the grounds that he promised the "thieves" he would never identify them nor testify against them in court if they were caught. See this writer's column on the matter "Sensational Theft" in the *Philippine Daily Globe*, 13 August 1989, p. 5.

<sup>14</sup> The galley proofs and drafts of the *Noli* have been missing since the book was published in Berlin in 1887. Some biographers claim that German police, acting on a complaint from the Spanish Embassy, raided the Berliner Buchdruckerei-Actien-

Gesellschaft and took the proofs, plates, and manuscripts of the *Noli*. Fortunately, the books had already been delivered and were out of the press at the time of the raid.

<sup>17</sup>The original letter in German is in the vault of the National Library. With slight alterations, the translations from the originals used in the thesis are by Encarnacion Alzona. An offset reprint of this letter, together with an English translation, is on p. 415, *Rizal-Blumentritt Correspondence Part II*, (Manila: JRNCC, 1961).

<sup>18</sup>Ibid., p. 434.

<sup>19</sup>Unfortunately, the original letter containing del Pilar's criticism is not extant. Was this lost or perhaps destroyed by Rizal? All we have is Rizal's reply to the missing criticism.

<sup>20</sup>*Epistolario Rizalino*, III, p. 248-249.

<sup>21</sup>According to Francisco Rizal Lopez and Eugenia Lopez Villaruz, Paciano Rizal's grandchildren, the Tagalog translation of the *Noli* was completed and that the manuscript, with Jose Rizal's editing, corrections and annotations used to be on their *lolo's* bedside table in his home in Los Baños, Laguna. They remember last seeing this manuscript before Paciano Rizal died in 1930. The manuscript is presently unlocated, and Mr. Lopez and Mrs. Villaruz are trying to track it down. This long-lost manuscript, if still extant, will be the definitive Tagalog translation of the *Noli* by Paciano Rizal, edited by the author himself, Jose Rizal.

<sup>22</sup>Reference to these can be found in Luna's letter to Rizal dated 30 January 1892. Luna sent 21 illustrations for the *Noli*. Only 17 of the original 21 watercolors/washes survived. The originals are unlocated at present. Documentation is from photographs in the photo-file of the late Alfonso Ongpin. The Patricio Mariano translation of the *Noli* used the Luna watercolors for illustration.

<sup>23</sup>*Rizal-Blumentritt Correspondence*, p. 442.

<sup>24</sup>Daroy and Feria, eds., *Rizal: Contrary Essays*. (Guro Books 1968), pp. 38-50.

<sup>25</sup>Described in the *Diccionario Geográfico-Estadístico-Histórico de las islas Filipinas* by Buzeta y Bravo Madrid 1851 pp.402-403 as a town in Camarines Sur under the diocese of Nueva Caceres with a *cura* and *gobernadorcillo*. It has a parish church served by a regular priest, 102 houses, convent, municipal house, a cemetery outside town, primary school, and 612 souls [residents]. Tulig has fertile land which produce rice, corn, fruits and vegetables. Rivers run across the land. Aside from agriculture, the people make cloth out of cotton and abaca. Could Rizal be referring to the same place?

<sup>26</sup>The complete and correct line should read: *Sonctus talis... miserere nobis*, but Rizal is making fun of the *manangs* who eat up the words of their prayers, not knowing what the Latin phrases actually mean.

<sup>27</sup>Similar opening, with the same characters, but a different draft on p. 129.

<sup>28</sup>In these drafts, Rizal is not consistent in the naming of this character, who is at different times Capitan Panchong or Panchitong, Pachong or Atong. I have used Capitan Panchong throughout.

<sup>29</sup>Hibiscus.

<sup>30</sup>This line in brackets was actually deleted from the original manuscript; I have restored it as an important detail.

<sup>31</sup>Similar text on fol.89v.

In the manuscript, the name used is Marcela, because it is a draft of the same work with different character names. I have here substituted Cecilia for Marcela for consistency.

<sup>32</sup>Rizal's text does not supply the rules of this obscure game, which, as mentioned earlier, is played more obscenely in other parts of the Philippines. Another version of *tuktukan* has the boys hanging the eggs on strings between their legs and breaking them by swinging the eggs with pelvic motions.

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## GLOSSARY

- Among** — term derived from the Spanish *omo* or master, used in addressing a priest/friar.
- Cabeza de barangay** — headman or tax collector personally responsible for the collection of taxes from a given number of families (about 50) assigned him.
- Capitan** — literally translates as "Captain" but it is not a military term, rather a title used in addressing or referring to the *gobernadorcillo* or someone who has held this post. The wife of this official is sometimes referred to or addressed as *capitana*.
- Cedula** — certificate of registration and a receipt for payment of poll tax.
- Compromiso** — obligation or commitment.
- Convanto** — literally, a convent, but in the Philippines and in *Makamisa*, the rectory or residence of the curate, usually attached to the church.
- Cuartilla** — literally a quarter sheet or a quarter of a folio, thus a sheet of paper folded twice to make two leaves for a book, and these two leaves folded to make four pieces. In the manuscripts at the National Library *cuartillas* are the approximate size of half a sheet of short bond paper, or 34 x 22 centimeters.
- Quarto** — a copper coin. A silver peso was equal to 160 *cuartos*.
- Cura** — a curate or parish priest.
- Garrote** — usually the instrument of execution used during the Spanish period, which broke the condemned person's neck, most famous being Fathers Gomez, Burgos and Zamora. In *Makamisa* the Spanish meaning is used: a stick or *palo* used to punish someone, hence the Tagalog word *palo* meaning to spank. A *gorrotazo* then means repeated hitting, e.g. as in the threat for unruly children *gogorotihin kita diyon*.
- Folio** — a large book made up of sheets folded only once. Also a sheet of paper folded in half to make leaves for a book. In National Library usage, it is a leaf of paper, of any size, numbered only on the front side. *Folio verso* is the back or reverse side of a folio.
- Frac** — a dress coat with tails.
- Gobernadorcillo** — literally the diminutive of *gobernador*, which meant the principal municipal official.
- Juaz de paz** — Justice of the Peace.
- Peso** — a silver coin which was either from Spain (*paso*) or Mexico (*dollar*). It was as large as the old American dollar, but was worth only half its value.
- Principales, Principalia** — literally the principal or prominent people of a town; in Rizal's time men who held the posts of *gobernadorcillo* or *cabeza de barangay*. This status extended to their immediate families as well.
- Real** — equivalent to one-eighth of a peso or 20 *cuartos*.
- Sacristan** — a verger, caretaker, or attendant of a parish church. A *sacriston moyor* is the head or senior sacristan when there are more than one in a parish.
- Teniente-mayor** — literally "senior lieutenant" but in a municipal context this was not a military term, but rather meant a senior member of the town council who acted as the substitute for the *gobernadorcillo*.
- Tribunal** — literally the municipal court, but in the Philippines and in *Makamisa* it means the town courthouse.

## APPENDIX A

Transcription of the Rizal Manuscript  
Original in the National Library

N.B. Words crossed out in this transcription were crossed out in the original Tagalog manuscript. Words within brackets represent the author's (A.R.O.'s) conjectures from context of words that were illegible in the manuscript.

Tumigil ang tugtugan at natapos ang misa ni Pari Agaton.

Humugong ang simbahan sa bulung-bulungan at sagadsaran ng mga tsinelas ng nagagsisilabas. Sagilsilan at pawisan sa init at antok, ang iba'y kukurap-kurap, ang iba'y naghiihikab at ga kumu-kurus pa'ay nagtutulakan sa pagdukuang ng benditang [fat nang makahinga agad sa mahusay na simoy nang hangin] nakalagay sa dalawang mankok na pingas, sa malapit sa pintuan. Sa pagdadagilgilan ay may batang umaatungal, matandang nagmumura at nagbububula ang labi, may dalang naniniko, kunot ang noo't pairap sa kalapit na binata, na tila baga mauubusan nang tubig na maruming tila na putikang tirahan ng kitikiti. Gayon ang pagaagawaang maisawsaw ang daliri, malakid man lamang, maikurus sa noo, batok, puson at iba't iba pang sangkap ng katawan. Taas ng mga lalaki ang [pigit] hawak na salakot [o] sambalilo kaya, sa takot na madurog; pigil na magaling ng mga babae ang panyo sa ulo at baka mahulog; may nakukusamot na damit, may napupunit na manipis na kayo, may nahuhuligan ng tsinelas at nag

(p.2)

pupumilit magbalik at nang makuba, nguni't nadadala ng karamihan tulak ng mga punong-bayang lumalabas na taas ang yantok, tanda ng kanilang kapangyarihan. Ano pa't sa isang nakababatid ng ugali sa Katagalugan, [kung] ang dagildilang ito't pag-aagawan sa tubig ay makakatakot at maiisip na nasusunog ang simbahan, kundangan lamang at may ilang nagpapatirang babaeng may loob sa Diyos, na hindi lumalabas kundi nagdarasal ng pasigaw at naghiihiyawan na tila baga ibig sabihin:

--Ay, tingnan ninyo [kami] at kami'y mga banal. Hindi pa kami busog sa haba ng misa!

[Sa tanda ko'y] Tila baga kung tatanungin [mandin] [naman] ang karamihan kung bakit sila pagagaw sa tubig na yaon at ano ang kagalingan [niyaon, at tila mandin walang] ay marami na[ng] manding

makasa[sa]got ang lima sa isang daan. Ang siyam na pu at lima'y dumadawdaw sapagka't [at pinagka]jugali[an]. Salvaje ang lumabas na hindi nagkurus muna: mag-alkabalero ka na ay huwag ka lamang magkulang sa kaugalian.

[N]guni't kung sasalugsugin ang loob ng lahat niong [mak] araw ng lingong yaong, linggo de Pasion, at itatanong sa marami kung ano kaya baga ang ipinagdudumali, kung

(p.3) ang takot na mainis at makuluom sa loob, o ang masarap kayuang simuy ng hanging humihihip sa labas at gumagalaw sa madlang halaman at bulaklak sa patio, marahil ay may iba pang masasabi. Sa mata ng lahat, sa mga tinginan at kindatan pa sa loob ay mababasa ang [tanong na mausisa] isang mailihim na pag-uusisa:

—Napaano kaya ang ating cura? —ang tanong na hindi mapigil ng isang matandang manang na ungab at [ng] hupyak ang pisngi, sa isang katabing kapuwa manang.

At nang matakpan ang kaniyang pag-uusisa sa loob pa ng simbahan, ang matandang manang ay ga kumurus kurus na at nag susmariosep!

—Hindi man kami sinubuan ng pakinabang....Napaano po kaya?

—Napaano [n]ga po kaya? Nagmisa [n]ga po nang padabog, a [t]?—ang sagot naman ng [marang] tinanong na isang manang na mataba na kumurus-kurus din naman, bumiling pa, humarap pa sa altar at ga-yumukod pa nang kaunti.—Kulang na po lamang ipaghagisan ang mga kandila, a! Susmariosep!

—Siguro po'y gutom na! —ang sabat naman ng isang [kal] palapit na babaing mahusay ang bihis. —Tingnan [n]ga po

(p.4) ninyo't hindi man lamang binendicionan ang anak ng aking alila...aba! Ganoon pong naibayad na sa kandila at sa bendicion, aba! Di sa lingo pong darating ay iuutang na naman sa aking ng ibabayad! Ykako'y hari na [n]gang maalsan ng empacto! Aba! empactado po! Marami na pong nababasag! Ako [n]ga'y madali; ayoko [n]ga po nang hindi binebendicionang lahat!

Ganito ang [Habang-nagsa]salitaan [ey] bangang nakalabas [maisara] sila sa pintuan. Doon naman nagkakatipon ang mga lalaki sa pag-aabang [sa] ng mga dalagang 'nagsisilabas. Doon ang pulong-pulungan, doon [ang] [pl]nagmamasid at napamamasid, ang aglahian, tuksuhan at salitaan bagay sa mga nangyayari. Datapua't nang araw na iyon, ang hantungan ng salitaa'y hindi ang magagandang dalaga, hindi ang panahon at ang init kundi ang pagmamadali ng cura habang

nagmimisa. Bahagya nang napuna ang paglabas ni Marcela, dalagang [kasikatan niaong] pangulo sa bayan, anak ng Capitang Lucas, [at may] isang lingo pa lamang na galing sa Maynila. Si Marcela'y lumalabas soot at marikit na sayang sutla, at maringal manding parang araw, mabahigo pa at marilag sa tanang bulaklak na palamuti ng patio.] na nagbabaras ng mga araw na yaon. Ang Marcelang ito'y bagong kagagaling sa Maynila, sa pagka't [kama]namatay [pa] ang aling nagpalaki, kapatid ng kanyang ama. Kaya [n]gat luksa ang kaniyang damit sapul sa [ulo-hangan] panyong talukborg sa ulo hanggang sa medias na balot sa maliliit na paang nakikita

(p.5) sa mabini niyang paghakbang. Sa Matuwid ng katawan, sa taas ang ulo at sa kilos at lakad ay napaghahalata ang bukod na kapintasan, ang malaki ninyang kapalaluan.

Bagama't marami ang nalibang sa sandaling sumunod sa kaniya ng tingin, bagama't natigil na sumandali ang salitaan, [n]guni't hindi rin nakalimutan ang tanungan bagay sa cura,

—Napaano kaya si Agaton natin? —ang tanungan ng lahat.

Si Agaton natin ang tawag na palaway sa balitang pari.

—Hindi man maantay matapus ang cantores a!

—Kung ipagtulakan ang misal...

—Padagis na ang dominus pabiscum....

—Totoong lintik na naman ang atin si Aton; totoong ginagawa na ang asal!

—Ylang pang araw at tayo'y tutuwaran na lamang...

—Baka kaya nagpupurga!...

—Hindi ko na salaysayin ang lahat ng mga kuru-kuro ng mga lalaki at mga aglahiang may kagaspangang labis. Ano [n]ga kaya ang nangyari sa mabunying pari, na mabining kikilos at iikit na tila aral sa salamin, na magaling

(p.6)

magpapadipa-dipa at magkiling ng ulo kung nagmimisa? Ano't hinarusharos ang misa at umungolungol lamang gayong kung tura'y datihang magaling aawit at magpapakatal ng voces [kapag] kung nagooremus? Winalang bahala ang lahat, misa, cantores, pakinabang, oremus at iba pang palabas at nagdumaling tila di inuupahan. Nagsisimba pa naman ang bunying si Marcela, ang dalagang sapol ng dumating ay dinadalaw gabigabi ng cura. Napaano [n]ga kaya si P. Agaton at di sinubuan ang tanang gutom sa laman ng Dios, gayong kung tura'y totoo siyang masiyasat sa pakumpisal at pakinabang!

Samantalang ito ang [pinagt]usapan ng [mga] na[n]gag[sisi]tayo

sa pintuan, ang mga kaginoohan nama'y nag[~~kaka~~]titipon [~~at~~ ~~aa~~] dahil sa pag-akyat sa convento at [maka]paghalik [ng] sa kamay ng cura alinsunod sa kaugalian. Kung gulo ang isip ng taong bayan sa [~~magyan~~ at] balang kilos ng cura at walang [~~hentugar~~ ang salita kundi] pinagtatalunan kundi ang kadahilanhan, gulo din naman ang loob ng mga maginoo, at napapagkilalang tunay sapagka't [wal] bahagya nang ma[n]gakakibo, lalung-lalo na ang Capitan, ang bunying si Cpn Lucas na totoong natitigilan. Kaiba mandin sa lahat ang umagang yaon. Ang masalita at

(p.7)

matapang na Cpn. Lucas ay hindi makaimik. Titikhim-tikhim, patingtingin, at tila mandin di makapangahas lumakad at magpaunang para nang dati. Ang sapantaha ng nakapupuna [ng kilos ni Cpn. Lucas] ay [~~negulat~~] [~~nata~~] takot siya ngayon at [~~tila~~ ~~mandin~~] baka may ginawang kasalanan. Balita nga sa tapang at balitang lalaki si Cpn. Lucas lalung-lalo na kung ang kausap ay nasasaklawan at daig, nguni't kapag ang kaharap ay pare, kastila o alin mang may katunkulan, ay bali na ang matigas na leeg, tungo ang malisik na tingin at bulung-bulong lamang ang [~~maingay~~] masigawing voces.

Hindi nga makapangahas pumanhik si Cpn. Lukas sa Convento at baka mabulas ni P. Agaton. Tunay nga't magaling ang kanyang panunuyo, walang kilos; walang ngiti, walang tingin ang pari na hindi niya [pinag]nalilining dala nang pagkaibig [niyang] maglingkod at nang makapagkapitang muli. Habang nagmimissa'y [tawag] inusig ni Cpn. Lucas ang sariling isip [~~kung sta~~ ~~kaya~~ ~~nakulang~~, halik man] sagana siya sa pamisa, magagaling ang libing, halik siyang palagi sa kamay ng among; kahapon lamang ay kinatuaan pa siyang kinutusan ng pari at hinaplos sa batok dahil sa [~~regalo~~ ~~niang~~] kanyang alay na dalawang Capong samsam sa isang taga-bukid.

Sumaloob sa kanya na baka kaya

(p.8)

nakararating sa tainga ng pare ang balitang siya'y [~~buma~~]nakabasa ng librong bawal, diario at iba't iba pang may pangahas na isipan, at pinasukan ng takot. Nguni't bakit doon magpapahalata ng galit sa misa? Baka kaya [ang] nakapagsumbong ang [~~kapangagaw~~ niya sa pagkakapitan] kanyang datihang katalo, ang mayamang si Cpn. Tibong, [~~nangakong~~ ~~magbabaras?~~] kapangagaw niya sa pagbabaras? Walang iba kundi ito, kaya nga nang kaniyang suliapan ay masaya ang mukha ni Cpn. Tibo at tila uumis-umis pa. Pinangulagan nga, huminging sa kaniang tainga ang bulas na mabagsik, ang sigaw at mura. Nakinikinita niyang Kapitan na si Cpn. Tibo at siya'y wala nang katungkuluan; [~~at~~]

pinagpawisan ng malamig at tumingin ng mahinuhod sa upuan ng kaniang kaaway.

[Nang makalabasnga ng simbahan] Malunkot ngang lubha nang matapos ang misa at lumabas siyang parang nananaginip. Nanulak sa pagsasagilsilan, sumawsaw ng benditang at nagkurus nang wala sa loob, palibhasa'y malayo ang kaniang isipan. Nakaragdag pa ng kanyang takot ang mga usapan ng tao at ang mga kuru-kuro at akalang sa ikinagagalit ng kura.

[Upang mailihim ang pangamba ng puso'y sa naggalitgalitan] Para ng isang nadadala ng baha na walang makapitan, si Cpn. Lukas ay lumingap

(p.9)

lingap at humahanap ng abuloy. Kintal sa mukha ng lahat [~~ay nabasa niyal~~] ang may libak ng taua, ang [~~ingiting may taua~~] ngising masakit sapagka't poot [~~sa~~ ~~mga~~] sa kaniya ang lahat niyang sakop [~~na tanong nagnasesang siya'y palitan~~] at sawang-sawa na sa kanya ang bayan. Sa mukha lamang ng [~~na esribiente~~] isang tagasulat tila niya nasiglawan ang awa, sa mukha [~~ng kanyang esribiente~~] ni Ysagani, nguni't awang walang kibo, awang walang kabuluhan, paris ng awang nakaguhit sa mukha ng isang larawan.

Upang mailihim ang pangamba at takot, ay nagtapan -tapangan at naggalit galitan. Nagmasid sa paligid at naalaala ang utos ng Cura tungkol sa susunod na lingo de Ramos. Pinagwikaan nga ang mga Cabisa at inuuusig sa kanila ang [~~mga~~] kawayan at haliging gamit sa maligay. Tinamaan silang lahat ng lintik at ang ibig nila'y makagalitan ng Cura. Palibhasa'y hindi sila ang mananagot. Ano ang ginagawa ng mga kinulungan at hindi nagpahakot ng kawayan? Ytatali ba nila sa langit ang tolda? Ypahahampas niya silang lahat ng tig-iisang kaban kapag siya'y nakagalitan ng Cura sa kagagawan nila...

Ybat iba pa ang sinabi at sa paggagalit galita'y nang matapos ay tunay na ngang galit. Ang sagot ng mga kabisi'y may panahon pang labis, sapagka't kung ipa putol agad ang kawayan at

(p.10)

haligi'y matatalaksan lamang, [~~at~~] siyang ikagagalit ng among at baka sila'y hagarin ng palo, paris sa mga nangg Candelariang nagdaan.

Sa ngalan ng Cura, hindi na nakaimik si Cpn. Lukas, lalung-lalo na nang mabanggit ang panghahagad ng palo. Nakikinikinita niya na baka naman siya hagarin, at tila mandin naramdamian rin niya sa likod ang kalabog ng garroteng pamalo. Naglambot at nagakalang umuwi't [~~huig mang hum~~] magdahilang maysakit, nguni't sumilid sa loob niyang baka lalong magalit ang pari dahil sa di niya paghalik ng kamay.

Maurong masulong ang kaniyang kalooban, kunot ang noo, ang dalawang daling noong kaloob sa kanya ng Dios; nagtatalo ang loob niya sa dalawang takot: sa bulas ng Cura na kaharap ang lahat, at sa galit ng Curang hindi siya papagpakapitaning muli.

Siya ngang pagdating ng isang alila ng paring nagdudumali.

—Dali na po kayo—ang sabi sa Capitan—at kayo po ay inaantay. Totoo pong mainit ang ulo ngayon!

—Ha, inaantay ba kami—ang sagot na baliw ni Cpn. Lukas, na matulig-tulig—Oy, dali na kayo—ang sabi sa mga kabisa—

(p.11) narinig na ninyo: tayo raw ang inaantay....

—Aba, kayo po ang inaantay namin, ang sagot ng mga kabisa—kanina pa po kaming

—Kayo ang hindi kukulangin ng sagot.

Dali-dali nang lumakad sila, tahak ang patio at tungo sa convento. Ang kaugalian ng dati'y pagkamisa, ang mga kaginoohan ay umaakyat sa Conventong ang daan ay sa sacristia. Nguni't binago ni P. Agaton ang ugaling ito. Sa kaibigan niyang matanghal ng lahat ang paggalang sa kanya ng bayan, ipinag-utos na lalabas muna ng simbahan at doon magdaraan sa patio, hanay na mahinusay ang mga kaginoohan.

Lumakad na nga ang mga puno, nangunguna ang kapitan, sa kaliwa ng teniente mayor, Tenienteng Tato, sa kanan ang Juez de Paz na si Don Segundo. Magalang na nagsisitabi ang mga taong bayan, pugay ang takip sa ulo ng mga tagabukid na napapattingin, puno ng takot at kababaan sa gayong mga karangalan. [Maligayang halaman ang tanim sa patio, na \_\_\_\_\_ ang mga gumamela, mo \_\_\_\_\_ ang amoy ng mga adelfa at culaciac ng \_\_\_\_\_ ang sagig tila bagaay ng sari-saring b\_\_\_\_\_ ng me\_\_\_\_\_ n\_\_\_\_\_ at] Tinunton nila ang malinis na lansangan tuloy sa pintuan ng convento. Tanim sa magkabilang tabi ang sari-saring halaman pang-aliw sa mata at pangamoy ng balang nagdaraan. Ang mapupulang bulaklak ng gumamelang pinatitingkad ng madilim na murang dahon, salitan ng maliliit na [kampupot] sampagang

(p.12)

naggapang sa lupa, nagkikislapan sa masayang sikat ng araw. Katahi ng walang kilos na kalachucheng hubad sa dahon at masagana sa bulaklak ay wawagawagayway ang adelfang taglay ang masamyong na amoy; ang dilaw na haluan ng S. Francisco, [nakaaliv mata \_\_\_\_\_] at ang dahon mapula ng depascuwa'y kalugud-lugod kung malasin sa

Nguni't ang lahat na ito'y hindi napupuna ng mga maginoo, sa pagtingin nila sa bintana ng kombentong paparoongan. Bukas na lahat

ang mga dungawan, at tanaw sa daan ang loob na maaliwalas. Sapagka't sa kaibigan ni P. Agatong ipatanghal ang pagpapahalik niya ng kamay ay pinabubusan kung araw ng linggo ang lahat ng bintanang lapat na palagi kung alangang araw. Kaya nga't malimit pang lumapit siya sa bintana at doon umuupo habang nagpapahalik, samantalang kunwari'y nagmamasid masid sa mga dalagang lulumabas sa simbahan.

Natanawan nila sa malayo ang mahagway na tinding ng pari na palakad-lakad nang matulin, talikodkamay at tila baga may malaking ikinagagalit. Pabalikbalik sa loob ng salas at minsan minsang tumingtingin sa daan, at nasisiglawan ang kintab ng taglay

(p.13)

na salamin. Nang makita mandin ang pagdating ng mga maginoo'y tila natigilan, napahinto sa pagpapasial at lumapit at dumungaw. Gatumango ng tangong inip, at saka itinuon ang dalawang kamay sa babahan. Nagpugay agad si Cpn. Lucas. Nagmadali ngang [dalidali ang Capita] tinulinan ang lakad. Sumikdosikdo ang loob at dumalangin sa lahat ng santong pintakasi at nangako pang magpapamisa, huwag lamang siyang makagalitan.

Nang makaakyat sa hagdanan ay sinalubong sila ng isang alilang nagsabi ng marahan.

—Kayo raw po ay magsiuwi na, ang wika ng among.

—At bakit?—ang tanong, sa mangha ni Cpn. Lucas.

—Galit pong galit....Kanina pa po kayo inaantay. Sabihin ko raw sa inyong siya'y hindi bihasang mag-antay sa kanino man.

Namutla si Cpn. Lukas at kaundi nang hinimatay nang ito'y marinig. Nautal at hindi nakasagot kapagkaraka, nagpahid ng noo, at sumalig sa bunsuran.

—Galit ba...ano ba ang ikinagalit?

—Ewanpo!—ang [sagot na marahan] bulong ng

(p.14)

alila.—wala pong makalapit. Ynihagis po sa cocinero ang tasa ng chocolate.

Nagpahid na muli ng noo si Cpn. Lucas, at hindi nakaimik.

—Si aleng Anday...nariyan ba?—ang naitanong na marahan.

—Narito po, nguni't nakagalitan pati—ang sagot ng alila.

At idinugtong na marahang-marahan:

—Sin[Nas]ampal po!

Napanganga si Cpn. Lucas at nawalan ng ulirat. Sinampal si Aleng Anday! Pinutukan man siya sa tabi ng lintik ay hindi ga'anong nagulat paris ng marinig ang gayong balita. Sinampal si Aleng Anday, gayong si aleng Anday lamang ang sinusukuan ng Cura.

May tumikhim sa loob.

—Kayo po'y umuwi na at baka kayo marinig ng Pari ay kayo'y bagarin; ang idinugtong ng alila.

Hindi na ipinaulit ni Cpn. Lukas ang hatol ng alila; nanaog na dalidaling kasunod ang lahat ng maginoo sa takot na baka siya labasan ni P. Agaton dala ang garrote.

Nang makalabas na ay nagisipisip upanding pagsaulan ng loob. Nagpahid uli ng mukha at nang may masabi sa kanyang

(p.15)

mga kasama'y ang wika:

—Napaann kaya si P. Agaton?

—Napaano kaya? —ang sagot ng teniente mayor.

—Siya nga, napaano kaya! —ang tanong naman ng Juez de Paz. At nagtuloy silang lahat sa Tribunal.

Si

Masaguang totoo ang loob at bahagya nang makausap nang si Cpn. Lukas ay makaumuwi sa bahay  
Hinutok na dugtong bugtong

(p.16)

Tunay nga't hindi biro-biro lamang ang galit ni P. Agaton.

Nang makamisa at matapus magalbot ang lahat ng isinoot, nakyat sa conventong dalidali, [bahagya nang] umupo at magaalmusal, at nang mapaso ng chocolate ay inihagis sa cocinero ang tasa.

Si Aleng Anday, na bagong kagagaling sa misa, at soot ang magagaling na hias ay sinagupa ng mura at sampal na kaunti nang nagkahuloghulog. Kaya nga't dalidaling nanaog at umuwi ng bahay. Walang makaalam sa boong convento ng dahilang sukat ikagalit ng Cura. Malamig pa ang ulo niaong bago magnisa, [tutawad] umimis pa sa sabing marami ng naipagbiling candila, at kaya nga binigyan pa ng isang salapi ang sacristan mayor. Ano ang namalas, habang nagmimisa na hindi niya minagaling? Puno [ng] ang simbahan nang tao; ang lalong magagandang dalaga'y nangagluhod na malapit sa altar at si Marcela'y baga't malayo man ay tanaw ding tanaw sa malayo, katabi ni Aleng Anday sa luhuran. Ang sacristan mayor ay walang sukat masabi.

Hindi naman ugali ni P. Agaton ang

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daanang ng sumpon na para nang ibang pari. [Si P. Agaton] Karaniwa'y mahusay, masaya at matuwain, [lalong] lalo na [at] kung maraini ang pamisa, magagaling ang [pa]llibing at nasusunod ang lahat niyang

utos. [Sa sampung taong ipinag Mat. Kilaleng totoo na nang bayan nang Tulig ang kaniyang kaugalian, sapagkat sa sampung taong panahong kaniyang ipinagkukura ay mura na lubhang leccion ang kaniyang naibigay] May sampung taon nang Cura sa bayan ng Tulig; dumating na bata pa, [may] dalawampu't walo lamang ng tanda, at sa panahon ito'y [tila baga totoo] nakasundo niyang totoo ang bayan.

Tunay [nga] at malyka init[an] nang kaunti ang ulo, magaling [ma]mamalo kapag nagagalit at may ilang mahirap na ipinatapon sa malayo at ipinabilango nang taongan; [tunay nga't may kaunting kalikutan sa babae lalong lalo na niaong kabataang bagong mahal at manggisisigil sa simbahan] nguni't ang lahat nang ito'y maliliit na bahid kung matatabi sa mabubuti niyang kaugalian. Siya ang takbuhan ng tao sa bayan sa anumang kailangan sa Cabecera; siya ang sinusuyo ng sinomang ibig magbaras o may usapin[g] kayang ibig na ipanalo. Siya ang puno, siya ang tangulan, siya halos ang kalasag nang bayan sa anomang marahas na pita ng ibang pinuno. Tunay nga't

(p.18)

may kalikutan ng kaunti sa babae, lalung-lalo na niaong kabataang bagong kadarating, nguni't wala naman sukat na masabi sa kaniya ang bayan; ipinakakasal [niyang] na mahinusay, [at] pinababahayan pa at binigyan ng puhanan ang lahat niyang [simi] ginalaw, alin na kaya sa ibang binata[ng] na nakasira't hindi nakabuo, at saka ang isapa'y tumahimik ang lubos sapol ng makakilala si Aleng Anday, [ay] ngayon na nga lamang na umuwi ang Marcela ng galing sa Maynila, ngayon na nga lamang tila nagugulong panibago, [dataptay] malimit ang pagdalaw sa bahay, ugali't [kaibigan ang ama] maganda ang daliga, kaibigan ang ama at wala pa namang sukat na masabing [tampas] higit sa karaniwan. Tunay nga dumadaing ang ibang mahirap at tumatangis sa kamahalan ng palibing, binyag at iba pang upa sa simbahan, datapua't talastas ng marami na kailan ma'y madadaingin ang mahirap at sa katunayan nga'y ang mayayama'y busog sa kanilang Cura at tila pa mandin nagpapalaluan ng pagbabayad ng mahal sa kanilang pare.

Mutya nga halos ng bayan ang bunying Cura kaya nga't walang alaala ang tanan kundi pagaralan ang lahat niyang nasa at pangunahang tuparin ang lahat niyang utes. Agawan ang lahat sa paglilingkod sa kaniya, palaluan ng alay at sa katunayan ay saganang palagi ang cusina't dispensa sa

(p.19)

convento; sa Cura ang maputi at bagong bigas, sa Cura ang matatabang manok, ang malalalamang baka, ang baboy at usang nahuli sa bating, ang ibong nabaril, ang malaking isdang nahuli sa dagatan, ang matabang

ulang at ang mga masasarap at mabubuting bunga ng kahoy. Bukod pa sa mga handog na ito nang mayayaman, na ikinabubuhay na walang gasta ng pari at ng kaniang mga alila [walang nagapuntang convento] ay sunodsunod pang dumarating ang [mga alay] mga panyong habi, [ang mga palamutin ganda ng manga babae sa bayan] [mahihirap] ang mga talaksang kahoy ng tagabukid na walang sukat maiayal, ang lahat na panunuyo ng nagkakailangan, sa napabilanggong ama, sa hinulung kapatid, sa sinamsam na hayop ng Guardia Civil, sa ipalalakad na kamag-anak sa Cabecera na hindi maalaman ang dahil. Sa lahat nang ito'y isang sulat lamang, isang pasabi o isang salita kaya ng Cura y nakaliligtas ang napiit, nakauuwi ang binuli, nasasauli ang hayop at napapanatag ang natitigatig na bahay.

Wala namang sukat masabi ang tao kay Aleng Anday, subali y puri pa at galang ang kinakamtan niya. Sapagka't sa totoong mahihigpit na bagay, sa mga nakawan o harangan kaya, [kape ang s-k] si Aleng Anday ang takbuhan ng mga mahihirap at sa pamamag

(p.20)

itan niyang mabisa y walang napapahamak, walang natitimba, walang naduduhagi. Kaya nga't ang tingin sa Cura parang isang Dios na ahit ang ulo at ang tingin kay Aleng Anday ay parang [Mahal na] may pusod na Virgen, [ebat] maawain at muramura pa sa ibang Virgeng kahoy na sinasampalatayahan.

Di sukat nga pagtakhan [ang kaguluhan ng tao] sa nikitang galit] kung magulo ang Tulig sa naramdamang galit ng kura. Kung biglang mag-itim ang masanting na araw, [ang ikinabubuhay] matuyo kaya ang masaganang batis at maglaginitan ang mga kabundukan, sino ang di mabalisa at papasukan ng takot? Si P. Agaton ay [di lamang araw] sa mga taga Tulig, [si P. Agaton at batis, buhay at kabundukan, hanging masamypol] ay mistulang araw na masilang, matamis na batis, masamyon amihan, niasaganang kabundukan at bukod sa rito'y ama pa ng kaluluwa.

Hindi man lamang sumagisim sa loob ng sinumang baka si P. Agaton ay nauulol. Masisira muna ang ulo ng lahat bago ang [ulo] isang isipan ni P. Agaton; susumpungan ang lahat. Kaya nga't sa tribunal, makatapos ang misa'y walang pinag-usapan at pinagpulungan ang mga kaginoohan kundi ang dahilang ikinagalit ang Cura. Magtatalo man at maghimutukan ay wala silang sukat na matuklasang dahilan, walang sukat masabi kundi ang ating kura ay galit. [May nag Palit] Sapagka't nabalitang nasampal si Aleng Anday ay wala mandin silang

[End of manuscript]

## APPENDIX B

Transcription of the *Borrador* containing the Spanish drafts  
of Jose Rizal's *Mokamisa*  
Original Manuscript in the National Library

N.B. This transcription lacks Spanish accents, as well as such characters as ñ, and such symbols as inverted question marks, for the reason that the computer program used at the time did not have these special characters. Photostatic copies of the original manuscript are available at the Filipiniana section of the National Library. The original manuscript is extant, but difficult to access.

fol. 1 (a1)

En Santus deus, santus fortis ... Mana Sebia! Mana Sebia! exclamo Cpna. Barang interrumpiendo su rezo y despertando de un codazo a una gruesa vecina suya que cabeceaba postrada sobre el suelo

Santus talis ... serere nobis! murmuró Mana Sebia tratando de despertar restregándose [la cara] los ojos y bosquejando una especie de cruz sobre sus pechos.

Mana Sebia, Mana Sebia, no habeis visto? pregunto alarizada Cpna. Barang,

El que? contesto la Sebia despertándose.

El cura, el Padre Agaton! Ay! dio un empujon al misal.

Ojo!

Mana Sebia perdiendo el sueño por completo se arrodillo para ver mejor no sin antes bostezar descubriendo su dentadura, negra de tanto mascar.

fol. 2 (a2)

Pero en vano trato de ver levantando la cabeza y moviéndose en todos sentidos. Bajita como era no distinguía mas que la vela encendidas los ciriales que iban de un lado a otro en el nicho del centro y la imagen de Nuestra Señora, seria, morena y simétrica en su traje de plata dorada. Algo debía parar porque las mujeres volvían la cara, [asus??das] y [llenas de expresión] haciendo signos y preguntas mudas pero expresivas.

Que pasa, Cpna. Barang, que pasa? pregunto sin poderse contener mirando mirandole en el rostro [a un vecino] como para leer en él lo que acontecía.

Ay! parece que ...

La musica del coro no lejó terminar la frase. Al primer movimiento del incensario y al resonar en la sacristía la campanilla, la banda, llena de vigor ataco un forioso galop como para indicar que la función se

fol. 3 (a3)

terminaba y todos se podian retirar. Despertaronse los dormidos, las pocas energías que dejaban tantas horas de calor e inercia se reanimaron en los aletargados miembros, y la pesada e irrespirable atmosfera se agito con los ecos revueltos que lanzaba la tempestad de sonidos compuesto de sudor evaporado, respiración causada,

cera derretida, vaho humano y humo de incienso. Mana Sebia veio descender los cortinas del altar e cada bocanada de incienso que subia de abajo.

Que ha pasado, que ha pasado preguntaba dandose golpes de pecho cada vez que resonaba una campanada.

Pero Cpna. Bara no podie responder y se santiguaba a mas y mejor dandosa al fin de cada cruz un moderado golpe de pecho, y aunque hubiera respondido no sa hebia podido oir. Vibraban los bronces de los bajos y bombardinos, el piston resonaba como trompeta guerrera

fol. 3v ( a2 )

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[Ay! parece que] Pero como era pequena no podia verse que cabezas de mujeres cubiertas con pañuelos, velas [ari??endo] y ciriales que iban de [aqui] un lado y otro.

Ay! exclamo Cpna. Barang que era alta y delgada y por consiguiente veia bien; ay! parece que ....

La musica del coro no dijo acebar la frase.

fol. 4 ( a4 .)

chillaban los clarinetes, silbaban las flautas, ronco se mezclaba el saxofon con su voz da borracho qua bromea mientras que furioso campanilleo como mulas lanzadas a todo ascape, pugneba por imponerse en medio de aquella tempestad, cantando vertiginosa como si el espíritu del desorden se hubiese apoderado tambien de las campanillas en la alegría del final. Toda la iglesia estaba poseida de frenetico delirio. Alla arriba en la elevada torre al traves de sus troneras bailaban en un vertigo las esquinas lanzando notas chillonas y alegres como carcajadas de colegialas escapadas de los estudios en un dia de campo, miantras que la campana grande del centro, llamada (del Carmen) Santa Cecilia solemna, pausada y majestuosa como una gorda superiosa se esforzaba en vano por reprimir tanto alborozo tañiendo a intervalos lantos y sonoros:

Calma, calma, calma! ....

fol. 5 ( a5 )

El Pedre Agaton sin esperar que la cortina bajase por completo entrego el incensario a un sacristan y con la ira en el rostro desaparecio en la sacristia precedido por ciriales y seguido de una legión de monaguillos vestidos magnificamente. La misa se habia terminado.

El campanilleo entonces se fue debilitando poco a poco y apagandosa como renunciando a imponer silencio al galop que seguia mas furioso cuanto mas se acercaba al final. Alla arriba en la torre, las campanas, lanzadas a todo vuelo se confundian unas con otras y la misma Santa Cecilia, arrebataba, parecia animar a les pequeñas en vez de calmarles

Canta, canta, canta! parecia repetir su lengua de metal.

[La gente que llenaba la iglesia de bote en bote sacudida por tanto corriente sonora al fin ondulado de aqui empezo a moverse hacendose cruces y contente de salir al fin]

fol. 6 ( a6 )

De pronto, la gente que llenaba la iglesia de bote en bote, se puso en movimiento: los hombres se levantaban, se sacudieran las rodilleras. [y con el ruido de los pañuelos y los recoplidos encuentran le tempestad.] Las mujeres [empep\_?\_ma] torianse sacudiendose las sayas y las tapis con fuertes palmadas, como si al fin se decidiesen a bailar, cediendo a la musica [ninos lloraban, y merced a tanto ruido y e tanto movimiento ] se agitaban las colgaduras y cortinas, las llamas danzaban sobre las velas de las que algunas saltaban de los candeleros dando volteretas por el aire. Todo en la iglesia parecia poseido; los sacristanes iban de un lado a otro, los evangelistas del altar con la cintura desquiciada y un pie sacado parecian dispuestas a seguir el galop ejemplo que iban e seguir las imagenes de los altares laterales. San Sebastian tenia el aire de un bailarin con castañetas, San Miguel ejecutaba ya un paso dificil sobre la cabeza del diablo, solo el Jesus Nazareno se mantenia grave en sus

fol. 7 ( a7 )

andas deslucidas, miraba con estraneza hacia el coro, escandalizado de tanta profanacion. En su sorpresa parecia no hacer caso de la cruz qua cargaba, recien barnizada y dorada que le regalo Mana Sebie. La Dolorosa, su fial compañera en las desgracias de la cuaresma, inclinaba la cabeza llorando lagrimas da vidrio y juntando las manos con expresivo dolor por debajo da su corazon en forma da papita de Kasuy. Tocar un galop cuando acababa de anlutar el templo, an al mismo domingo de Pasion!

Un golpe de bombo termino al fin con tanta algazara. La gente sa pricipitaba ya y se empujaba en las puertas. Los hombres con la camisa pegada al cuerpo y banados de sudor se empujaban unos a otros [empuja] levantando en el aire sus sombreros y salakots para preservarlos de atropellos. Las mujeres murmuraban, chillaban renian al ser atropelladas y pellizcadas, los ninos lloraban. Un confuso murmullo reinaba en toda la iglesia destacan

fol. 8 ( a8 )

dose aca y alla una voz nasal de vieja que ofrece [reza en voz alta] una novena, de hermano que dirige una asociacion de beatas. Aqui un hombre salta porque se sintio pellizado: [es una vieja] ha pisado la falda de una vieja; alla resiente una bofetada y se oye una interjección: aba! salvaje! dirigida a un viejo con eire zumbon que [una mujer que se cree que el vecino] abusa demasiado de las apreturas, mientras que mas alla una joven se riuoriza sin embargo. La multitud se divide [atropella] procura abrir paso a Cpn. Atong que empuja atropella [ag todos] y enenaza repartir bastonazos, sombreros, salakots de plata se levantan [estrenden (?)] en el aire para defenderse de la granizada; Cpn. Atong para como una tempestad, mote la mano en el benditero se persigna, hace una genuflexion y desaparece. [La multitud vuelve de nuevo a la lucha]

Cpna. Barang y Mana Sebie se habian levantado tambien, ansionas de comunicarse sus impresiones.

fol. 8v ( a2 )

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la frase de la devota. Al primer movimiento del incensario y al reconocer en la

sacristia las campanillas ataco llena de vigor un furioso galop como para indicar que la funcion tocaba a su fin y todos podian marcharse. La musica, haciendo un ultimo esfuerzo, agitaba la pesada e irrespirable atmosfera de la iglesia con los ecos revueltos que ponian en comocion con las ondas sonoras, aquella mare [?] compuesta empapados [?] de sudor, respirais casada, vaho humano, cera quemada y humo de incienso. A cada golpe del incensario descendia a cortinas de los altares en tanto vibraban los bronces de los bajos y bombardinos, el piston resonaba como trompeta guerrera, cbillaban los clarinetes, silbaban las flautas, ronco se mezclaba el saxofon con su voz de borracho qua bromea, mientras que el furioso campanilleo, como de cien mulas lanzadas a todo escape con sus cascabeles, [ redoblada cada vez sus ojos descendian la cortine de los altares a fuerza] seguia en vertiginosa agitacion como si el espíritu de desorden sa apoderase de todos en aquel carnavel del final, como si [rugiere (?)] la muchedumbre, silbaran los muchachos.

fol. 9 ( a9 )

Mana Sebia sobre todo no cabia en si de curiosidad.  
Bendito y alabado sea ... Que le hahra pasado al Cura?  
Al cura? ave maria purisima!  
Sin pecado concebida. Miraba mucho a Menang.  
Ave Maria Purisima.

Empujo el misal, Mana Sebia!  
Lo empujo? Ave Maria

No quiso bendecir el hijo de Anday! abai! [Figuras] Y pensad Mana Sebia, qua ya se ha pagado de antemano la vela y la bendicion! Y luego [pensar que] no se ha de devolver el dinero! Un peso y medio real, Mana Sebia!

Un peso y medio, Cpna. Barang!

Un peso y medio, si, senora. Un peso por la bendicion y medio real por la vela.  
Si lo sabre si soy yo ela que le ha prestado dinero?

Sois [voz?] Cpna. Barang? Y decialis que Anday [oy/os?]

fol. 9v [ 4 ]

se habia terminado.

La musica seguia sin embargo, asi como el repiqueteo de las campanas, mas furiosos cuanto sus lanpedos (?). El campanillo mientras que de la sacristia se fua debilitando poco a poco como renunciando a [inspirar (?)] silencio á tanto atronado bronce. La numerosa concurrencia empezo a agitarse; lo que estaba de rodillas[?] a levantar y tratar de bosquejar una cruz sobre sus frentes arrujidos y erroneos [?]; levantaronse los hombres para [busco] salir de aquella atmosfera asfixiante fetida de tanto sudor: Unos [se levantaban/salian/tenian] con la camisa pegada al cuerpo como si hubieren recibido un chorro de agua; otros [medio desnudos miraban con curiosidad hacia el coro se limpiaban los rodilllos y bortezaban] se componian las rodilleras manchadas de polva y se enderezaban abanicandose con el pañuelo; los ninos marcaban el compas de la musica agitando la cabeza; las colgaduras y cortina se agitaban las llamas danzaban sobre las velas de la que algunos saltaban sobre los candaleros

fol. 10 ( a10 )

debia ya tanto?

Ay! setenta y tres pesos y con el peso y medio de esta manana! Pero como era para emplearlo en cosas santas ... ?Como no mandarlo bendecir si su hijo llora precisamente cuando la madre reza el rosario? Sabeis, yo creo que tiene el diablo en el cuerpo y eso que no tiene aun dos anos. Ay! va a salir tan maldito como su madre!

Con que es muy maldita la madre?

Aba, Mana Sebia! No querie mandar bendecir a su bijo diciendo que se debia mucho hasta que la amenace con echarle de casa, porque yo Maao Sebia, no quiero gente mala conmigo; acarea desgracias.

Ah por eso se habia presentado en casa para que la sacase. Jesus! pero quien saca a una criada con un hijo? Las criadas no deben tener hijos.

El rostro de Cpna. Barang se puso mas sombría

fol. 10v (3) but in pencil marked "4"

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hasta cesar del todo, un golpe de bombo dio fin al galop el repiqueteo de la torre se fue apagando y a tanto ruido atronador sucedio entonces el confuso [ruido] murmullo la gente que camina, reza, se persigna, se codea y se empuja. La multitud fatigada y sudorosa, se agolpaba en las dos puertas pugnando por mejor un dedo en el agua bendita para salir cuanto antes y respirar el aire libre. En medio de aquella corriente formo por cahezas negros, salian llanto [de ninos] interjecciones, chillidos, voces irritadas: y es un nino que corre peligro de ahogarse, una vieja a quien le pisian el pie, una mujer que no cree en las escusas [apuros (?)] del vecino alegando [que se escusa] de que le empujan demasiado. Aqui es una [joven?] que defiende su pañuelo de tul y su camisa bordada alli un guapo que levante su salakot de plata con una elevada torrecilla, mas alli otro que [defienda(?)] se enfenesce por que se ha abollado su sombrero una jovencita que codea [cenuda(?)] a un viejo devoto que

fol. 11 ( a11 )

y sus ojos adquieron una expresion dura y cruel..

Todas son podridas son unas .. Ave Maria purisima!

Sin pecado concebida Contesto Mana Sebia.

En aquel momento se encontraron cerca del benditero, mojaron sus dedor en el, hicieron monerias sobre su frente su rostro y sus pechos mascullo y murmurando rezos, y salieron de la iglesia.

Fuera en el patio, los hombres comentaban ruidosamente los acontecimientos de la misa. Fura, un campesino contaba [a su vecino] al viejo [pagano] Clodio, un [mal cristiano] rustico que tenia fama de hereje y de azotar a las imagenes cuando estaba de mal humor, lo que habia pasado. El viejo Clodio que [habia] iba a misa por curiosidad [y acaso por primera vez] una vez al año, se habia salido mucho antes de la bendicion. [Es comun creencia por temor de coger la sarna y perder muchas de las buenas culidades de sus anting-anting.] Fura [contaba] imitaba

fol. 11v ( a6 )

al aire libre para respirar con mayor libertad. Los hombres con la camisa pegada al cuerpo como si se hubieren banado, sacudian sus rodilleras, se enderezaban y se abanicaban el pañuelo; los ninos marcaban el compas de la musica

fol. 12 (a12)

el gesto del cura al empujar el misal, el modo como sacudia el incensario, anadiendo por lo bajo:

Convencete Clodio; te has perdido una gran cosa. Nunca veras ya en tu vida cosa igual.

Clodio se [burlo] rio hurlonamente.

Tey! contesto! yo te digo: a mi no me alcanza la bendicion. Sabes porque tenias sarna? Porque os dejais bendecir por el cura!

En los grupos de curiosos [se comentaba lo mismo] que estacionan en la puerita mayor para ver desfilar las mujeres, se hablaba de lo mismo. Se anadian detalles, se exageran las cosas y se inventaban conjjeturas. Para el pueblo de Pili nada habia tan importante como los movimientos del cura. Podia arder en guerra toda la Europa, la ciencia humana hacer los mas utiles descubrimientos, promulgarse los principios mas

fol. 12v (a5)

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daban unas cuantas voltaretes por el aire, iban de aqui para alli los sacristanes gastando en movimiento el vertigo que los comunicaba la musica hasta los mismos santos parecian contagiados, diriase al verlos que le animan se apoderaba de ellos. Los evangelistas del altar mayor con la cintura desquiciada y un pie adelantado parecian dispuna a lanzarse por el espacio para seguir el galop; los santos de altares laterales no se quedaban detras; San Sebastian tenia el aire de un bailarin con castanetes danzando la jota, merced a la actitud que le dio el escultor. el San Miguel tenia todo el aire de un bailarin que ejecute un paso dificil sobre la caheza de Lucifer, solo el Jesus Nazareno arrodillado en sus andas miraba con estraneza hacia el coro y parecia haberse olvidado de su cruz recien barnizada

fol. 13 (a13)

humanitarios en las cuestiones del derecho y de la sociologia, todo esto [la importaba a] para Pili era una careara de arroz mientras Fr. Agaton continuase siendo Fr. Agaton y su hermosa frente no se oscureciese con la terrible arruga. Y tenia razon el pueblo de Pili. Las guerras influian poco directamente en su vida los modernos principios se consideraban alli [funestos] perturbadores al menos para la mayoria, como la luz para los dormilones y murcielagos, alli no habia mas Dios, mas sol, mas ciencia ni mas destino que la persona del P. Agaton, su famoso cura, temido de toda la provincia desde el infeliz campesino al mas presumido gobernador.

Y fray Agaton lo merecia joven, muy joven aun, Precedido de una fama de valiente y energico, babia venido al pueblo para dominarlo y sujetarlo a la obediencia. El provincial

fol. 13v (a3)

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mientras que alla en el fondo misterioso del templo se agitaba en vano las campanillas tratando de poner orden. Toda la iglesia estaba poseida de este frenetico delirio. Alla arriba en el cuarto pero la elevada torre, al traves de sus trocheras bailaban

a mas y mejor las esquiles lanzando al pueblo notas chillones y alegres como carcajados de colegialas escapadas de los estudios en un dia de campo mientras que la campana grande del centro, llamada del Carmen, solemne, pausada y majestuosa como una gorda superiosa se esforzaba en vano por reprimir tantas lenguas argusten(?) tanendo a intervalos lento y sonoros calma, calma, calma.

El cura sin esperar que la cortina acabase de descender por completo habia entregado el incensario arrojandolo con a un sacristan y desaparecia dirijendo a la sacristia con visible mal humo. La misma

fol. 14 (a14)

lo havia dispuesto asi en vista de los humos batalladores del pueblo de Pili. En los [diez] siete anos que ha ejercido su ministerio no solo afirmo su fama sino que la acrecento mas. Buen mozo, de arrogante figura y varonil fisonomia con la cabeza siempre erguida inspiraba si no ya respeto al menos consideracion. Dotado de una fuerza taurina y de una audacia sin limites, confiado en el sostén de su orden, desafiaaba en todos los terrenos a cualquier enemigo; se valia del puno, del garrote, de la ley y de los tribunales y juzgados en donde habia conseguido inspirar terror misterioso. Saltaban alcaldes y empleados que le molestaban, viajaban de un puesto a otro [los] tenientes y aun comandantes guardias civiles que se atrevian a ponerse de frente [y fueron/ y iban] desterrados iba el vecino que no se le sometia. En la provincia pues, nada se hacia sin consultarle, nada se llevaba a cabo sin beneplacito, en cambio

fol. 14 v

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unas cuantas volteretas por el aire, los sacristanas iban de altar en altar gastando en inovimiento el vertigo que les comunicaba la musica, hasta los mismos santos parecian contagiados [parecia] diriase al verlos que la animacion se apoderaba de ellos. Los evangelistas del altar mayor con su anca salida y [el] un pie adelantado parecian invitadas a un invisible pareja el San Miguel tenia todo el aire de un bailarin que ejecuta un paso dificil sobre la cabaza de San Sebastian de Lucifer, solo El Jesus Nazareno arrodillado en sus andas, miraba con estraneza hacia el coro y parecia haberse olvidado de su cruz recien barnizada, regalo de una devota, mientras que la dolorosa, su fiel companera en todas las desgracias tenia la cabeza inclinada como siempre, las cejas dolorosamente contraidas y sus lagrimas de vidrio le venian de molde como arrancadas por tanta profanacion. Tocar un galop cuando acababa de enlutarse el

nb.

One line below this was cut off the original.

fol. 15 (a15)

el que tenia la fortuna de caerle en gracia podia vivir tranquilo y seguro como si sobre el velasen todos los santos de la corte celestial.

Fr. Agaton era ademas un modelo de curas. Siempre limpio y aseado, elegante en sus maneras, fino y digno delante de las altas autoridades imponente y magestuoso [casi sil] para los demas, conservaba el prestigio de su clase y de su orden en todo que bastaba verle para tener alta idea del sacerdocio. No hubo viajero, extranjero o nacional que no hablase de el en sus libros, — Pili por su posicion cerca del crater apagado de un volcan, por sus aguas termales y su cascada era visitado con frecuencia, — y se le citaba como

modelo de virtudes, de caballerosidad y de cortesía. Varias veces sus entusiastas hermanos le propusieron para un obispado pero Fr. Agaton declinó

fol. 15v marked "4"

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y disanaban una genuflexión, las viejas se preguntaban  
Que le habrá pesado a nuestro cura? Alabado y bendito sea el santísimo.  
Ave María Purísima! Miraba mucho a llena y he observado.

Sin pecado concebida! Que enfadado estaba!  
Ave María purísima!

Sin pecado concebida! Babeis visto como empujo el misal? [Yo qua] No quiso dar la comunión!

Ni bendecir al hijo de su criada, aba! Figura que la he tenido que prestar nueve reales para pagar la vela y la bendición, [yo que había pagado ya la vela y sin peso adamas dos pesos para que bendige a mi hijo] Y no le ha bendecido al maldito, y le madre me deba ya mucho!

Yo oo se [tambien] como la seguir dando dinero [todavia] si os debe tanto los tiempos son tan malos!

Aba, que quereis que haga? Su hijo llora precisamente (todo el dia que yo) la noche mando un madre rese el rosario creo que tiene el diablo en el cuerpo y por eso le

fol. 16 [ a16 ]

la ofertas abnagacion qua su orden [celebro] enzalsio hasta las estrellas como prueba de sus virtudes singulares.

Rahusar una mitra en los tiempos que corren, cuando todos hacen cabriolas por una !!

Sus partidarios movian la cabeza admirados y se mordían los labios. Los rivales y alguno que otro obispo de nuevo cuno se mordían los labios tambien y sonreian palidamente.

Modestia [es verdad] modestia! había dicho un nuevo mitrado en un corro familiar, es mas facil brillar y reinar en un pueblo que mantenerse con decoro en el rango de Prelado donde se necesita de algo mas qua de punos para figurar! Tenga solo que cuenta que de la modestia al orgullo solo hay un biombo!

fol. 16v.

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Tiene cierto aire zumbón. La atmósfera pesada e irrespirable consumida por la vela [de la iglesia] y cargada con los [vales] esfuvios humanos de seis mil pulmones [y por centenares de vales?] que han ] hacia perder al respeto a tanto gente, y mas que de una iglesia parecian huir de un lugar apartado o amenazase caerse los encima.

Sin embargo [si se fija la atencion en aquellos semblantes sonrientes y fatigados] para el que conoce bien a los habitantes de Pili en sus rostros sonrientes y sudorosas[?] se podria leer algo mas que, le fatiga algo [travas de tanta] mas que el natural deseo de dejar ([la iglesia despues de una misa larga] un sitio donde se en pasedo un mal rato y

donda [se respira mal] solo se va como por la fuerza del habito. Habia en los rostros de muchos cierto curiosidad mezclados de inquietud; las mujeres se guinaban mientras se persignaban, se [preguntaban] hablaban en voz bajo intercalando la pregunta en medio de un piadoso rejo, y mientras hacian monerie con los dedos mojados en agua bendita

fol. 17 [ a17 ]

Quiso el diablo que esta especie llegare a oída de Fr. Agaton quien a su vez dio a entender, [de buena manera y con sus puntos correspondientes, que si el no queria un obispó] — orgullo, es verdad orgullo! Tiene razon S. Yi; yo no puedo rebajarme demasiado.

Fr. Agaton solia decir la misa con mucha gracia y habilidad; tenia una hermosa voz de baritono, por sus movimientos al decir de sus ahijadas y admiradores, parecian ensayados delante de un espejo. Cumplia noblemente con sus deberes de cura, esto es, no rebajaba la profesion ante pequenezas: no confesaba mas que a personas de cierto vizo, ahijadas selectas y pudientes de esos que por su posicion social no se veian obligados a cometer pecados inobligados y bajos: sus oídos delicados parecian escoger los pecados elegantes, los pecados de rosa

fol. 17v

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obligue a que lo mandase bendecir o sino la iba a echar de casa!

Por eso vino a mi casa hace una semana a pedir que la sacare. Jesus! quien saca a una criada qua tiene un hijo? Las criadas no deben tener hijos!

Que quereis? Son tan pecadoras!

Ave María Purísima!

Sin Pecado concebida.

Y los dos señores salieron de la iglesia.

Fuera de la iglesia, en el patio, estaban los hombres comentando mes ruidosamente los mismos acontecimientos. El Padre cura furioso durante la misa [que] no quiso dar la comunión y dio un empujon al misal qua se cayo al suelo! Que le había pasado? Entre los varios grupos de curiosos que suelen allí

fol. 18 [ a18 ]

murmurados por labios de coral...una manera suya de fomentar la virtud. No se le vio jamas asistir a un entierro miserable y mezquino, indigno de su alta misión: para verle se necesitaba uno con gran pompa, con todas las campanas dobrando plegarias, con tumbas y catafalcos cubiertos de velas y envueltas en humos de incienso. Entonces se le veia magestuoso a imponente entre dos coadjutores indios cantar con su voz de baritono los salmos y lamentaciones rosando el cadáver con algunas gotas de agua bendita. Bastaba verle para estar convencido de que Dios no podía condonar al alma mas pecadora cuando tan solemnemente lo defendia el P. Agaton [tomaba su defensa] sabiendo el valor de la palabra divina. No predicaba por menos de trescientos pesos, ni [administraba el salvador sacramento del bautismo por menos de doce pasos. Entonces se] bautisaba en los bautizos de comunes y ordinarios

fol. 18v

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hasta las estrellas como prueba de sus virtudes singulares porq[ue] rehusar un mitra en los tiempos que corren cuando todos se arrancan los cerquillos por una era realmente una verdadera virtud. Los rivales y aun uno que otro obispo se sonreia [mordiéndose] los labios y daban a entender de buen manera y con sus puntos correspondientes, que acaso semejando modestia solo significaba ambicion porque a un cualquier le es mas facil brillar y gobernar en un pueblo que mantenerse con decoro an el rango de Prelado en donde se necesite de algo mas que de buana figura y solidos punos para figurar. Quiso el diablo que esta especie llegare a oidos del P. Fernando, y este dio a entender de buen manera y con sus puntos correspondientes tambien que si el no queria ser obispo en ese porque comideaba(?)

fol. 19 ( a19 )

de tres reales y ocho cuartos, para eso estaban los coadjutores. era menester pagar doce pesos, alquilar musica, encender fuegos artificiales y hacer bailar las campanas para decidir al P. Agaton de administrar en persona el santo y salvador sacramento del hautismo. Podian los indios morirse sin confesion si asi lo querian, pero no era el P. Agaton el que iba a rebajar institucion tan saludable llevandola a miserables cabañas, tachadas de Kogon, en lejanas sementeras: primero el {alto} prestigio del sacerdocio {era su eterno cuidado y por cierto que} sin el cual la religion se vendria abajo al menor soplo, a la primara discusion.

Asi le honraban y le respetaban todos y su fama de fraile delicado y fino era prnverbial. Fiesta del pueblo donde no estuviese el P. Agaton presente, se consideraba con mueca despectiva, asi como la reunion que

fol. 19v

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el oficia bastante rebajado desde que en los ultimos tiempos, ciertos personas ocupaban ciertos mitras que francamente ....

Fr. Fernando [de] solia decir la misa con mucha gracia y dignidad, tenia una hermosa voz de baritono para cantada y sus movimientos, al decir de sus admiradores, parecian aprendidos delante de un espejo. Cumplia dignamente con todos sus deberes de cura, esto es no rebajaba [ su cargo] le proferio ante pequenezes: para confesar, era menester que sus penitentes sean personas de [cierto] viso, [unos] selectos ahijados, pudentes y harta parecia escoger los pecados, los pecados elegantes y de rara. No se la via jamas entrar [a un miser] de un modo miserable indigno y [miserable]

fol. 20 ( o20 )

no santificara con su visita. Naciase toda suerte de sacrificios, se sacaba el ultimo peso del fondo del baul para ser bautizado, casado o enterrado por el cura, lujo qua sa estimaba [mucho] mas que [otra cosa entre los se] todos los brillantes y sa contaba y se recordaba por semanas y semanas: era [un] honor que no se podia pagar bastante al poderle besar la mano, saludarle y hasta un puntapie suyo fue considerado como blason de nobleza por el sacristan mayor quien desde que lo recibio se permitio tratar con desprecio a los que solo lo recibian de los coadjutores a otros frailes de menos importancia.

El P. Agaton no tenia ningun defecto a los ojos del pueblos. Era muy mirado hasta en sus travesuras: rojas de orgullo se ponian algunas mujeres que el favorecia con una bromita o con un pellizco en las mejillas. Joven hubo que se vanaglorio de tal fortuna y una muy fea

fol. 20v (5)

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estacionar para ver desfilar a las mujeres del pueblo ricamente vestidas y ataviadas este esa la conversacion general. Para el pueblo de Pili nada habia tan importancia como los actos de su cura. Europa podia arder en guerra [el sol enブroze de mancha] la ciencia hermana hacer los mas hermosos descubrimientos, los principios mas modernos {podian} promulgare impuesto al derecho [en la ciencia del derecho] y de la sociologia nada de esto les imputaba a los de Pili mientras Fr. Fernando continuara como Fr. Fernando y su hermoso frente no se viese surcada por su terrible arruga. Y tonian razon los guerras [Europa] influencian poco directamente en el pueblo, los modernos principios se considerahan alli funestos al menos para la mayoria, alli oo huho mas dia, mas sol, mas ciencia ni mas destino que la persona del P. Ojerosa, su famoso cura temido y respetido

fol. 21 ( o22 )

paso por mucho tiempo como guapa porque el cura le habia dicho unas cuantas flores. Sin embargo Minang, la dichosa Minang era la mas envidiada de todas y a alla se la podia aplicar el Ave Maria con ligeras variaciones.

Nada de estrano habia pues si un movimiento suyo algo anormal causase tanta sensacion. Hasta los que se las echaban de ilustrados y despreocupados [los que tenian pretenciones de ser anti frailes] se ocupaban del misal empujado y del incensario sacudido bruscamente.

[El medico del pueblo el Dr. Lopez, que babia estido en Europa] El mas visible de entre estos era el Dr. Lopez, un medico que habia estido en Europa y se las echaba de libre pensador y antifraile, [cuando] deseando todos los progresos cuando en realidad sus aspiraciones inmediatas se reducian a una plaza de medico

fol. 21v

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en toda la provincia desde el infeliz lahrieg al mas presumido gobernador.

Y en efecto lo merecia Fr. Fernando Ojerosa habia venido al pueblo cuando solo tenia veinticinco anos [y en los diez que ha ejercido su minis] precedido de una gran fama como decidido, fuerte y se mostraba al su Provincial le habia destinado alli para domenar al pueblo que [lleno de valor] batallador. En los diez anos que ha ejercido su ministerio solo afirmo su fama sino que le estudio mas. Buen mozo, de arrogante figura y varonil fisonomia, con la cabeza siempre levantada inspiraba sino respeto, al menos cierta consideracion; dotado de una fuerza poco comun y de una audacia sin limites, confiado en el sostén de su orden, desafiaba en todos los terrenos a sus enemigos, las vencia primero a punetazos y a bofetadas y despues ante los tribunales an donde habia inspirado

fol. 22 ( o23 )

titular y unos cuantos pelitos mas para sus higotes. El Dr. Lopez discutia en voz alta, [sin duda para llamar la atencion de la gente, que se] haciendo muchos gestos con el abogado Don Paquito, el actual juez de Paz del pueblo sobre las causas del mal humor del Cura. El doctor Lopez echaba la culpa al vino de misa, el P. Agaton tomaba demasiado sangre de Cristo, lo habia observado el, es un mal habitu que iba adquiriendo. Don Paquito a juez de catolico le cortaba la palabra no con menos gestos y prosopopeya diciendo que no podia producir per se malas consecuencias, y como [siempre] a menudo les sucedia una vez [que entraban] en discussin, cada cual se [iba] fue por su lado sin hacer caso de las razones del otro, prosiguiendo su raciocinio y tratando solo de [bablar el] tener la ultima palabra.

De repente ambos argumentadores se callaron, se sonrieron y adoptaron cada uno una postura

fol. 22v

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cierto terror misterioso. El hizo saltar a todos los alcaldes y empleados de la provincia que no se han apresurado a complacerle; hizo viajar de un punto a otro a guardias civiles, a tenientes y aun a comandantes que osaron(?) ponerse de frente; a los antiguos habitantes de Pili que se habian mostrado independientes y algo testerudos(?) los desterró a diversos puntos y no paro hasta destruirlo a todos. En la provincia nada se hacia sin consultarle, nada se llevaba a cabn sin su beneplacito, y se puede decir que aquel que haya tenido la fortuna de caerle su gracia podia estar tranquilo vivir confiado de que un aquel poderoso vela por el y sus intereses.

Fr. Fernando era el modelo de curas. Siempre limpio y aseado, elegante en sus maneras, fino y digno delante de las autoridades sin iguales, imponente y magestuoso pero con sus feligreses, [tenia] guardaha el

fol. 23 ( o24 )

fina y galante. La estrella, la Perla de Pili como se la empezaba a llamar Cecilia la hija de Cpn. Pachong salia en aquel momento produciendo su presencia como siempre, mundo respeto, silenciosa admiracion.

La joven paso seria y [erguida] natural por entre las filas de curiosos que se apresuraban por saludarle y abrirle paso. Ella iba vestida de luto, con un pañuelo tulle sobre la cabeza ocultando parte del rostro; apenas llevaba alhajas y las que tenia puestas eran de azabache asi como el rosario que euroscaba en su mano [libre de toda anillo] de formas puras y no contrahecha por anillos ni sortijas.

Yo no se como podia estar de mal humor el Cura! Observo en voz alta Don Fermin el almacenero del pueblo y guinando a los demas con cierta picardia.(?)

fol. 23v

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situado en la sementera, mayormente cuando alli estan los coadjutores: primero el prestigio del sacerdocio, sin el cual todo se vendian, abrigo al menos soplo del vendaval.

Asi era Fr. Fernando muy honrado y respetado por todos como un [sacerdote] fraile delicado y lleno de pundonor. Fiesta del pueblo en donde no estuviese presente, se consideraba por todos como una mueca despectiva, asi como la reunion que no se viese honrada con su visita. Considerabase como un gran honor que no se podia pagar demasiado el ser casado por el mismo Fr. Fernando, el poderle saludar y hasta un puntapié suyo fue considerado como motivo de orgullo para el maestro de escuela [Juez de Paz] que lo recibio quien desde entonces se atrevio a mirar por encima

fol. 24 ( o25 )

Pero la joven paso sin dar señales de haber comprendido la frase intencionada de Don Fermin. Ningun musculo de su rostro se contrajo y su andar de diosa continuo magestuosamente llevando en una mano la cola de su falda hasta que se perdio detrás de un altarzuelo de cana o medio oculto entre gumamelas y coles de Molucas.

Que fragancia! exclamo Don Fermin [Paquito] aspirando sesualmente el aire. Cuatro o cinco jovenes, todos admiradores del [abogada] almacenero, se pusieron a inspirar ruidosamente el aire repitiendo

Que fragancia! si, que fragancia!

El almacenero, alentado con el aplauso, se permitio bromear con un joven que se habia quedado mudo siguiendo con la vista a la joven:

fol. 24v

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[quien a son] El medico del pueblo el Dr. Quesada trataba de explicarlo por una necesidad imperiosa provocada por el vino mezclado con agua que habia tomado como sangre de Nuestro Señor: el telegrafista Juez de Paz Miguel observada que si fuere un necesidad no se podia explicar el empujon dado el misal, empujon que denotaba mal humor; a esto respondia el telegrafista que mal podia manifestar mal humor cuando precisamente asistia a la misa [Marcelo] la estrella del pueblo, la Perla de Pili levantando [como En efecto salir de la iglesia] en voz por que [como preocupaban a llamarla] en aquel [illegible] de la iglesia.

Este paso seria y erguida por entre las filas de \_\_\_\_\_ que se callaron respetuosas minutos ella pasaba. Era un joven en la flor de su edad

fol.25 ( o26 )

El Señor Ysagani! Esta V. estatuo. Buena alhaja, eh?

El que? pregunto el interpelado friamente.

La que, hombre, la que! No se haga V. el ignorante, que lo sabemos todos. Pero otro se llevara la breva, Sr. Ysagani, otro se llevara la breva.

Y murmuró algunas palabras al oido del joven, riendose despues con malicia. Ysagani se mordio los labios y sus mirada brilló por un momento.

Si eso es verdad, Don Fermin, lo debias callar y si no lo es... con mas razon, [contestó] repuso Ysagani.

No hay ningun mal en ello, repuso algo picado el almacenero; debia V. agradecerme el aviso.

El aviso se lo debia V. decir a su padre! que yo se cuidarme de lo que me atane. Don Fermin lanzo una mirada al joven, pero al ver su actitud y su figura, moderó

su

fol. 25v

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de sus hombres a los que solo merecian los puntapies de los coadjutores u otros frailes de menos importancia.

El P. Fernando no tenia ningun defecto a los ojos del pueblo: hasta para tener sus amores era muy, mirado, y la mujer que mereciere de el algun bronce se ponria roja de orgullo y hasta se llegaba a vanagloriar de su fortuna. Menang, la dichosa Menang era la sus enviada de todos y a ella se podian aplicar muchos frases del Ave Maria.

En vista de esto nada de estrano habia si un movimiento suyo algo anormal causare gran desasosiego en la poblacion. El no dar la comunion y un empujo el misal hubieran producido permiso en la bolsa si bolsa hubiere tenido el pueblo de Pili.

Cada uno hacia sus comentarios, [quien atribuia la prisa del Cura en algun (cierto) imperiosa necesidad.]

fol. 26 (a27.)

ira, diciendose que era demasiado pretensioso aquel sobrino de un pobre coadjutor.

Y se dirijo a otro grupo, el grupo de los principales.

En el centro estaba Cpn. Pachong, el que vienos saliendo de la iglesia con el baston [levantado] en alto. Era un hombre pequenito mas bien grueso que regular, vestido de frac y con la pechera toda mojada y empapado de sudor. Cpn. Pachong se limpiaba angustiosamente la frente con el baston de borlas mientras en la otra mano tenia un pañuelo de seda bordado con primor. Alli se reunian cada domingo despues de misa para ir al besamanos, costumbre que se [guardaha] practicaba en Pili con mucha pompa y solemnidad. Seguidos de la musica daban una vuelta por el patio, y se dirigian al convento en ordenando peloton, en su cabeza el gobernadorcillo actual

fol. 26v (8)

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de su alto ministerio: era menester un entierro con toda pompa, con todos las campanas dobrando plegarias con la ayuda de dos sacerdotes, con muchos cantos e inciensos que bastaba verle para que Dios dejarse(?) de cuidar al alma mis pecados, porque cuando el P. Ojerosa se dignaba molesterse, y defender a un criminal, quien en el juez tan inconsiderado que se atreven a condenar? Fr. Fernando no predicaba por menos de trescientos pesos, ni bautizaba en los bautizos comunes y ordinarios, pero no estaban sus coadjutores: en menester un bautizo de primera clase: con musicas y agua

con repiqueos y fuegos artificiales. Podian los indios morirse sin confession si asi lo querian, pero Fr. Fernando no seguramente a rebajar en alto ministerio penetrando en un miserable cubacho

fol. 27 (a28)

[El P. Cura, con la mano limpia y bien perfumada, las unas muy limadas] como haciendo ostentacion del acto, mientras que en los otros pueblos, iban al besamanos

como a avergonzados y muy a su pesar aprovechandose de la sacristia y de la confusio. El P. Agaton, diplomatico y conociendo el flaco de sus feligreses les [daba por] lisonjeaba dando de besar su perfumada mano precisamente junto a la ventana para que los favorecidos pudiesen gloriarse delante de la multitud. Y un dia se abrian todas las ventanas del convento, una multitud de curiosos estacionaba en el patio para ver la ceremonia y se comentaba cada movimiento. Daba el fraile su mano anadiendo por encima algunos golpecitos o cogotazos cariochos? Bien, muy bien optime! El favorecido podria insultar a los dioses como el [gr]amerario Ajax,

fol. 27v (21)

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Capitan Lucas estaba rodeado de los principales, teniente mayor, jueces y cabezas de barangay. Se reunian alli despues de la misa para dirigirse todos juntos al convento a cumplir con el famoso precepto de besamanos [del Cura]. En [cada] todos los pueblos de Filipinas, [generalmente] en donde hay frailes se ha establecido la costumbre de ir a besar la mano al Cura despues de la misa mayor. Este costumbre, bastante penosa para muchos qua se permitan cierto orgullo, o que estan en mal con los curas, se cumple en el pueblo de Pili con mucha pompa y solemnidad: [cumplian con placer de] los gobernadorcillos no solo [manifestahan placer al hacerlo] tenian justo en besarle la mano al P. Fernando sino que tambien [sentian verdadero] se consideraban bastante honrados por el acto, porque a la verdad no todo el mundo puede besar la mano del P. Fernando: el se cuidaba muy bien de alargarse o dejarle tocar a los mendigos

fol. 28 (a29)

[acompanaba] decia solamente algunas palabras, bueno, regular. Por el contrario, daba el fraile distraidamente la mano como mirando [hacia] a lo lejos? Mal sintoma; pasaba despues la mano por encima, mal, muy mal; era presagio de gran desgracia. Pero negaba su mano el cura?...ah entonces... pero entonces solo una vez sucedio esto cuando se supo que el hijo del desgraciado que estaba en Europa habia pronunciado un discurso. Aqual acontecimiento hacia temblar a todos cada vez que se recordaba. Los infalices castigados se retiraban a su casa tontos, imbeciles, enfermaban muchos y sclo sanaban cuando el cura decia en su obsequio una misa con muchos bombos y repiques y mucha vela

fol. 28v (11)

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Como todas las que acaban de venir de Manila!

Como todas las que no tienen aun novio y son hermosos.

El Juez de Paz les hizo una sena con los ojos y con un guino indicó detras de si. Detras habia una persona que desde un principio habria llamado nuestra atencion si no hubiese tratado del [lo que le pasaba al] cura ni hubiese pasado la hermosa Marcela. Era un hombre de sus cuarenta anos poco mas o menos, delgado, de regular estatura, vestido de frac, con la blanca pechera toda arrugada y mojida de sudor. El hombre se limpiaba angustiosamente la frente [con un pañuelo de seda teniendo en la misma mano] con un baston de borlas mientras en la otra mano tenia un pañuelo de seda bordado con primor. Era el gobernadorcillo Don Lucas, el padre de la hermosa Marcela.

fol. 29 (o30)

encedida.

Cpn. Penchong tenia motivos mas que suficientes para limpiarse el sudor con el baston en lugar del pañuelo. Estaba tonto pensando en el mal humor del cura. Mil pevorosas suposiciones se le ocurrian, mil conjeturas. Que orden que disposicion del Cura no habia el cumplimiento? [No] Habia publicado el el bandillo recomendando a la gente mandare bendecir sus reses y corrales para preservarse de la epizootia, que culpe tenia el si no todos se apresuraban? Durante la semana habia habido dos entierros solemnes y por cierto los berederos de uno de los muertos tuvieron que vender parte de los terrenos para pagar los gastos. Es cierto que se murió un pudente y se entero sin mucha pompa, pero que podia

fol. 29v

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al verle eproximarse.

Que fragancia! Exclamo el juez de paz aspirando sensualmente el aire.

Cuatro o cinco se pudieron a respirar el aire la joven dejaba destras de si como una celestial estela una suave fragancia tan suave que mucho tenie [hacie].

El escribiente Ysagani que se encontraba en el grupo fue el unico, que no imito al juez de paz. Contentoso con seguir con la mirada la esbelta joven que se alejaba llevando en la mano la larga cola de su falda y perdiendose y apareciendo detras de los matorrales de gumamelas y melindres que sembraba el patio.

Desdenosa! observo el telegrafista.

Orgullosa! anadio el medico.

fol. 30 (o31)

hacer el? Sus compoblanos eran todos unos egoistas que [mueren y] entierran a sus muertos como les da la gana sin recordarse del eprieto en que le dejen Bautizos hubo uno muy solemne y por cierto que se hizo a instigacion suya...? Si habran resultado malos los capones que el habia regalado al cura, capones decomisado a un campesino que los vendia sin traerse su cedula personal! Ah, entonces, si este es el motivo, el campesino se lo pagaria, veintecinco bejucazos para enseñarle a tener mejores capones! Si sera una intriga del malo de Cpn. Crispin que ha jurado arrebatarle el mando en las proximas elecciones? Cpn. Crispin era capaz de todo, era un malvado y el no comprenda como no ha ido desterrado aun. No era demasiado. Habia prometido

fol. 30v (20)

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diez y ocho o diez y nueve anos tal vez, [elegantemente] vestida, cubierta la cabeza con un pañuelo de tul que cubria a medio su [semblante] correctissima facciones. Si oyo o no oyo la frase intencionada del telegrafista, no lo podemos decir: ningun musculo de un rostro se contraio, su mirada [indiferente] pensativo y serena ni se turbó siquiera, [ni hubo un] con el mas ligero, pestengo(?) siguió mirando vagamente delantes; ella paso majestuosa como una reina por entre dos filas de soldados atentos a su menor

indicacion.

Paso le joven y un suspiro voluntario o involuntario se escapo de varios pechos: muchos respiraban el deliciosa fragancia que ella dejaba detras de si como un celestiel invisible estela, otras suspiraban por picardia otros por deseos, quizas entre ellas, el unico que lo hicieron y el como lo manifestaban era el escribiente Ysagani que se quedaba inmovil y se ponian ligeramente a

fol. 31 (o32)

doscientos pesos a cada votante si salia en primer lugar, ademas de sus continuos regalos al cura. Doscientos pesos! Aquello era immoral, cuando el, Cpn. Panchong solo habia dado a cincuenta pesos a cada uno. De donde sacaba Cpn. Crispin tanto dinero? Y todo por que? Por que ha jurado hacerle trabajar a el en la calle y llamarle delante de todos... Oh! Cpn. Panchong tenia un mote que le sublevaba la sangre con solo pensar en el. No, todo menos el llamarle... Si habra ingratos en el mundo. Ahora porque Cpn. Crispin ofrece doscientos pesos se van con el sus antiguos votantes! Si no estuviese enfadado el cura, todavia? Si se habra fijado en el pano que compro Cpn. Barang por los altares? El ya decia que

fol. 31v (14)

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con el regalo y por probarle que lo estaba le habia dado dos amistosos pescanzones y habia ordenado al cocinero que incontinenti los matare e hiciero trufados. Cpn. Lucas se habia retirado en trafado que los mismos capones publicando y anadiendo por su cuenta que el cura estaha tan contento que los iba a comer aun en vienes de cuaresma.

De donde podia provenir el enfado del cura?

He aqui lo que tenia preocupando al buen Cpn. Lucas.

Como timido y pusilanimo que era en los mas insignificantes acontecimientos encontraba motivos. Si se habra enfadado el cura porque el Cpn. [Lucas] Ukang, en la noche anterior habia orado decir [delante de muchos] disputando con D. Crispin su rival que leia periodicos? [stablaEsEstaba del EstaEstaba delante el Crispin, su rival] Si D. Crispin, para vencerle en los

fol. 32 (o33)

era ordinario, pero su mujer es tan mezquina... pero [en este vida] nadie ni su misma mujer piensa en los compromisos que le ocasionan... Si sera porque su hija Cecilia no ha querido sentarse en la alfombra que para ella habia mandado entender el cura? Otra tonta de mucbacha! Que escrupulos, que egoismo! El cura era solo galante y fino; ? que mas habia en ello? Decidamente nadie piensa en el, asi todo se vendra abajo, Cpn. Crispin sera nombrado y a el lo llamara...

Volvio a limpiarse la frente con el baston y miro en torno de si.

Los principales que se alegraban de sus apuros se hacian signos unos a otros indicandole con la mirada. —Malos eran los tiempos pero darian cada uno un peso con tal de que el cura rinese a Cpn. Panchong. Era de caracter

fol. 32v

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ser le cause de semejante disgusto se hacia un examen de conciencia. El había cumplido cuanto le había ordenado el cura había enviado e la cabecera a un pastor de genados porque uno de sus carabaos había [muerte] matado de una cornada al carabao de un sacristan mayor y despues no tenia con que pegar; durante la semana había habido entierros solemnes de primera clase, tanto que los herederos habian tenido que vender parte de las tierras que tenian y aun puede adeudados; bautizos, hubo uno muy solemne, y por cierto que se hizo e instigacion siempre, para contestar el cura; que mes? el jueves solamente habie el regalado dos soberbios capones al cura, capones que había decomisado de un campesino que ni tenie cedula ni podi probar que semejentes capones eran suyos; y el cura muy contento.

fol.33 (a34)

insufrible y si lo bebian [estos] elegido por era por su voluntad, no por cierto. Lo habie mandado el cura. Si, darian hasta un peso y medio con tal de que le rinese el cura para no ser reelegido.

La llegeda de un sacristan avisando que el cura se impacientaba saco a Cpn. Panchong de su aturdimiento.

Di tu que no es culpa mie, es culpa de los otros, dijo: donde estan los otros? No ois qua el cura nos este esperando?

Ya hace un buan rato qua la esperabamos a V. respondio un cabaza.

Ya hace buen rato...buen rato, murmu...[Cpn.] Panchong...y la musica?

Esta esperando su orden.

En efecto diaz o doce musicos tenian sus

fol. 33v.

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y el P. Fernando, mirando a la gente que sale de la Yglesie [de] entregabe distraidamente su mano a principales que uno tras otro se inclinaban para besarla: De ese acto salian los principales, mas rebentando de felicidad y otro, muy raros, cayendose de miseria. Con dos o tres palmaido carinosa, con un cocotero jugueten dado en la cabeza manifestaba el P. Fernando en contento y el dichoso que los recibiese ponia sus vanidoso que un oficial que hubiera ganado en la primera escaramuza. Si por el contrario el P. Fernando estaba descontento de alguien y le querie aplicar un correctivo se contentaba con limpiarse la mano despues que el desgraciado le haya besado y si su ira rayebe(?) en odio, retireba la mano y se hacia el desentendido. Las infelices asi castigados se retiraban a su casa tontos, tambalean

fol. 34 (a35)

instrumentos dispuestos de los que sacaban cortos y breves sonidos.

Pero todo lo he de tener que hacer yo! Todo lo he de disponer! exclamo furioso; ya lo has visto, Silmo, dijo dirigendose al Sacristen, cuando se enfade al Among diras lo que has visto. Esperan que les pase la lista!

Vamos, al convento! dijo dando la voz de mando y empezo a endar con prosopopeya.

Y alla se fueron seguidos de la musica que tocaba un hermoso vals. El sol brillaba y sacaba llamas de los instrumentos de laton, brillantes como el oro. El aire estaba

saturado de perfumes, el patio cubierto de flores y plentas hermosas se entregaba por completo e los abrasos

fol. 34v (12)

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chiquillos y gente comun y vulgar: teniale siempre limpia, bien perfumada, con las unas muy limadas y brillentes. Asi que para solemnizar este acto, los principales no se contestaban con ir al convento pasando por la sacristia como vergonzosos que eviten los mirados del vulgo, como se hace en varios pueblos sino que seguidos de la musica se dirijian con el gobernadorcillo e la cabeza, daban un recado [pasaban por todo] al patio como un peloton que va a un acto honroso. El P. Fernando tambien habil diplomatico y conociendo el flaco de sus feligreses las daba por el gusto y daba a besar su linda mano precisamente junto a la ventana por que todo el mundo presenciasse semejante favor. Y e.e dia se abrian todas las ventanas del convento para que el publico viese a los elegidos y dichosos,

fol. 35 (36)

del [aquel] sol. Los almendros se balanceaban, las bongas agitaban sus vardes penachos, susurraban las canas un [canto] murmullo misterioso como risas compromidas, y abajo en el suelo cubiendolo de una alfombra verde, a la rampago sacaba sus flores blancas para esparrcir por el aire un divino perfume. Era la primavera an el pais de la primavera eterna.

fol. 35v (13)

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do y sin saber si el ciclo se va a desplomar sobre ello.

Capitan Lucas como le viimos reunian a sus principales para cumplir con el solemne acto. Muy preocupado debia estar sin duda alguna cuando como diji(?) se limpiaba la frente con el baston mientras tenia debajo del brazo en pañuelo de seda. Y tan preocupado debia estar cuando no noto que todos le aguardaban, que la musica, unos catorce hombres, esperaban respetuosos a cierta distancia, sacando cortos y timidos sonidos de sus instrumentos como ensayandolos despues de sacudir el agua que se ha depositado en el interior.

Capitan Lucas tenia motivos para cometer tantos equivocaciones. Estaba muy intranquilo pensando en que el cura no habia dado la comunion y habie empujado el misal. Se preguntaba el hombre cual podia

fol. 36 (61)

[Cpna Barang estaba riendo a su criade Anday por no haber mandada conseguida.]

Cpna. Barang echaba la culpa a Anday [de la] del hecho

fol. 36v

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relevo de seguro que no habrían notado por el si el cura no lo hubiera mandado. [Cada vez que] Era la tercera vez que empuñaba la vara y cada vez lo hacia peor. A buen seguro, que esta vez oo la volverían a elegir diga lo que quiera el cura. Ya procurarían excusarse.

En esto llego un sacristán avisando que el Curá estaba impaciente y la esperaba. [Tangukan que habré suspendido algunas miredas].

Este aviso le sacó de si a Tengukan y para [quiso] salir de la embarazosa situación en que estaba y darse valor haciéndose el enfadado.

?Dónde están los otros? preguntó mirando en derredor suyo; oíos? el cura nos está esperando .... Por vosotros ....

Ya hace buen rato que estamos todos respondio un cabeza; solo esperábamos sean que dieseis lo

Ya hace buen rato ... buen rato! respondio contrariendo(?); porque no me lo deciais? Esperabais que os pasase la lista y me enterase sí

fol. 37 (b1)

Text on left margin:

"la hija jugaba en el suelo con un"

Cpna. Barang echaba toda la culpa a Anday de que el cura no bendijera a su hija. Segun ella, si Anday se hubiese arrodillado cerca del altar antes que el cura rezase el ultimo evengelio de seguro que la habría bendecido aun cuando estuviese de mal humor.

Que te has creído tu, decía, [que] por tí iba a esperar el cura? Ay, una miserable criada! Si por nosotros que tenemos con que...

Anday, una joven de sus diez y ocho o diez y nueve años, de hermosura marchita y palido semblante, replicaba humildemente que los sacristanes no se lo consentían ni le querían dar la vela se pretesto de que el cura estaba de mal humor, pero Cpna. Barang no la escuchaba y continuaba su reprimenda.

fol. 37v (32)

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proxima elección había ido a contraselo(?) inmediatamente al cura; aquel Crispín tiene tan larga la lengua y con tal de ser elegido y nombrado en su lugar es capaz de vender su alma al diablo. Le ha prometido que como lo sea, le hará trabajar publicamente y le llamará delante de todos, [Kiaw kiaw] Kiti Kiti, mote que algunos malevolos le habían dado a Cpna. Lucas por sus bruscos movimientos y su manera rara de andar. Pero si era ello el motivo, como se explicaba que el enfado del aun solo se manifestase en el ultimo tercio de la misa? Si se babia enfadado porque el pano que el Cpna. Ukang había regulado por hacer el luto del altar era de calidad mediana y no superior como el se lo babia prometido. Sin duda alguna, se había fijado en ella mientras

fol. 38 (b2)

Si nosotros que tenemos con que no hemos podido comulgar y eso que hemos pagado la cedula! Ay! a [ella le babia] mi me costado medio real y de seguro que tengo que confesarme otra vez. Por que como estoy rodeada de tentaciones, Jesus! [Si hubieras conseguido que bendijeran a tu hija tendría menos motivos de pecar.] Por eso te he

prestado un peso y medio, apesar de que el dinero anda muy escaso. Acaso algunas gotas de agua bendita habrían caido sobre tí y todos habrían ganado algo!

Anday bajaba la cabeza y continuaba su trabajo [de doblar las ropas fregando los platos] cepillando y doblando las ropas de la madre y de la hija. Era triste cosa ser acusada de tentadora, delante de muchos pero al fin que iba ella a hacer, motivos babia

fol. 38v (16)

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si faltaba alguno? Tu los has visto, Silmo, dijo disipiendose al sacristán, cuando se enfada el among diras que me has visto esperando que todos estuviesen reunidos. Al convento al convento!

Y enderezándose, [se puso] a la cabeza de la principalia se puso en marcha seguido de la musica que toco un alegre wals.

Tan Ukang andaba un prosopopeya agitando el baston de borlas y haciendo molinetes para apartar las ramas de las rosas, gumiámelas y melindres que adornaban el patio. El sol [estaba] brillaba y calantaba como [un verdadero] sol de Cuaresma haciendo brillar las hojas de un brillo metalico y casi deslumbrador. No obstante, cuando Tangukang descubrió al cura asomado alla salian del convento un ambos mas sobre el antepecho, se descubrió respetuosamente y no

fol. 39 (b3)

para acusarla duramente. Ella se [desgraciado] había tenido la hija con el hijo de su primer amo, por lo cual fue despachada. Ahora su amo Cpna. Pachong exigía de ella toda clase de servicios. Ella no pudo resistir [tuvo que ceder] porque su Cpna. Pachong le estuvo maltratando por muchos días [a una soltera con hija y lo peor es que de no se avergontaba] y maltratando a su hija. Si, ella era una pecadora, pero que iba a hacer? Debia mucho a sus amos y amaba a su hija, [que se recordaban sus primeros] fruto de sus primeros amores. [Pero] Ella aceptaba toda acusación entre ella, pero contra su hija... Santo Dios, su hija apenas tiene año y medio, es tan gentil, tan inocente y si llora cuando ella reza es porque la echa de menos en la oscuridad!

Cpna. Barang seguía su sermon:

Es que eres dura de cabeza y tu quieres que se condene tu hija. Ay! Hay niños que se

fol. 39v

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se volvio a poner el sombrero. Los otros tuvieron que imitarle. Sin embargo el cura no parecio apercibirse ni agradecerlos el saludo: estaba inmóvil en el balcón.

Para darse un poco de valor y mostrar celo en venir al cura, empezo a renir a los tenientes del barrio con motivo del proximo domingo de Rainos.

Que ba estado haciendo durante la semana. Teniente Pablo, que no ha hecho cortar los harigues para los maligay? Y tu, teniente Andong, donde estan los canas para el entoldado? Habeis creido acero que los hemos de suspender de los aires como la torre de Esopo? Quereis que me ríe el P. Cura? a mi siempre me nace responsable de vuestros dejados: como nunca habeis tenido autoridad, no cabeis los compromisos que tiene? A que no podras abrir la boca cuando ahora nuestro buen Padre cura me regane y me

fol. 40 (b4)

han ido al infierno, hay ninos benditos por sus padres a Satanas! Tu misma le vas a llevar al infierno...

Neku, Senora! contesto Anday alarmada; Dios sabe que si pudiera dar mi sangre por mi hija...

[Callate y no respondas] Pues por que no has hecho que le bendije el cura. Es tu [misma dureza de] terquedad, eres muy amiga de hacer lo que es te ocurre.

Senora, si los sacristanes no me dejaban...

Los sacristanes, los sacristanes! Callate y no respondas; eres una respondona y no puedes sufrir que te reprendan. Ay, la que no quiere ser reprendida se queda en su casa y no pide prestado dinero. Por no he trahajado yo para no ser criada y ande de mano en mano. Quien sabe: si hubiera yo sido un coqueta y perezosa

fol. 40v. (17)

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reprenda?

Y siempre que decia el P. Cura senalaba respetado con la cabeza hacia el convento para llamar la atencion del P. Fernando. Los tenientes del barrio, unos pobres, viejos rusticos y temidos respondieron que [ellos] todavia quedaba un semana y si no habian traido nada en por no disputar al Cura, como sucedio cuando la procesion de la Candelaria. El Cura encontraba que tantas canas ensuciaba el patio.

Entre tanto la musica seguia tocando el vals. El P. Fernando salio del balcon bruscamente, dio dos o tres paseos agitados y desaparecio. Nuestros principales apresuraron el paso.

Tanukang con su comitiva entro en el convento, la musica ceso y como si algo temiesen, como ninos

fol. 41 (b5)

Text on left margin:

"Sirvio en casa de Cpn. Panchong: el hijo de este estudiante y que destinaba para cura se enamoro de ella."

acaso estaria tambien ahora sirviendo y pecando noche y dia y dando escandalo a todo el mundo.

Anday bajo la cabeza; las lagrimas se aromaron a sus ojos. Cpn. Barang tenia razon. [Si su padre en vez de jugar al gallo y ser cabeza de barangay] Ella se acordó de les causas de su desdicha. Su padre cabeza de barangay habia resultado desfalcado, habia tenido que emprender varios viajes a la cabecera, estuvo preso, y ellos tuvieron que vender todo, pedir dinero prestido a consecuencia de lo cual ella tuvo que servir. En casa de Cpn. Panchong primeros amos tenia un hijo estudiante que destinaba para cura. El estudiante era guapo y bien parecido y ella se dejo seducir; ella no tenia mas que 16 enos. Los padres del joven al caberlo, le hicieron partir inmediatamente para Manila y a ella despues de azotarla y maltratarle la [despacharon haciendo que ella busca dinero. Su padre se perdonaron si renunciaba para siempre a el y negaba de que haya sido seducido por el futuro]

fol. 41v

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que hubiesen cometido un fechoria subieron las \_\_\_ sobre la punto de los pies sin meter ruido.

Un criado del convento les salio al paso con señor misterioso diciendo:  
Dice el among que V. puedan retirarse!

[Aunque] Algo se esperaba Tanukang pero no tan gordo. Quedose palido y miro de hito en hito al criado como sin comprenderlo.

Este repitio el encargo.

Podemos retirarnos! repitio un voz quebrada Tanukang, retirenos por que? que ha sucedido. Esta enfadado el among?

El criado se encogio de hombres y poniendose a escuchar algunos segundos, [digo en voz baja] hizo un senal indicando

[Tiene barreno el among] la cabeza.

Tiene barreno? se atravio a preguntar Tanukang.

fol. 42 (b6)

Text on left margin:

"Cpn. Barang guardaba a Anday de tener que saliendo a de su poder diese al traste con el sacerdocio de su hija. Ella esperaba despecharle tan pronto a amo(?)".

sacerdote. Ella accedio a todo con tal de no ser despachada, riego que haya sido Titoy su seductor y sufrio resignada [habia muerto entretanto]. Ella paso a servir a una vieja que le hacia rezar mucho, le debe de comer muy poco, pero que por los deseos le trataba bien. Alli dio ella] toda imposicion. Alli dio a hay a una hija qua se llamo Felicidad a luz a su hija que se llamo Felicidad, [pero al cabo de algunos meses le vieja murió y ella tuvo que buscar otros amos, yendo a pasar en casa de Cpn.] la cual fue mal mirada por sus amos desde el principio por hacer creer que no es ninguno \_\_\_\_\_. Meses despues Panchong, Cpn. Panchong, que estaria causado de la sequedad de su esposa a espaldas de Cpn. Barang le empezo a pellizcar y a decirle mil cosas. [Cuando] Como ella se negara, Cpn. Panchong le maltrataba, le hacia trabajo duramente, pegaba a su hija sometiendo a la nina a varios clases de torturas. Anday habria cambiado de amos si hubiere sido facil encontrar quien le prestase dinero] quisiere recibir, pero ella debia mucho, debia setenta pesos [y] Ademas en [otras] las casas que la recibian no le ofrecian de cabrio mas que cuatro

fol. 42v

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Le tiro el chocolate al cocinero por hallarlo demasiado caliente: el cocinero no creia que terminaria la misa tan pronto!

Taunkang miro en torno de si desolado. Los cabezas de barangay y los musicos se habian acercado poco a poco.

Y aling Menang? se atrevo a preguntar en tono algo confidencial.

El criado dijo un gato de terror.

Esta llorando: le among le pezo un grito.

Le [puso] palidas de Taunkang rayo en lividez. Quiso hablar mas, pero una tos(?) significativa que recorrio dentro helo la palabra en sus labios, y de repente bajo las

escaleras tambaleando.

Cuando llego a la calla ni saber lo que se ban y por una mala costumbra empezo[se] a enjugarse el sudor con la manga de su frac mientras sus presos(?) instintivamente

fol. 43 ( b7 )

pesos al año y entonces ella calculaba que para pagar su deuda tendría unos diez y ocho años de su vida, es decir un porvenir de sufrimientos más largo. Y todavía no contaba ella el dinero del tributo que cada año iba a pagar los gastos de ropa, los platos que se puedan romper, las enfermedades de su hija. [Anday] Cpna. Barang le daba siete pesos y medio al año, porque Cpna. Barang se preciaba de caritativa y porque al padre de Anday había salvado una vez la vida a su marido. Ella ganaba ocho años, solo le quedarían diez años de sufrimiento!

El primer año, Anday sufrió todas las tiranías y venganzas de Cpn. Panchong, parte por conservarse fiel a su primer amor, parte por castidad y parte

fol. 44 ( b8 )

por temor de que Cpna. Barang la arrojase de su casa. Cpn. Panchong entonces [mudo de tactica] causado de tanta resistencia, le amenazó con echarla, hallando en ella faltas en todo, quejándose de su hija, hasta que por fin por miedo de ser echada alla cedio llorando y llena de miedo. ?Que podía ella hacer, Dios justo? El joven que la redujo no había vuelto y al pueblo y se decía que pronto iba a ser sacerdote. Ella daba pues la razón a Cpna. Barang resignada y sumisa. Ella se decía que merecía toda clase de insultos de parte de su ama, a quien engañaban a su pesar es verdad, pero que la engañaba al fin. La joven se estremecía pensando en lo que la iba a pesar sin que casualidad su ama se enteraba de sus relaciones en Cpn. Panchong.

El sermon de Cpna. Barang seguía inextinguible. La buena señor creía un acto de virtud predicar

fol. 45 ( b9 )

a aquella infeliz y salvar a la madre y a la hija del infierno. Era visible que el diablo andaba por medio, porque Felicidad lloraba precisamente cuando la madre rezaba. De fijo sa valia de ella el diablo para turbar el rezo y salvarlos a ambos. Y que el diablo anduviese dentro es fácil de comprender; el diablo había jurado impedir al [matris] sacerdocio de su hijo, aquella niña pues esa hija del diablo, eso no cabía duda. Ejemplos parecidos [se] beia[n] cada dia en las novenas y otros libros religiosos.

Una gota de lagrimas cayo sobre la falda de Cpna. Barang y esto le puso fuera de si. Aquella falda la costaba mas de seis pesos!

Pero este maldita! exclamo indignada suspendiendo su sermon; pero no ves lo que hacer? Has manchado mi saya que me ha costado diez pesos! Ahora si te lo

fol. 46 ( b10 )

Text on left margin:

"la nina al ver a su madre empezo a llorar"

pongo en tu cuenta, donde vas a hacer dinero para pagarme?

Ante esta amenaza, Anday olvido sus [dolores] amerguros(?) y se quedó inmóvil. Cpna. Barang le sacó de su inmovilidad dandole un pellizco fuerte y una palmada sobre el cuello.

Si no se ha mencionado, señora! [cootesto] observo la criada enseñando la ropa, con una mirada de reproche en los ojos.

\*Text on left margin:

"y como viese que"

No se ha manchado, no se ha manchado! contesto remedando Cpna. Barang; tu estas llena de razones... No sirves para nada con tus lloriqueos!... No se te puede decir nada sin que al instante te eches a menudo mi madre, yo ponía buena cara y eso que teníamos con que!

Anday no replicó sufrida y paciente, retenía sus lágrimas y basta comprimía sus suspiros

fol. 47) . ( b11 )

procuro poner cara alegre para dar justo a su ama, [levanto la cabeza e iba a doblar la camisa cuando Cpna. Barang] y hacer callar a su hija. Ves tu, ves tu decía Cpna. Barang señalando a la pequeña; ves tu como es tan inteligente. Si digo que el diablo... Pero dejale júgar sola, que no te has de pasar el dia haciéndole callar, ni te pego yo por eso! anadio furiosa viendo como Anday llorando y riendo hacia callar a su hija diciendo que no la había pasado nada.

Si crees tu que te doy siete pares y medio para que pases tu tiempo jugando con tu hija... Ay! cuando yo era mas joven, apenas podía ocuparme de mis hijos y se tenían que callar. Así el diablo no ha podido nunca entrar en sus cuerpos. Pero tu conocimientos(?) que tu hija juegue y chille...

fol. 48 ( b12 )

Anday dejó a su hija dandole antes por juguete un tacón de zapato. La niña se lo llevó a su boca.

Si vas a seguir así, si no te has de corregir, dijo Cpna. Barang, vale mas que busques otros amos. Yo no quiero tener cargos delante de Dios. No quiero que cuando me nucen(?) me acuse de haberlo dejado condenante a ti y a tu hija!

Señora, [si mi hija es tan] yo soy todo lo que V. quiere pero le aseguro a V. que mi hija es muy buena, V. no le conoce, le aseguro a V.

Y sin poderse contener, Anday temiendo ser arrojada y pensando en su hija rompió de nuevo a sollozar.

Cpna. Barang iba a renirle de nuevo cuando se quedó pasade viendo llegar a su marido en brazos de dos cabezas de barangay. [Alborotose la cara] Cpn. Panchong estaba deplorable; lanzaba suspiros y decía

Barang...Barang!

fol. 49 ( c )

Panchitong venía del tribunal en un estado que daba pena. El frac medio caído, el pantalón arrastrando y la corbata [por] azul pór encima del cuello de la camisa, sobre el cuello, como el cordón enviado por algún sultán. Suspiraba, encandilaba los ojos y gernia: Barang, Barang!

El Cura, terrible dictu, no habia querido recibir e le principalia [prestando que se] asi es que no hubo besamanos y todos tuvieron que retirarse llenos de inquietud y coosternacion. Nunca en la memoria de los de Pili habia sucedido cosa parecida: los frailes tratandose de besamanos se levantaban aun ea el lecho de la muerte. Y para aumentar su inquietud el criado del cura [habia] dijn e Panchitong en secreto que el among habia chillado a la Menang y arrojado la taza de chocolate el cocinero por ballarlo demasiado caliente. Con estas noticias Panchitong y sus principe

fol. 50 (c2)

les dejaron corriendo el convento huyendo de algun garrotazo Cabishajos sa dirijeron al tribunal para deliberar como en Roma en la epoca da calamidad publica; los musicos se retiraron a sus casas, tentados de tocar una marcha funebre a la menor indicacion.

En el tribunal no se hablo de [nada] otra cose. La cuestion de los Maligay y de le proxima semana Santa se dejó enteramente a un lado. Un detenido, preso sin saber porque ni por orden de quien, se quejaba de tener hambre pero se callo al oir que amenazaban con doce bejucezos a un infeliz que se quejaba de haber sido saqueado en la noche anterior por ladrones vestidos de guardia civil. Un teniente mayor que quiso hablar de las reses que morian de peste en su barrio fue censurado acremente por todos por su negligencia en no mandar que los animales se bendijan. Como el teniente del barrio observara

fol. 51 (c3)

que los muertos estaban todos bendecidos, Panchitong replico de mal humor qua si estan muertos muertos se quedarian pues el no podie resuscitarlos y que lo que urgia era saber como aplacar el enfado del cura por medio de un regalo.

Senor, el puente de nuestro barrio esta roto, observo otro teniente, y los campesinos...

Panchitong se encolerizo:

Sois un tooto; veis que aqui estamos tratando de cosas urgentes e importantes y venis a bablamos de puentes. Si vuestro puente esta roto, roto se ha de quedar, y si no sabeis nadar, ahogaos que hay gente de sobra! [Y que] Por mi, repuso humildemente el teniente de barrio; yo vadeo el rio y no me mojo mas que hasta los sobacos, pero como se hablaba de regalos, la lena

fol. 52 (c4)

para el Cura se ha de mojar...

Pasedla sobre las cabezas! termino Panchitong.

Y pensaba dentro de si que le importaba poco que se hundieran todos los puentes del mundn con tal que su reeleccion o peligrase. ?Le iban acaso a sacar da apuro los campesinos si no se mojaban? Votariao por el? Si son todos unos infames: los cabezas iban a votar por Cpn. Crispin que les ba prometido trescientos pesos a cada uno. Y si su enemigo triunfaba iban los [puentes] campesinos a impedir que le llamase en publico...? Al contrario, todos se reirian y se pondrian de la parte del otro! Son tan infames!

La junta se termino sin haberse tomado ningun acuerdo, y Panchitong se retiraba ya a su casa lleno de la mas negra inquietud, cuando

fol. 53 (c5)

quiso su mala estrella que se encontrase con Cpn. Crispin. El buen Senor [venia al convento] con cara de Parenas se dirigia al convento en compania de un criado del cura. Panchitong sintio que sus piernas le flaqueaban, que su sangre se concentraba en su corazon. Y para acabarle de aplastar Cpn. Crispin punhando uno de las cabezas, grito en alta voz:

Seguramente!

Aquel seguramente peoso Panchitong, quiere decir que me llamara seguramente delante de todos...Jesus! Cpn. Crispin era capaz de todo. Ante este pensamiento, el pobre hombre viendose ya motijado, objeto de la rica publica, impotente y sio su padrino el cura, perdio sus fuerzas por completo y se habria desplomado a no acudir en su socorro dos cabezas de barangay.

Asi sembro la alarma en su casa haciendo

fol. 53v

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hombre para dominarle; era afeminado y sus aspiraciones no pasaban mas alli de guiar(?) una araná y alternar con los ayudantes del general; tal otro joven abogado, tenido por buen muchacho, se rebajaba demasiado y intrigaba de sobre para conseguir un plaza de promotor fiscal; el medico F. creia poderle reducir nsando quevedos y dejando crecer los bigotes; el empleado C. hablaba a cada momento de sus amistades en la corte, mientras que en Manila mendigaban las sonrisas de los frailes como agarrandose a sus habitos; el oficial Z. fanfarroneaba demasiado y se permitia ciertas irreverencias con los ordenes religiosos mientras no tenia delante a ninguno de sotana, y se volvia muy prudente y conciliador [cuando algun] delante del ultimo lego.

Asi sacudia ella su cabeza y sonreia con su sonrisa dolorosa y enigmatica de esfinge, impenetraba

fol. 54 (c6)

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creer en un golpe de viento. Acostaronle y le desnudaron Cpna. Barang para hacerle volver en si le estiraba de ciertos partes del cuerpo, le pellizcaba; aplicaronle ajos, cebollas, mostaza y otras especies como si fueran a [adobarle] hacer un adobo del pobre Panchitong. Acudian los vecinos, las vecinas; Cecilia quiso mandar llamar al medico pero Cpna. Barang detuvo tres veces al criado calculando lo que cortaban las visitas y haciendose la cuenta de qua si Panchitong vivia hasta la noche podia verle de paso el medico que visitaba la casa como pretendiente de Cecilia.

Cnun Panchitong siguise quejandose y dejandose adobar las buenas vecinas aplicabanle todos los remedios imaginables. [Mana Sebia] Una devota bablaha de la medida del pie de la Virgen infalible para curar la sarne(?) y el reumatismo, otra de le religion de cierto santo buena para el dolor de barriga, basta que Cpna.

fol. 54v (c4)

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solo no se arreglaria, que el teniente del barrio anduviese con cuidado por que el

le mandaria [egotar] dar veinticinco azotes.

Por mi, señor Capitan, contesto el teniente del barrio no me quejo. Vos me podeis mandar azotar porque teneis el poder en vuestras manos .... Yo [pasos] vadon el río y no me mojo mas que hasta la cintura, pero la carga de leña para el cura no puede pasar. Si se moja ....

Panchitong decia que todos eran unos ioutiles, que nadie sabia disponer; si se hunde el puente ?porque no se construye otro? Querian ellos que el cura lo rinese!

Y pensaba dentro de si que le importaba poco que se hundieren todos los puentes del mundo con tal de que el cura no se enfadase porque entonces peligraria su reelección! Que? Se iban a ayudar los campesinos del barrio a salir un primer lugar. Si con todos

fol. 55 (c7)

Barang se acordó de una botella de agua bendita que tenía guardada por consejo del cura. Aquella agua, al decir del cura y de Mana Sebia, podía curar toda clase de enfermedad:

Dieronsele a beber a Panchitong, quien se dejaba hacer todo como si realmente estuviese en peligro de muerte. El infeliz la bebió toda aunque se quejaba de su sabor y algunos minutos después arrojó los restos de su desayuno, poto y tapa con arroz tostado, cosa que le hizo creer que en efecto era grave su enfermedad. A las once pidió confesión.

Mientras Mana Sebia se iba al convento para suplicar al Cura se sirviesen [confesar] venir Cecilia que se encontraba junto a la cama se había quedado silenciosa y pensaba. Con las manos juntas, sueltas sobre su regazo miraba al espacio [pensativa] inmóvil con su mirada de eterna indagación.

Ella adivinaba la causa de la enfermedad,

fol. 55v. (c3)

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que morían en un barrio y apetaban: las reses morían a decenas y no había brazos para sepultarlos. Alguien propuso quemarlos citando ciertas palabras del [dr] licenciado Lopez, pero Pancbitong salió con que el Cura estaba enfadado porque [los] muchos animales no estaban bendecidos todavía, y por eso había peste. Como alguien observara que los animales muertos eran de los primeros que se habían bendecido pagando cinco pesos por cabeza, Panchitong terminó la discusión diciendo que los muertos muertos estaban y que lo que ahora urgía era saber porque estaba enfadado el cura, para tratar de aplacarle. Y como nadie se atreviese a decir su opinión y [ell] un teniente del barrio hiciese recordar que por haberse roto el puente que unía su barrio al pueblo, los [carga de leña para el Cura no podía] campesinos no podían venir, Panchitong se encolerizó diciendo que todos eran unos tontos; que el puente si estaba roto, roto estaba ya y por se

fol. 56 (c8)

ella que empezaba a comprender el carácter de su padre: adivinaba la causa del mal humor del cura, y ahora pensaba en que dentro de poco el cura iba a llegar tal vez y le venía. Ante este pensamiento, levantose, salió del epasento y se fue a su cuarto que daba sobre un jardín [Las] flores del país en tiestos azules y rojas se veían allí colocadas,

banados coo cal en linea sobre una ancha balaustrada en que terminaba un bajo muro, sobre la tierra a orillas de un pequeño canal, que servía para el riego. Palitos de cana coronados con cascarras de huevo para preservarlos de la lluvia alegraban las flores dando una nota blanca entre las rosas y las hojas: los cactus florecían, sacando flores grandes y blancas con que compensaban la fealdad del tallo; la flor de pascua enrojía sus brazos(?) en su rojo subido.

fol. 56v. (c6)

cruel, de ser motejado en público, de probabilidad segurísima puesto que Cpn. Crispin estaba en bien con el cura, las fuerzas le abandonaron por completo y se habría caído en tierra si dos cabezas de barangay no hubiesen acudido en su socorro.

Palido y cubierto de frío sudor llegó a su casa sembrando la alarma cerraronse rápidamente las ventanas, [Cecilia acudió Cpn]. Barang se olvidó de sermonear al Anday y los dos perdiendo ambos] y entre preguntas, gritos y lamentos se le puso en cama después de desembarazarle de su frac.

Todos decían de que le había dado un viento y al instante le aplicaron ajos, cebollas, mostaza y otras especies [mas] como si quisieran hacer un adobo del pobre Panchitong, Cpn. Barang alboroté pero [no] quería mandar llamar [al] un médico pero tres veces detuvo al criado pensando en lo que

fol. 57 (c9)

y subía hasta sus balcones un olor a primavera un efluvio saturado de esencias y de calor.

Al asomarse al balcón sus ojos se encontraron con la figura de Ysagani, el sobrino del nuevo coadjutor. El joven pasaba, mirando hacia la ventana, sus ojos se encontraron, ella ensayó una sonrisa y el joven se quitó el sombrero saludando. Cecilia sintió una llamada subirse a las mejillas, quiso retirarse, pero [sus pies no se movieron] pronto reflexionó que sería peor, aparente indiferencia y aunque dirigía los ojos hacia el jardín ella veía muy bien alejarse al joven.

Cecilia sentía cierta [graciosa] infantil irritación contra consigo misma. Que? estaba ella enamorada de aquel [Jose] sobrino de un coadjutor [de quien] tanto criticaban de orgulloso sus nuevas amigas?

fol. 57v (23)

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la pusilanimidad de su padre, pusilanimidad que le indigenaba ahora que le veía con sus ojos de joven. Ella se había creado un tipo de hombre contemplando a su tía: [ella reflexionaba inconscientemente dentro de si] admirando el carácter y la inteligencia de aquella mujer, ella decía para si si la mujer es así, el hombre debe ser la hermosura, la fuerza, la decisión, la nobleza, la [indulgencia] inteligencia, el valor, y en su cerebro de virgen se había formado sin quererlo un ideal grande, hermoso que se le aparecía en sueños y adquiría cierta realidad a sus ojos. [Así se explica su frialdad ante] Ella [sabía] presentía que este ser existía o debía existir y que tarde o temprano se iba a encontrar con él y la iba a amar, y ella lo correspondería y venían felices. Así se explica su destino(?) hacia cuantos les habían pretendido: Tal joven riquísimo, hijo de una familia muy adinerada , eso esa a sus ojos demasiado

fol. 58 (c10)

sin duda que no: aquel joven le interesaba por haber oido hablar de el aun estando en Manila en la casa de su tia.

Y por el curso natural de los pensamientos Cecilia penso en su vida en Manila. Una hermana de su madre, la celebre mujer-abogada Dona Orang la habia educado dejandola a su muerte heredera de su inmensa fortuna, consistente en depositos en el Baoco y en fincas cuya administracion elle tendria cuando fuese mayor de edad.

En la sociedad de aquella extraordinaria mujer y en la escogida sociedad que la frecuentaba se habia formado su imaginacion y su caracter. Ella, cuendo le llego la edad de sonar, se habia creado un tipo de hombre, un ideal que su fantasie de virgin fuerte y severa adoraba, adornado de les virtudes

fol. 58v (c2)

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[Baran] Para mayor desgracia suya, Panchitong en vez de retirarse se dirijo al tribunal para [Panchitong venia del tribunal y daba testima verle donde habia tenido] que presidir la junta. Habia que [para] tratar de varios asuntos, la habia presidido pero Panchitong se acordaba de ella como de una cosa oida en suenos. Hubo gestos, proposiciones timidas, sombras, rumores confusos, algo de lo proxima semana santa, de los maligay que se habian de construir para el proximo domingo de Ramos. Se hablo de un detenido que esta en la carcel hacia dos dias y se quejaba de tener hambre. Nadia sabia porque estaba preso. El teniente mayor habia dicho que el taniente del barrio, el teniente del barrio que el Juez de Paz, el Juez de Paz decia el gobernadorcillo, Panchitong no se ocupaba [acordaha] de nada, y [pensaba estaba alejado habia preguntado] se desnababa (?) los dos dedos de resos por saber porque estaba enfadado el cura. Uno babilo de una partida de bandoleros que hahian saqueado una casa, otro de los animales

fol. 59 (c11)

mas brillantes de las cualidades mas raras. Valor, juventud, generosidad, heroismo, desinteres eran sus naturales atributos y de alli resultaba que al despertarse ante la realidad de sus adorados, al oir sus pastoras palabras, al ver lo vulgar de sus acciones, [ella cerraba los ojos] sonreia con sonrisa de tristeza cerraba los ojos como si quisiese dormir para sonar el sueno de sus noches de virgin. Tal rico joven de familia acaudalada no era demasiado hombre para que ella le confiara su porvenir, a lo mas le confiaria una arena o una pareja de caballos que era lo que mas entendia; el abogado don Pepito tenido por buen muchacho la sacrificaria de seguro por no renir con los que le podian procurar una promotoria fiscal, que se figuraba el medico

fol. 59v (c10)

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de la ocasion tanto mas cuanto que no sabia ella como educarla teniendo tantos gastos con el hijo mayor que ya entonces estudiabas.

Cecilia se educó en casa de Dona Orang, allí pasó su niñez allí se hizo joven, pasando solo janos/paños(?) dos o tres días del año en Pilí durante la fiesta del pueblo. Cpn. Barang había sacrificado su amor de madre a su amor al dinero y poco a poco

habia conseguido acollar y matar la poca ternura que se abrigaba en su descarnedo torax.

Asi se hizo la joven Cecilia y permanecio en Manila hasta que murió Dona Orang, aconticimiento que tuvo lugar [tres meses antes de la fecha en que] el noviembre del pasado año dejando a Cecilia como se esperaba heredera de una cuantiosa fortuna consistente en fincas y en deposito en el Banco, de los que solo podria disponer la joven cuando fuere

fol. 60 (c12)

Lopez que pretendia seducirle a fuerza de etusarse los bigotes, ponerse [unos] quevedos y usar terminos cientificos e cada paso? Y el almacenero que no perdonaba ocasion da heblar de sus emistades en la Corte mientras mendigaba las sonrisas del cura y el Oficial que se permitia un aire de despreocupado mientras no tenia delante ninguna sotana!

Medio hombres...apariencia de hombres! murmuraba una voz dentro de ella.

[Y ella suspiraba, levantaba los ojos y queria ver si habia algo digno y sus ojos se encontraban con la figura taciturna de Ysagani, enigmatica, silenciosa, incomprendible y mas alla, mas alla se dibujaba en medio de una]

fol. 61 (c13)

Ella los veia arrastrandose al pie de una inmensa montane, sombras palidas, danzando y sonriendo llenas de temor y como al impulso de una voluntad mas podarosa. Ella apartaba la vista de aquel desagradable cuadro, miraba hacia arriba y se ancontraba alli con la figura taciturna de Ysagani, enigmatica, silenciosa, incomprendible, [mirandola con sus ojos] y mas alla, mas arriba en la cumbre, sentado como un soberano la figura imponente del cura amenazando con el pie a los que se arrastraban an el suelo, desdenora, arrogante como un soberano triunfador.

Ese si es un hombre murmuraba la voz interior.

Cecilia cerro los ojos.

Que [hermosas flores tiene V.] esta V. baciendo ahí? le dijo una

fol. 62 (c14)

voz.

Cecilia se volvio retrocediendo. Era el Cura que [se le habia acercado seguido acomp de su madra] a buscarle. El Cura tenia entrada libre no solo en todas las casas de Pilí sino aun en todos los aposentos de las casas de Pilí.

[El Cura habia venido trayendo consigo una botella llena de agua, que decia agua de Jordan; habia sabido que Cpn. Panchitong se habia puesto enfermo y el venia a traerle un remedio que decia infalible. A el le habia curado de

He sabido que su padre de V. se ba puesto enfermo, repuso Fr. Agaton acercandose y examinando rapidamente el jardio; yo mismo le he traído agua del Jordan que es infalible contra cualquier mal; esta mañana estaba enfermo...

fol. 63 (c15)

Fr. Agaton se detuvo. Habia dicho Cpn. Baraoq que el agua la habia arrado/

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arsado(?) instantaneamente.

[Y como Y como reinase un sileocio enibar(?)] Ah! exclamo Cecilia creyendo que algo debia decir al ver que el fraile se callaba [miran]

Que hermosas flores tiene V.! repuso entonces acercandose mas y mirando a todas partes; Cuantas rosas, cuantas dalias, que azucenas... es aquello camelia? [Como consigue V. hacer] Camelias tiene V. florecer? [camelias] Oh

[Cuidandolas, segun les conviene, repuso Cecilia que se iba reponiendo algo da su emocion.]

V. hace florecer todo, los espinos en sus manos produciran rosas.

Y Fr. Agaton la envolvia en su mirada, se acercaba poco a poco a ella sonriendo con sonrisa de triunfador.

fol. 64 ( c16 )

En aquel momento se oyeron voces y exclamaciones, [abriose] y asomosa panchitong [son]riendo y llorando, haciendo genuflexiones tendidas las manos de antemano para besar la del Cura. Detras venia Cpna. Barang con unas cuantas beatas y curiosos.

Cracias, among, muchas gracias among! decia Panchitong; ya estoy bueno.

Eh! que decia yo, dijo el cura volviendose solemnemente con su aire triunfador; el agua del Jordan.

Bueno pues among el agua del Jordan!

El agua bendita indudablemente es buena, pero la del Jordan... He recibido nada mas que unos cuantos botallas...

Todas las beatas pidieron an coro unas gotas.

fol. 65 ( c17 )

Diez pesos me cuenta cada botellita.

Las devotas decian que aunque costare veinte nada importare: se economizarian medicinas y visitas de medico.

Cecilia a todo esto no decia una palabra: sus ojos iban de su padre al cura y dal cura a su padre.

Panchitong estaba en efecto turado.

He venido a arreglar un asunto, anadio el cura: Cecilia decia que no podia encargarse de hacer mi palma para el domingo de Ramos por no saber hacer flores; que las baga de flores artificiales. Precisamente el jardin este lleno. La mia treinta pesos y las de las dos coadjutores a cinco. Eh? trato hecho!

Todas las mujeres se hacia lenguas de la generosidad del cura. Cpna. Barang aceptaba por su

fol. 66 ( c18 )

hija una palma de flores artificiales costan 30\$, nunca se habia visto cosa igual.

fol. 67 ( c1 )

[Don Gualterio/Sinecio] Cpn. Pachoy era un hombre que frisaba en sus treinta y ocho o cuarenta anos. De estatura mediana, mas bien grueso qia delgado

fol. 68 ( c7 )

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costaba una visita y al fin se decidio por no llamar calculando que si Panchitong vivia hasta la noche, el medio que visitaba la casa por Cecilia le podia ver de paso como quien no quiere la cosa.

Cecilia que se puso al tanto de todo y adivino la causa de la enfermedad no pudo contener un movimiento de impaciencia quedandose algo pensativa. [Azomose al balcon de su cuarto para distraerse] Ella adivinaba algo del mal humor del cura pero no se atrevia a confesarselo ella misma la indignaba y ruborizaba.

Azomose al balcon quedaba a un pequeno jardin lleno de macetas y tiestos de diferentes tamanos y formas arriprados(?) en diferentes epochas. Quizo alejar de su pensamiento la obsesion del Cura, pasando en revista sus flores, pero las flores le recordarme que ellos (iban a ser) estaban destinados a la palma que el Cura debia llevar

fol. 69 ( c8 )

en la procesion del domingo de Ramos. Todos los anos, las jovenes que aun no pagaban cedula personal tenian que dar diez cuartos por la cedula de confession, y con este dinero se compraba una palma para el cura. Todos los anos se recogia unos 50\$ y entonces se encargaba una palma con flores artificiales, pero este ano el cura habia encargado de su confeccion a Cecilia que acababa de venir de Manila. Cecilia que sentia cierta repugnancia de hacerlo quiso creernete(?) alegando que no sabia hacer flores de tela, pero Fr. Agaton salvo al inconveniente diciendo que lo preferia de flores naturales, y de estos Cecilia tenia bastante en su jardin. Cecilia quiso pensar en su tia an la celebre Dona Orang.

Cecilia no se habia educado en Pili sino en Manila y hacia pocas semanas que habia llegado

fol. 69v

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una partida de bandoleros que merodeaba en tomo, un puente de cana que venia de hundise. Habia el dicho si o no a las preguntas que se le dirigieron. Tanukang no se acordaba. (Que le importaban a el que) El mundo podia rinerse(?) abajo, nada le importaba, puesto que estaban enfadado el cura, y seguramente peligraba su reeleccion. Alli estaba el quid! No iba el a ser reelegido y Don Crispin seria seguramente elegido en su lugar y cumpliria su promesa de llamarle Kiao Kiao delante de todos. Este pensamiento le volvia loco.

Suspirando y enjugandose la frente llego a su casa sembrando la alarma. Cpna. Ynay, le vieja que vimos en la iglesia, al verle empezo a alborotar creyendo que su marido se le moria; Marcela arriesgo

fol. 70 ( c1 )

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La plaza del pueblo ofrecia mucha animacion.

A un lado se veian numerosos grupos de muchachos discurriendo y discutiendo

animadamente entre las tiendas de comidas y golosinas servidas por mujeres. Los chicos llevaban huevos de gallina y jugaban al conocido juego de tuktukan, usado durante la cuaresma. Mientras los padres juegan sus fortunas en la gallera, los hijos con una proporcion logica admirable y mientras [esperan un] maduran juegan con los huevos. La unica diferencia era que en la lucha de gallos el desgraciado perdia su dinero, mientras que en la lucha de los huevos el vencido pasaba a poder del vencedor. Cuestion de historia como diria Darwin: en la infancia de los [naciones la] pueblos el debil [era] pasaba a ser esclavo; entre las naciones viejas se paga la indemnizacion y cada uno se queda con sus cadaveres: la logica es la ley de la naturaleza.

Mientras por un lado los muchachos santificaban

fol. 71 (c2)

[de este modo la cuaresma poniendo todo su cuidado en examinar los huevos, juzgando de su resistencia y del grosor de su \_\_\_\_\_ golpeandoles suavemente contra los incisivos superiores discutiendo quien debe ponerse debajo para recibir el golpe equilibrando en lo posible todas las ventajas despues de un estudio sabio y minucioso de los lances y condiciones fisicas de los huevos]

nb. Text above really crossed out!

de este modo la cuaresma, por hacia el otro [estremo] lado de la plaza, el que confina con el patio se notaba otra clase de animacion. Habia alli pequenos altarcitos de cana cubiertos de [esteras] unos y de sawali otros destinados a marcar los pasos de nuestro Senor. Antiguamente las estaciones se hacian dentro del templo delante de los doce [cuadritos de cromo] cromos que representan la Pasion desde Pilato hasta el sepulcro, pero desde

fol. 71v (c1)

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A la tarde, en la plaza del pueblo ya hahia mucha [concurrida]. Numerosos puestos de comidillas y golosinas, tiendas de pansit, empanadas y estacionaban alli para esperar a los devotos que iban a la iglesia por la estacion. Una multitud de muchachas discurría de [ aqui para] un lado a otro discutiendo con animacion [Jugaban a los huevos] llegando huevos en las manos. Mientras sus padres, en la gallera se dedican a los gallos. los hijos con una proporcion logica admirable jugaban con los huevos los primeros las hacian pelear sirviendose de un justante botellador, (?) los ultimos los hacian chocar entre si y perdia el que tenia la cascara menos resistente. La unica diferencia en que en la lucha de gallos el que perdia dinero y conservaba el cadaver, en la lucha de huevos, el perdido pasaba a poder del vencedor. Cuestion de historia: en la infancia de las naciones, el pueblo perdido pasaba a ser esclavo; entre las naciones viejas o avanzados se pagaba una indemnizacion. La logica es la ley de la naturaleza.

fol. 72 (c3)

que Marcela habia llegado [y] ordeno el cura que las estaciones se hicieron en el patio delante de altares que aproposito habia mandado levantar al gobernador. Esto tenia la ventaja de bacer menos calor y de rezarse las estaciones a la vista del Cura que las podia presenciar desde las ventanas del convento y vigilar asi a su conveniente direccion.

Con calma pacientisima iba la procesion encabezada por el Maestro de la Cofradia a quien seguia sumiso y resignado el Jesus Nazareno con un rostro en que estaba estereotipada la sorpresa. Parecia que la divina imagen no acababa de comprender como pudiesen abuscar de su complacencia infinita. Verdad es tambien que debajo de sus andas babia otros mas infelices, los cuatro que le llevaban vestidos estranamente

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A la noche el P. Fernando como [de costumbre visito la casa de Cpn. Ukan] para dar las gracias por los regalos que Tanukag le habia enviado, visito la casa. Tanukang habia enviado al cura un par de zapatillas de abalorio qu" babia bordado el Cura.

fol. 73 (c4)

mitad sacristanes mitad ahorcados: a estos devotos los llamaban alli reputados. Detras seguia la Dolorosa, llorando como siempre y como diciendo a la gente pero no estais viendo cuanto nos ahurris! Y luego sigue un tropel de cofrades, devotas, beatas, hermanas, jovenes curiosos, alegres, y risuenas que van a la estacion para [divirtirse] ninos muchachos que van por curiosidad arrodillandose, y besando la tiarra y levantandose cada vez que el jefe de la cofradia lo hacia todo alternando con la misma musica de los cantores notable por el chillido particular del clarinete.

En la plaza se [ven un joven] notaba mucho movimiento.

Silvino el hijo de Cpn. J. recoria varios grupos buscando un adversario. El jovencuelo llevaba en un pañuelo de seda una media docana de huavos ganados an buena [lid?]

fol. 73v (c3)  
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Que? Teneis miedo? Vaya, yo recibo el golpe.

Y viendo que tampoco se arriesgaba nadie, se dirijo al [un muchacho de menos edad que el aunque por su camisa pero] hijo de D. Crispin que tambien se encontraba entre la multitud.

Vamos nosotros dos! le dijo con cierto aire provocador.  
Cecilio el hijo de Cpn. Crispin ese timido, respondio.

No quiero dijo, estoy de malos.

Lo que tienes es miedo repuso con dudon Silvino.

Que miedo, contesto picado Cecilio; vamos a examinar los huevos: tu no dejas que te cojan el tuyo, porque esta relleno de ladrillo.

Esta le puso fuera de si a Silvino de por si facilmente irritable.

Que ladrillo vas a decir: eres con [cicus?] de cobardes; lo que hay es que tienes miedo como tu padre.

Como mi padre? Cuando tuvo miedo mi padre?

fol. 74 (c5)

Tuktukan! decia triunfante con cierta mirada maliciosa.  
Los chicos al ver sus ganancias se apartaban desconfiados y no aceptaban el reto.

[Lemian?] la suerte de los huevos ganados e instintivamente escondian el suyo.

Tuktukan, quien se alreve? repetia.

Todos rehuian el combate tanto mas cuanto que se empezaba e susurrar que el huevo de Silbino podia estar contrahecho.

Los muchachos eo efecto tenian muchos maneras de falsificar un huevo. No se contentaban componerlo en aceite, algunos los vaciaban por medio da un agujero hecho con una aguja y despues la rellaneban ya con brea ya con polvos de ladrillo que sabian despues endurecer.

fol. 74v (c2)

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[Mientras] Entre los grupos de muchachos [vemos?] a [un para acto] Silvino al hijo de Tanukang bien vestido llevando en un catillo varios huevos e invitando a otros muchachos. [Muchos chicos] Silvino ya tenie una cesta de huevos ganados y recorria los grupos llamando competidores.

Tuktukan! decia triunfante.

Las otros muchachos, al ver los huevos del cesto, se apertaban y rehusaban el combate: Silbino tenia mala fama entre los muchachos por su caracter imponente y exigente sobre todo [desde] cuando que su padre ocupa el poder. Ademas contribuia no poco a este [tercer?] actitud, el temor de que piedan(?) se susurraba que Silvino se valia de un huevo relleno de ladrillo fino endurecido en cole.

Tuktukan! gritaba cada vez mas arrogante; [que]

Y como viese que muchos volvian la cabeza y se quedaba silenciosos.

fol. 75 (c6)

[Silbino se encon] Un muchachuelo de pocos anos que iria por primera vez a la plaza con un huevo fresco y llamante oyo la invitacion de Silvino. Descoro de entrar en buena lid acepto la invitacion.

Bueno, tuktukan! respondio el pequeno algo encocionedo; quien se pone debajo?

Tu! le conteste Silbino.

No ponte tu! contesta el muchacho ensejado su huevo contra sus dientes incisivos como para asegurarse de su resistencia por medio de golpecitos suaves y delicados.

Bueno, bueno! asintio Silvino echandose los generoso; yo me pongo debajo

Y dispuso su huevo enriendolo con la pelma de la mano dejando solo libra le punta mas aguda entre le abertura que dejabe su indice y su pulgar. Los chicos saben por experienca que entre los huevos

fol. 76 (c7)

igualmente resistentes pierde el que se pone debajo y recibe el golpe.

Pero, observo el pequeno acordandose de los usos establecidos; examinemos los huevos antes.

Y alegraba el suyo para que el otro lo ensayose contra sus incisivos.

Silvino lo cogio y con gran cuidado lo estuvo chocando contra sus diantae. Levantaba los ojos a fuer de conocedos para poner mucha atencion. El huevo daba un sonido mate y resistente. Era verdaderamente un buen huevo para debutar.

Ahora, dejame que examine el tuyo dijo el pequeno alargando la mano.

Eso no, contesto Silbino.

Tu bas examinado el mio!

Yo ya te doy la ventaja de colocarme

fol. 77 (c8)

debajo, replico el jovenzuelo; yo no [te] lo [quiero dar] puedo confer a nadie porque no se quiebre: he pagado por el un real. Si quieres lo hare sonar y tu escucha.

El chico accedio! Silbino lo hizo chocar delicadamente contra un [diente?]. Daba un sonido seco y mate. El pequeno bien que no entendiese mucho o solo deseale la formalidad puro poca atencion, se dio por satisfecho y pidio el combate Silbino coloco el suyo en posicion sonriendo maliciosamente; el pequeno con el ardor de un novato cogio el suyo con la mano derecha apoyando el extremo romo sobre la palma y dio un golpe fuerte y vivo. Un sonido quebrado se oyo.

El pequeno se puso palido [y las lagrimas se le arom] mientras que Silvino se echo a reir.

fol. 78 (c9)

Dame el huevo, dijo [sacandolo]

Y lo saco de la mano del pequeno quien lo dio sin poda decir una palabra El chico estaba palido viendo como se iba toda su alegría. Las lagrimas se la aromaron y empezo a llorar.

Entre tanto Silbino triunfante seguia gritando.

Tuktukan! tuktukan! quien quiere. Un joven que habia asistido al anterior juego, se habia sonreido diaholicamente desaprecio un momento confundiendose con la multitud Silvino al encontrarle.

A nosotros dos Ape? le dijo.

Ape se sonrio.

Que? no te atreves?

fol. 79 (c10)

Ape era el hijo de otro rico del pueblo, el unico rival de Cpn. J.

Yo no quiero jugar mi huevo sin [apueston?]] contesto Ape algo desdenoso y Zumbon.

Pues juguemos con apuesta contesto Silbino pisado; que quieres?

Un peso y ademas todo lo que has ganado.

Dos pesos!

Bueno, dos pesos!

Los demas muchachos al oir que se trataba de apuestas se acercaron formando un corro muy apretado al redor de los dos jovenes. Aquellos dos eran las mas considerados en el pueblo, era pues una lucha entre dos champions.

Las apuestas los liemos de depositar en poder

fol. 80 (c11)

de este dijo sonalando a otro joven.

[Naku! Que le babra pasada a nuestro cura? En el nombre del Padre.] Lea! contesto Silvino.

Y seguro de ganar saco de un bolsa dos pesos y entregó ademas los huevos que

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tenia en el pañuelo. Ape hizo lo mismo. En torno de ellos habia cierto silencio producido por la emocion. Silbino se mordia los labios y miraba hacia la mano del que tenia las cuatro pesos teniendoles como segun. Ape tenia la frente [formeida?] y [no decia ha una palabra.] bablase apenas.

Ensayamos los huevos? pregunto este.

Para que?

Como quieras! Quien se pone debajo?

Tu.

No tu.

fol. 80v (c1)

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Bendito y alabado sea el Santisimo... Cpna [Barang] Sebia, Capna Sebia ! exclamo una mujer delgada y flaca tocando con el codo a una gruesa que [do?] caheceaba arrodillada a su lado sobre sus [telones?]

La mujer gruesa sacudido se desperto y [perdio por completa] abrio parejosamente los ojos.

[Que hay capitana Barang? pregunto] Sanctus Deus, Sanctus fortis! contesto la gorda restregandose los ojos y tratando de hacer la senal de la cruz.

No [haberisto?] Cabelang Sebia?

El cual? pregunto la gorda abriendo los ojos y perdiendo el sueno.

El Cura, Cahesang Sebia, el Cura! Ha empujado el misal esta enfadado. Quo le habia pasado.

La gruesa [miso] trato

fol. 81 (c12)

Cara o cruz.

Echad suertes! repuso un tercero.

Tienes razon: [cara o cruz?] pregunto Silvino.

Echaron suertes: a Ape le toco colocarse debajo y recibir el golpe. Una sonria diabolica ilumino el rostro de Silvino. Ape protegio el huevo con mucho cuidado, con ambas manos solo dejando descubierto un pequeno espacio bastante para quo el huevo de Silbino lo pudiese tocar. Silbino sin poder contener la alegría se dispuso a golpear.

Van todos los huevo ganados! repuso antes.

Van! contesto Ape con voz sorda.

El silencio reino! Silbino [midio] ensayo antes si su huevo tocaba facilmente el del contrario, despues lo levanto y dio un golpe ligero; ni uno ni otro cedian. Repitio el golpe con mas fuerza, despues con otra mas aun hasta que se oyo un sonido seco.

fol. 82 (c13)

Ya! exclamo Silvino triunfante y mirando hacia el huevo de Ape.

Ya! contesto este con sorna; has perdido; tu huevo esta rajado.

Silvino miro el suyo y efectivamente tenia una rajadura. Lintik exclamo Palideciudo y miro a su contrario sin poder hablar.

Ahora, darme los huevos anadio Ape cogiendo el cesto.

Silbino le dejo tomar los huevos mirando con las cejas arrugadas la rajadura y no sabiendo a quien echar la culpa. Cuando Ape a en vez le pidio el suyo Silvino

escondio el huevo y repuso con voz sorda:

No! este huevo, no!

Si huevo si ! replica Ape; eso esta en el contrato

fol. 83 (c14)

Ensenarme antes tu huevo!

No quiero! Y porque te lo habia de enseñar?

Un relampago brillo en los ojos de Silbino.

Ah! tu huevo es de piedra, o te atreves a enseñarlo.

Y el tuyo esta llenado por eso no me lo quires dar.

Los dos muchachos empezaron a insultarse y pronto vinieron a las manos. Los huevos volaron de un lado a otro; uno le dio a Silvino en el ojo y Ape recibio [En aquel momento los que rezaban la Estacion?] dos en pleno pecho y concluidos los proyectiles se administrados rectos y furiosos punetazo al modo filipino. Las tenderas empezaron a chillar los que iban en la estacion al ver el tumulto se olvidaron del rezo. Tanukang al ver a su hijo se levanto y fue alli corriendo otros le siguieron. D. Crispin hijo lo mismo

fol. 84 (c15)

dispuesto a poner paz, pero al ver a Tanukang administrar un furioso boletin a Ape, ciego como un toro en su amor paternal ofendido se lanjo sobre Tanukang vinieron las mujeres, alli se armo la de Dios es Cristo, acudieron todos a recibir ya dar, volaban las platos de pansit, los tizones ardiente volaban de un lado a otro, insultos, interjecciones se cruzaban con los chillidos de los mujeres, los lamentos de las tenderas. Los cantores acudieron las hermanas dejaron al hermano los que cargaban los imagenes se marcharon para tomar parte en el combate depositandoles en el suelo de modo que el Jesus Nazareno se encontro apeado con el asombro en la cara mirando hacia los combatientes mientras que la Dolorosa lloraba detras en el pecho trasmirado de siete punales de plata repujada

fol. 85 (c16)

en forma de abanico.

La contienda habian seguido indudablemente un graves consecuencias por ambos partes a no haberse roto el cordon del cargoncillo de Tamukan. En el furor de la peles esta sintio fresco de los cintura para ahajo; su contrincante Don Crispin que sintio el contacto de una piel velluda se paso y no pudo menos de reir.

Cpna Barang que vino en censilio de su marido se quite el tapis y el pauelo.

Desacato... desacato ... esto es desacato...

Vamos al tribunal! decia Tanukang jadeante y arreglando los calzoncillos; vamos al tribunal.

Vaya V. primero [a su cara a vestirse] a ponerse un camisola: contesto con sorna D. Crispin.

Pero yo ne se porque te metes tu con esos hombres? gritaba Cpn. Barang, llorando de ira; no te he

fol. 86 (c17)

dicho que eres muy pequeno y que no te consideran

Silvino...

No te lo he prohibido varies veces... no se gana nada con mercarlarse con esa gente.

Hablaban seis o cinco a la vez; Tanukang gritaba, llamaba cuadrilleros, oficiales mezclando a cada palabra desacato, Cpn. Barang gesticulada con sus [dados] brazos largos y su cabellera desgrenada; Silvino y Ape pugnaban de los que les sujetaban para lanzarse el uno sobre el otro insultandose y amenazandose. Entre tanto [el cura de pie en la ven] a lo lejos desde la ventena de la casa se asomaba una cabeza de mujer mirando ansionamente hacia la [plao?] hasta el punto de sacar casi el busto. Era Marcela que trataba de adivinar la que pasaba.

fol. 87 (c18)

Nos vamos a ver! gritaba Tanukang.

Si nos vamos a ver ! contestaba el [guason(?)] de D. Crispin; sere gobernadorcillo y le hare a V. trabajar en calzoncillos y le llamase kiti kiti.

Tanukang lanzo un ergidio y se volvio de nuevo para recomenzar el combate. Pero D. Crispin ya se alejo llevandose a su hijo.

[En todo este tiempo] Y mientras tanto el Jesus Nazareno [estuvo] miraba asombrado hacia la pla? y la Virgen se mantenia dentras en actitud dolorosa y con los ojos llenos de lagrimas.

fol. 88 (d1)

A la tarde en la plaza del pueblo reinaba mucha animacion.

Entre las tenderas que animaban el sitio vendiendo comidas y golozines a los muchahos y gente piadosa que acudian a resar las estaciones solo se hablaba de los milagros de aquel dia. El Cura y Panchitong habian sanado milagrosamente el primero de un violentissimo dolor de cabeza, rayano en barreno, y el ultimo de un mal viento que ninguna medicina habia podido curar. Una panistera aseguraba haber visto al cura a las once contento como unas Pascuas y cuenta que estaba tan malo que no habia podido recibir a la principalia—Pues eso no es nada decia otra que vendia empanadas; yo ho visto a Cpn. Panchitong morihundo si moribundo, ponia los ojos en blanco y ya sin

fol. 88v (d1)

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Aquel dia no se beblaba mas que del milagro producido por el agua del Jordan. El cura y Cpn. Panchitong al primero le hebian visto de mal humor y De este ultimo no cabia la menor duda todos le habien visto caer en medio de la calle por un mal viento y a las once y media gracias a unas cuantos gotes de aquel agua mezclados en un vaso de agua rezansso un padre nuestro y un ave maria, Panchitong se habia puesto de pie.

Aquella misma manaoa las Hermanas invadieron el convento cada mal llevando su botellita y sus cinco pesos de limosna. Todas salian contentisimas bendeciendo la bondad del cura al consentir darles de aquel agua. El Cura tuvo que despacharlas encargando las que volviesen otro dia.

fol. 89 (c2)

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conocimiento como que Cpn. Barang le estiraba de todas partes para hacerle volver en si...Aba! pues vino el Cura y le trajo dos gotitas del agua [del Jordan] milagrosa, aba y al instante se levanto sano y fuerte como tu y yo.

Si! pregunto la otra con aire de duda.

Si y la prueba es que dio dos chinelazos a la hija de Anday que no paraba de llorar. Yo astaba alli!

Y que agua era aquella? pregunto la pansitera.

Aba, un agua [del Jordan] como un agua cualquiera, como era con que lavas tus platos contesto la empanadera, pero es el agua del Jordan. Ves tu que virtud.

Ah, agua del río Jordan, pues si era agua del Jordan repuso un joveo con cierta suficiencia mirando a ambas mujeres con compasion, si es agua del Jordan bien se comprende. Bebiendo esa agua se curan instantaneamente todas las heridos, si es el balsamo de Fierabas.

fol. 89v (d2)

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Aquel dia no se hablo en el pueblo mas que del milagros producido por el agua del Jordan. El Cura y Panchitong habian sido curados [milagrosamente] el primero de un violentissimo dolor de cabeza rayan en barreno y el ultimo de un golpe de viento que todas les medicos no habian podido [curas] aliviar. Todo el pueblo habia sido testigo al cura a las once y media salia de casa de Panchitong contento como unas parenas y panchitong a las tres de la tarde se encaminaba a la iglesia para encabezar las Estaciones como designado y escogido por la autoridad del Cura. Asi se esplicada como las mujeres sitiazon y asaltaban el convento comprando cada cual unas cuantas gotas de la famoso agua bendita + Jordanis. El Cura tuvo que despacharlas encargandolas volviesen otro dia.

En la misma plaza del

fol. 90 (d3)

Que de estrano hay?

Ves tu? Por eso costaba tanto!

Que cuenta.

Aba, cuatro pesos una botellita asi de [grande] chiquite. Ay, mi ama apenas pudo conseguir un poco, tanta gente habia comprando desde que [le con] el milagro se supo.

La panistera hacia sus calculos; cuatro pesos por una botellita de agua. Que bueno seria [tener] vivir a orillas del río Jordan.

Oye tu, dijo pensativa, no es ese río Jordan donde se bano. [S. Juan] Cristo en cōmpane de S. Juan?

Justo, por eso los ponen siempre con los cabellas sueltas!

Y esta muy lejos?

Figurate si estara lejos, hace mucho tiempo que sucedio eso!

fol. 90v (28)

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si fueron petales sacudios por el aire. La joven admiraba tanta \_\_\_, tantas [mati??] delicados, tanta belleza y tanta juventud y que es un \_\_\_ que se [mochita?] me dia.

Pero tienen que marchitan, decia un voz dentro de ella; esos flores han de adornar el domingo proximo la palma que he de llevar el aun en la procession aquella palma que todos los solteros del pueblo estan obligados a regalar que medio del medio real que se los exige a cada suina antes de comprarse. El Cura ya he convenido su padre en que ella, Marcela, haria la palma por cuarenta pesos; ella en veno se habia escusado/euniado(?) diciendo que no sebia bacer flores artificiales para adornar la \_\_\_, el cura habia respondido que precisamente los preferia naturales y habia anadido mirandole en los ojos

fol. 91 (d4)

No dicen que esta en el monte de San Cristobal?

Es verdad! he oido que el Jefe de los hermanos de San Francisco va al Jordan todos los anos. Sale de aqui el [jueves] Viernes Santo despues de la Procesion, [y llega] alcanza alla el domingo de Ramos? y vuelve aqui antes de Pascuas!

[Cosa mas] Sale de aqui el viernes Santo y alcanza alli el domingo de Ramos? pregunto algo estraneda le pansitera.

Ah asi lo he oido decir de muchos hermanos; que cosa mas curiosa eh?

Que cosa mas curiosa! repitio la pansitera pensativa. La campana de la iglesia [tocaba] llamaba en tanto a la gente para parte en la estacion. El patio de la iglesia se veia muy concurrido de muchachos y muchachas jugando y aroteando mientras otros mis tranquila se contentaban con visitar

fol. 91v (55)

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Su padre

Solo tu la puedes consolar

fol. 92 (d5)

los altarcitos de cana colucados en el patio y en los [rincones] estre(?) de la plaza. En cada altarcito habia un cuadro representando una pareja de la pasion sobre una mesa cubierta con un mantel y entre dos torres [flore?]. En medio de la plaza entre las tiendas y puesto de comestibles se veian grupos de muchachos discurriendo animadamente: casi todos llevaban huevos de gallina jugando al sport. Tuktukan juego usado durante los domingos de cuaresma. Mientras los padres arriesgan sus fortunas en la [veian] gallera cuyo criterio y alboroto llegaban de tiempo en tiempo a ellos con la explosion de una tempestad, los hijos guardando una proporcion logica admirable, juegan con los huevos y arman no poca bulla. La unica diferencia era que en la lucha de gallo el desgraciado pierde su dinero, mientras que en la lucha de los huevos el vencido tenia

fol. 92v (56) "29" crossed out

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que por el, [flores cuales quieras] los unas flores de su jardin son mil veces mas preciosos que cuantas flores de tela pudiera fabricar los habiles manos de todas las colegialas. Y su padre le habia obligado a aceptar, orgulloso y satisfecho de la preferencia que aquel ano le debe el cura sobre la hija...a quien solia enseyar(?) la confession de la

pelu(?). Su madre tambien habia insistivo: se ganaba cuarenta pesos producto de aquellas macetas: lastima que no [se] hubiere un domingo de Ramos cada vez. Entonces su padre estaba tan alegre porque el cura lo estaba, ahora estan aflijidos porque el cura asta de mal humor. Que hombre es ese uno solo de cuyos gentes revolucionaba un pueblo y tumbeba todas las familias? Oh! un hombre asi...

Marcela salio del balcon disgustada, en esto salio su madre buscandole y diciendo que la llamaban.

fol. 93 (c6)

que pesar e poder del vencedor. Cuestion de herencia como diria Darwin: en la infancia del los pueblos el vencido pasaba a ser esclavo; entre las naciones adelantadas [se] paga una indemnizacion y se queda con su verguenza en casa. La logica es la ley da la naturaleza.

Mientras por un lado los muchachos santificaban de este modo los domingos de Cuaresma.

fol. 93v (25)

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eran demasiado jovenes. La joven arrugo el entrecago. Siempre que pensaba en su porvenir, no sabia ella porque se le aparecian dos figuras en la imaginacion uno la del Cura P. Fernando y otra del [escribiente?] Ysagani.

Ella sentia cierto odio cierto disgusto contra si mismo cada vez que la imagen del cura se le aparecia en su imaginacion; su conciencia de joven honrada y su altivos hacian que mis cejas se arregl(?) y por echan(?) el mal pensamiento preferia pensar en Ysagani; en aquel modesto Ysagani que servia de escribiente en el tribunal. Ella le habia conocido un dia que su padre la habia mandado llena para sacar(?) copia de varios documentos pertenecientes a Dona [Poray?] entre ellas el testamento que esta habia dejado. Ysagani habia llamado su atencion por un aire serio y teciturno, su estrano y profunda mirada cada vez que sus ojos se encontraban.

fol. 94

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Marcela pensaba en su padre [la primera autoridad en el pueblo] y en su difenita lie e involuntariamente hacia una comparacion entre ambos que resultaba desfavorable para el primero. Su padre era la primera autoridad en el pueblo, era un hombre, de el dependien muchos y le veia alli aniquilado, suspirando como un nino por que el cura se habia negado a recibirla y darle a besar la mano. En cambio, su tia en Manila ese una mujer, una anciana enfermir, llena de animo y decision que todos respetaban y tenian y cuya palabras [se] escuchaba [por los estos con atencion no solo sus] con atencion personas ilustrados personas noder, (?) alcaldes y hasta curas. Que pequeno se le aparecia un padre ropejante y toda y que grande su tia apesar de un paralisis y de un palidos cadavericas. Ella sabia el flaco de su padre por figurar y [gotar] mandar, flaco que su tie censuraba moderadamente delante de la hija pero, ignoraba

fol. 94v (c16) "59" crossed out

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El Cura el P. Ageton, oh si equal era un hombre...  
 Ella sentie cierto odio  
 Most probably the

fol. 95 (d1)

[A la noche visito el Cura la casa de Tanukan]

Despues de las oraciones se presentaron en casa de Tanukang el medico, el abogado, y el telegrafista esta vez mas temprano que de ordinario para unir sus protestas contra D. Crispin. El almanecero que les vio entrar cerro pronto su tienda y alla se fue tambien temeroso de que lo alguno da los tres se la adelantara.

Como era de espera se comentaban los sucesos de la tarde y se [excesalrabe?] a los enemigos. Silbino estaba seguro de que el huevo de Ape era de madera, naturalmente como iban ellos a dar su huevo que aunque estaba falsofigado era huevo al fin. Todos daban la razon a Silvino el abogado queriendo captar la voluntad de la familia decia:

Le parea es pelea de huevos y no se dice si ha de ser

fol. 96 (d2)

fresco, vacio, cocido, lleno o como quiera. Basta que sea huevo. [Es indudable que el huevo] La pelea es cuestion de cascara y siempre que haya cascara se cumplen las condiciones naturalmente un huevo de madera como no tiene cascara.

Y el abogado Juez de P. miraba a los presentes y sobre todo a Marcela que hacia burgos como diciendo.

Admiraos de mi raciocinio: por ello solo me merecio Marcela y tres Marcelas mas.

El Medico que comprendio lo que queria decir la mirada, no quiso quedar detras y [para] repuso con mucha seriedad:

Habia que examinar bien a Silvino si eso ha salido con algun lesion interna que puede tener despues consecuencias sobre su economia; convendria

fol. 97 (d3)

hacer constar porque quien sabe... Ape es un moceton barbaro; y cuando sea medico titular...

Por igual motivo le interrumpia el [telegrafista] almanecero:

Si no me asomo yo e intervengo sucede una catastrofe.

Lo que debe V. ser es la cuestion de desacato, decia el telegrafista; si V. quiere envio ahora mismo un peste al gobernador!

Pero el pensamiento de que D. Crispin estaba en buen pia con el Cura se presentaba a la imaginacion de Tanukang.

[No hemos de poder nada] Si no fuera por respeto al cura; el cura la proteje

Si, le proteje anadio Cpna Barang; [es tan bajo] esta manana le vi salir del convento. Seguramente es para indisponemos con el cura. Como si lo viese

Es tan servil y tan bajo. De todo es escapaz [para] con tal de que le hagan gobernadorcillo.

fol. 98 (d4)

No he visto uno que tenga mas hambre de gobernar. Pero...

Ya veremos.

Y siguieron hablando y criticaodo a D. Crispin recordando sus regalos al convento sin acordarse de que aquel mismo dia habien ellos regalado dulces y [fuertes?].

Marcela no decia nada ni tomaba parte en la conversacion. Se mostraba con todo amable sonreia a unos y a otros afirmaba debilmente con la cabeza. Cpna Barang empezaba a hablar del inteligencia entre D. Crispin y la Mem y que probablemente esta babie arreglado todo el negocio [regalandose a] coo algun regalo.

[En esta con estaban ocupados cuando se oyeron pasos es el zaguani] Hablaron entonces de indirecto y hasta el abogado para acabar de gutar a la familia se permitio beber mal de las relaciones de los curas

fol. 99 (d5)

citando el concilio Tridentina.

Ya! al contrario le salio al paso el medico; yo creo que los curas deben estar casados, por que primero la naturaleza lo exige y despues porque es natural.

Porque [la naturaleza es\_\_] Cune V. cosa ciudad de un parroquia.

Cuando el Cura esta casado no podra ir a tardar(?) la paz en los pueblos... Lo que nos pose(?) a nosotros los medicos: el publico tiene mes confianza en nosotros cuando somos [caredos?]; y miro significativamente a Marcela; porque no exigir lo mismo de el cura

Cuando el Cura esta casado, la mujer, la confianza los secretos...

Pues [es necesita] mejor confianza se daba exigir a las casa que a los medios por quanto que penetrar en los co\_\_(?)

Asi seguian discutiendo cuando se oyeron para en el zaguani para bien conocidos punto me corto la

fol. 100 (d6)

conversacion en los labios de todos. Era el Cura que subio pausadamente las escaleras con ese(?) en seguridad y ese eplomo del que entre en uba casa.

Verle y leventose todos [menos?] los hombres, ponerse palidos y lanzar una exclamacion de arombo. Cpna [M?] se adelanto doblado a recibir [contiene?] y el basta del cura y a [benidale?] mano mientras que Cpna Barang muda tomaba un actitud ambigua preguntandose por el giro que iban a tomar los cosas.

Con que esta tarde ha habido alboroto dijo el cura en todo natural—elegando la mano porque se la besamen(?) todos.

El medico y el abogado [berecen?] y se sonrieron para captura la voluntad del cura. Tanukang se sonrio tantas.

Este tiene la culpa, Padre dijo señalando a un hijo Silvino.

[Acercate pillin], dijo el cura carinosamente cogiendola

fol. 101 (d7)

de la oreja. Yo veian e varos eseyendo(?) que algo os hebia ponido. [Y V. Marcela]

Y [dirigiendose a Manila y entendiendo] Los dos matrimonios estaban encantados de que el Cura volvien a un casa y le rodeaba de todos clase de pravencion y hasta bendicion el accidente que asi les reconciliaba en el cura.

Oh, no an moda(?) Padre!—Ese Don Crispin que nos quiera mal porque

fol. 102 (y3)

This page crossed out. Handwriting and paper is different from the rest of the Ms.

buenos cuartos.

Si pero fui herido y estuve [escondiendome?] por dos semanas.

Buenas, bajando la voz pero y en negocio aquel de la Escuela no venia propomiedote tambien dinero solo que tu no aceptarte?

No, pero el que lo acepto murió.

Ya se yo porque murió por lo demas y no tenia la culpa de su muerte si hubien sido mas listo tu en su lugar...

Hubiera muerto tambien, los dos se colleron

Ese diablo de Elias...

Silencio yo no se como averiguar ese las cosas...

Ee que no le damos parte a el de nada: hay que contar con el no crees que se puede contar con el [nunca]?

Severio movio la cabeza y alargo el labio inferior.

Bah! es que no se le paga bien.

Es rico! Siempre tiene dinero.

Lo robara.

Levero le miro con ira—Si supiese que robaba se le podria delatar pero levero la miro

fol. 102v (c18)

El Vica-Rector sin embargo mando se encontro solo, saco de un bolsillo saco un librito pequeno y alli apunto cuidadosamente con letras pequenitas algunos nombres y algunos cifras inteligibles solo por el

Se han peleado en la calle Hugo Santisteban con Malabí....

Y que tengo yo que ver con ese ?son acerca como nosotros?

fol. 103(y2)

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maca se contento con mirarle indiferentemente.

Vamos, [amigo] Severo saluda a la buena suerte que te busca, exclama el recienvenido con una falsa alegría y busca un banco para sentarse.

Mira sientate sobre en salacab dice el de la hamaca.

Los germidos de loteng se acentuaron un poco mas.

Que esta enferma Paula? pregunta

Tiene tercianas—conteste indiferentemente el dicho como si dijera hija de su madre.

Pues mejor no podia ser para ti! Replico(?) el otro con brutalidad tia Tinang ya sabes que se ha vuelta loca, tu hijo Basilio ha desaparecido y el pequeno Crispin se crea que se ha muerto. No te falta mismo que tu Paula se te muera.

Como no me hables de darme dinero y puedes marcharte—le [conteste] lanzandola una furiosa mirada— siempre que vienes a verme es para darme un disgusto.

Te equivocas: es para proponerte buenos negocios. Solo que tu eres un tonto dime la otra vez que yo te hable de aquel chino...sabes que ganaste

fol. 103v (c17)

dicho an la clase que [estranaba la orden de VR] aqui se toca el violen.

Bah! Tonterias!

El P. Federico he dicho que sus alumnos que por el podia fumar en los pasillos que el lo permitia, lo cual es contra la orden dado por VR

Bah! Si no tienes que decirme sus que estos bobados, dejame ahora en paz que tengo mucho que hacer otro dia vendras cuando tengas mejores noticias que darme. Avarigua bien que cosas y que personas visitar el P. Pasian/Pasion(?) y el P. Federico antiendes Esto es lo principal.

Y de un gesto despacho al pobre Justo que se marchaba de puntillas en una sonrian [estuvieron?] en los labios confuso y avergonzado

fol. 104 (y4)

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Y tu que eres tan valiente no puedes...? E bizo un gesto.

El acero no le muerde y le hace huya de el. Tiene el mutic en bacal  
O algun anting-anting.

Hablando de anting-anting...?no me has prometido un pedazo de hostia?

Si pero favores son favores es menester que tu me oigas.

Que quieres?

Haz de saber—le dijo con acento misterioso—que ahora sirvo a Don Camilo y la [hiylo?] al oido

Aba!

Si, [a Don Camilo]: puede mas que mi antiguo amo y ademas es\_ rico y es muy amigo del alcalde y del Capitan General.

Con que le sirves ahora... y desde cuando?

Desde que ha sabido que vino de Europa para libertarnos a los indios: se va a proclamar Rey de los Tagalos. No digas esto a nadie.

No puede ser: quien te lo ha dicho?

Yo que lo se: me trata con mucha intimidad: y para que veas

fol. 104v (c16)

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Que quiere decir?

Que V.R. es muy amigo de conceder ciertos privilegios a los que V.R. teme: hablaba de los simultaneitan de cursos prohibidas por V.R. a todos y concedidas solamente a los hijos de profesores y a los empleados peninsulares. Y anadia: esto se hace odioso a los ojos de los debiles y ridiculo ante los favorecidos.

Ah y del P. Paria sabes algo? Has averijuado de quien visito?

No, Padre ninguno sabe nada de el, ni el capista [lope?] que sabe todos los escandalos de Manila he podido [decirme?] nada.

Bah! veo que no sirves para nada!

Sin embargo, el [Professor/Prelatorio?] de [Filosofia] Anatomia he

fol. 105 (y6)

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## 146 MAKAMISA

Po—contesto la muchacha en parecido tono:

El arroz!

Todavia lo estoy pilando madre [contesto la muchacha con voz dolorosa]

Y sabes que tengo hambre, ay! tengo hambre.

La nina no couento y cogio en dos manos el halo y menudeo los golpes que  
apegraron el ay de la madre.

Como pragunto el desconocido todavia no habeis comido? ya se vuelta el sol.

En efecto empezaba a amanecer.

Rayos! perdi todo el dinero ayer en el gallo de Capitan Basilio

Pues para eso estan los amigos: toma un peso a cuota Severo cogio el dinero  
maquinamente, lo examino y sin decir nada lo puso en su bolsillo.

Hombre yo te lo daba para que mandas comprar algo de comer.

Es demasiado; dame algunas seocillos.

Pero supongo yo que nos entendemos eh?—le digo el desconocido dejadole  
algunos monedas de cobre.

No hay [puerto] rueda que no anda con aceite.

## fol. 105v (c15)

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Un joven que vive solo tiene casa fuerte [In original document puerte (sic)] y  
dicen que es rico, aquel que he dicho una vez que se admiraba de qua los profesores de  
la Universidad supieren tanto [cuando ellos jamas han] sin aprendido nada...

Ah! quiero conocerle a ese joven.

V.R. [Vice Rector] puede pedir informes de el a los profesores de Fisica e Historia  
Natural del ano preparatorio. Dicen que ellos la estiman.

El Vice Rector hizo un mueca.

Bien y que me queréis contar de ese joven?

Pues, Padre, ese se ha permitido ayer decir en un paseo que [no comprendia  
como] los hombres salvajes de bajos al llevarse solo llegan a esferas [tengan] los vicios  
de las clases nobles...

## fol. 106 (y5)

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que no miento, Elias el Bayani le teme y le sirve como un esclavo [este?] sera el  
general.

Severo se quedo pensativo.

Pero y que quiere [el] hacer?

Pues no te digo? Sera el Rey: nosotros no pagaremos fallos ni tributos y todos los  
que le ayuden seran despues generales y tenientes entiendes. Severo estaba sombrío.

Tiene preparada mucha gente aqui en Batangas y en Tayabas y en Manila a su  
senal se apoderaron de todos los cuarteles e iglesias para tener armas y dinero y despues  
sera el Rey: pero no lo digas a nadie, piramejo/quesaramelo.(?)

Severo cruzo el [pecho] con el pulgar(?) indice y escupio sobre el.

El hombre guardo silencio para dejar a Severo el tiempo de reflexionar.

Estas dispuesto? le pregunto viendo que no decia nada.

A que?

Aqui? pues a ayudarnos.

Silina, dijo la voz lastimosa del Loteng, Silina!

## fol. 106v (c14)

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no comprende como V.R. puede seguir en el puerto; que ba oido decir que  
cuando llegue el nueve Rector V.R. sera destituido y juzgado seguramente.

Ah!

Despues se marcha... Su amigo el estudiante de medicina. Basilio Ybanag...

Quien es ese?

Otro que ha venido con el del Ateneo y con quien se junta siempre.

Que senas tiene?

Aquel que va siempre de luto no se sabe por quien aunque dicen que hace mas de  
seis anos es huernano de padre y madre.

Quien es?

## fol. 107 (y1.)

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Siguiendo nosotros al hombre [esta] de la criaturas que tan prodigamente se  
desprende de an su dinero le veremos que se va al campo y entra en una pequena choza  
del mas miserabla aspecto. Construida de cana y techada de cogon, baja y sucia mas que  
vivienda humana parece un pudrideso. en efecto su suelo es la misma tierra; por todo  
mueblaje tres o cuatro malos bancos de madera y una hameca an donde se mace un  
hombre de unos cuarenta anos de espresion repugnante. Una muchacha, flaca delgada  
y muy mal vestida pila es un lusong lentamente un poco de arroz y lanza de cuando on  
cuando miradas de odio al hombre que fuma tranquilamente bostezando en su pipa de  
barro. Cerca del techo hay suspendido una especie de divan que los Tagalos llaman  
loteng compuesta de canas tejidas como para hacer un lancapa que me le servir de  
alcoba para dormir. Algunos quejidos salian de el de tiempo en tiempo lo cual indicaba  
que habia alli una persona que sufria.

Al entrar el hombre se sonrio con [le vista de aquello] el aspecto que el cuadro  
presentaba la nina le miro con las cejas frencidos(?), pero el hombre de letra

## fol. 107v (c13)

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Y ha dicho Padre, que los dominicos sin vale la mitad de los jesuitas tienen unas  
ridiculas pretenciones y eso que no ensejan mas que [ojos/viejos?] necedados.

Ah! y qua mas.

Que el sabe muchos cosas de VR y que como le sigan fastidiando lo va a contar  
puesto que a el no le importa perder el cuno: que el no tiene necesidad de la carrera.

Ah! y ha dicho que con eran eres(?) que el sabia de mi?

No lo he dicho, Padre. [Decia]

Ah y que mas?

Dijo, que aqui oo hay ninguno que tenga valor: que odiandole y despreciandole  
a V.R. Catedraticos y Profesores

## fol. 108 (y7)

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Y llamo a la chiquilla con voz breva.  
 Silina la miro con ojos irritados e interrogadores.  
 Te digo que vengas?  
 La muchacha se acerco recalosa.  
 Anda, vate a comprar algo para tu madre y para mi: corre que van a salir.  
 Silina cogio los monedas se puso la mano por la cabellera y se echo [ceho in MSS]  
 a correr.  
 La verdad es que tu sabes vivir— le dijo el desconocido mirando a la nina qua  
 desaparecia an un estrecho sendero— siempre tienes mujer y mujer bonita criada y  
 dinero: no hay como tener suerta.  
 Severo no contesto.  
 Con que estos decidido?  
 A todo, ya sabes que desde...  
 Donde que desaparicieron tus hijos estas cansado de vivir no sahian que las  
 quisieras tanto...  
 Eran mis hijos murmuco con acento lugubre Severo.  
 Como apenas ta ocupabas de ellos...  
 Severo pestaneo cuatro o cinco veces.

fol. 108v. (c12)

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Aqual astudente ilongo que vino del Ateneo.  
 Quien?  
 Aquel que dice que yo no le quiere saludar a V.R. por qua V.R. no le ha devuelto  
 un saludo.  
 Ah! el estudiante de metafisica exclamo sonriendo.  
 El mismo padre:  
 Y bien?  
 Esta manane he dicho con muy malos de V.R.  
 Y qua ha dicho? pregunto mirandole fijamente y medio frumiendo las cejas.  
 Justo refirio la escena que puso en la porteria procurando(?) exijarla para pintarla  
 interesante y poniendo en me la ley a(l) [Baruia?]

fol. 109 (y8?)

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En al pueblo creen que los civiles los han muerto. Aqualla noche oyeron tiros.  
 Savero se levanto bruscamente de la hamaca tiro su pipa y lanzo [di\_\_ cementos]  
 una blasfemia cerrando los punos.  
 Los lasacasa me lo van a pegar algun dia y despues que me aborquén La vida ma  
 va cansando. Yo quiero servir a tu amo si al me promete aydararme.  
 Ya lo creo no ves tu que el tambien tiene que vengar la muerta de su padra?  
 Un relampago brillo en los ojos da Sevaro.  
 Pues bian qua me ayude a vengar a mis hijos yo vengare su padra. Que voy a  
 hacer.  
 Mira le dijo con mucho misterio— el me ha hablado da ti y te conoca Aunqua as  
 muy rico como es muy [previos?] necesita aun mas dinero para comprar armas Haca  
 dias que se ha ido a Manila para eso. Necasita apoderarsa del dinero que hay en la  
 Iglesia y en el convento ha pensado en ti. Tu con tras o cuatro companeros valientes

le podeis tomar una nocha aqui tienes las llaves qua el mando hacer. [Estos dispuestos]

fol. 109 v (c11)

anrovado ya se adalanto hacia al P. Ten que le axaminaba con la vista.  
 Buenos Dias, padre, dijo inclinandose y basando bumildimente la fria y huenda  
 mano.  
 Cora? Justo! contesto sonriendose con un sonria melipia(?) un dignarsa darle la  
 bandicion.  
 [Ta, sonrio] El joven (jec) sa rio tontamenta.  
 Qua traes? pregunto recamente el fraila sin diguase senarle una silla de tantos  
 qua habia an la celda.  
 Te. jec! padre el estudiante Cecilio Martin Barcina! jee!  
 Vamos, has oido qua se murmura de mi?  
 Qua dicen? A ver si hoy me cuentos algo mas interesante [que lo de ayer] Ayer  
 no me dijiste mas(?) que simplezas (?)  
 Conoca V.R. a Martin Barcinas? Padre?  
 No, quien es?

fol. 110 (y9)

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[y el dia en que] Busca tu companeros: [manana vendra]  
 Con tres habia bastante: para cuando sara?  
 No lo se: manana te lo vendre a decir.  
 Dejame dinero para beber con mis amigos. Es menester dinero.  
 En verdad mi olvidaba: por hoy no ta dijise mas que veinte pesos. Despues si el  
 amo asta contanto te dara mas, y despues, despues saramos todos ricos.  
 Pero es menester que yo tenga antes el anting-anting: la hostia.  
 Descuidate: tengo en casa la mitad de lo qua tuve cuendo commulgue lo dasa.  
 Con que hasta manana.  
 Hasta manana Aqui mismo!  
 No: es mejor en el campo santo.  
 Y salio el desconocido cantelosamente.  
 Severo se puso a examinar las monedas de plata que tania procurando qua no  
 sonaren.  
 Cuanto te ha dado ese que salio—dijo la voz de la enferma desde arriba.

fol. 110v (c10)

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tema tampoco hay orden ni reglamento que el no ravoque. Lo qua a todos los  
 estudiantes prohibia lo concedia a favoritos o a muy recomendado [plazas/playas?] de  
 [capsitos?] de colegial, gracias ete los concadia a cambio da otras gracias.  
 Esta esa el P. Janco [Tanco?]  
 Estaba en aqualla manana ocupado leyendo un billetito perfumado cuando oyo  
 llamar a la puerta: Tosio con una toselita seca gordo sigilosamente(?) la cata y gorto  
 adelanta:  
 Aparecio entonces al joven estudiante que ninos seguir con los ojos a Barcina y  
 subir despues arriba.

El joven sonriendo, andando de puntillas y medio

fol. 111 (y10)

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Severo hizo una mueca.  
Cinco pesos.

Dame los cuatro que te los voy a guardar— dijo la voz animandose.  
Te dase estos tengo que hacer.  
Si ya se pero pero dame las cuatro sino  
Tomalo y las tiro uno par uno guardandose lo restante.  
En esto volvio Silvino trayendo arroz; pescado eoco y dulce que los tagalos  
llaman pacascas.

Que los comprado? A ver? Que has hecho del dinero que te ba dado?  
Li doce cuartos—grito con acento amenazador.  
La nina semblando Cuatro cuanta el arroz, seis el pescado, y dos las dulces.  
Tu me esta robando y sono un bofeton.  
La nina se puno a llorar.  
Por ue pegar a mi hija?— grito la enferma por que la pagar? Ese no es hija que te  
ha hecho?  
Callate— grito Severo—todavia la vos e defender: por eso sale ladron.  
El ladron eres tu! ah si me perdiere levantae...  
Y la nina seguia llorando.  
No quieres callate, maldito—dice Severo— Veres como te hizo callar

fol. 111v (c9)

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que curioso su historia. Desde hacia algunos meses el tema de todos sus sermones  
es la murmuracion, la maledicencia, la calumnia, la difamacion, los falsos aperienicos(?)  
el justo acuerdo por hacer el bien, la grandeza de espiritu que manda desoir los  
calt ninos etc. Muchos estudiantes sonreian al cirle algunos religiosos se continuau los  
libroes y bajaban la cabeza.

El hombre esa un terrible enemigo y un buen amigo.  
Para fastidir(?) a los que le son desagradables no hay orden despotica a ridicule  
para el para favorecer a los que le sirven o a los que el

fol. 112 (y11)

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[y cogio una pedazo de cana y lo levanto] arrancaba un bejucos del dindin[gl]—  
Detente, detente gritaba la enferma.

[Pero la cana no cargo] Vas a bajar no mientras(?) a mi hija. Como bajas a ti y  
a tu bija os voy a matar—gritaba furioso y blandiendo el bejucos.

Pero en el momento de que lo levantaba para agotar a la infeliz Silvina que ee  
escondia(?) en el rincon detras del lusong gritando Madre. Madre mia unhombre se  
presente en la puerta.

Esa Elias con su Salacot de plata y oro, su talihon y su camisa de pina.

A su vista Severo suelta el bejucos y se queda confuso.

Vamos— dice lento y desdenoramente no eras tu el que be conocido hace algunos

anos. Antes te atrevias conmigo hoy no te atreves mas que con las ninas.

Al recuerdo de su antiguo pasado, de su juventud gloriosa. Severo levanto la  
cabeza y respondio con un suspiro.

Soy el mismo aun solo que antes estaba en medio del dia y hoy es la noche.

Sea que hablase metaforicamente o no el coro en que apenas se vera ya clero en  
la cboza.

Entonces, has encender la luz—dijo Elias— asi nos veremos mejor.

fol. 112v (c8)

lumen por aqui lumen por alli, subiten cialidad(?), vision incorporea; pero el  
bombe predicaria en desierto pues no hay ninguno que cree que el predicator baya  
visto a Dios cara a cara: Que nos diga como se ve a un hombre o a un mujer cara a cara  
a solas o como el quien, le creemos facilmente decia un estudiante de medicina—pero  
ver a Dios..

Que sabes tu? replicaba otro estudiante de Teologia; San Pablo ha visto a Dios  
corporalmente en el camino de Damaso, [y el Padre Tenco se] y se quedos ciego; el P.  
Tenco parece que le ha visto espiritualmente.

Sus sermones de los dias ordinarios tenian todos un mismo fin: eran orationes  
pro Domo sua, como decia uno de sus agentes

fol. 113 (y12)

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Cilina enciende el tinghoy.

La nina que habia dejado de llorar, se acerco ol calan, pero el fuego se habia  
estinguido. Elias le alerzo un caja de fosforos.

Como esta tu madre? le pregunto afectuosamente Elias.

Enferma senor contesta la nina encendiendo el miserable candil.

Anda ve a cocer el arroz no tienes que hacerlo? y la alarzo unos monedas de  
cobre: comprete unos suecos y no andes siempre descalza.

[Silvina dio la gran] Los ojos de Silvina se volvieren a humudacer y dio la gracias  
con una mirada de profundo conocimiento.

Cuanto has cambiado Severo— le dijo en voz baja en tono de reproche— mira—  
como tiene la cara en infeliz criatura mirarle como va: has cambiado mucho.

Debeis tener razon: desde que ha perdido a mis dos hijos conozco no que no soy  
ya el mismo. Ah!

Si mientras llorar tus hijos mantinenos(?) los hijos de los otros. Si en nina tuvieron  
su padre...

Severo vuelto la casa en sus manos y no contesto.

Que has hecho de tu mujer? anadio Elias— sabes donde esta

fol. 113v (c7)

cristales de la iglesia, la tomariamos por [un mano de] la noche-distribuyendo  
desde el pulpito el sueno a los fatigados perpeclos(?) de sus oyentes.

Por los demas sus sermones se dividian en dos clases: los de los dias solemnes  
y las de los dias ordinarios los primeros [eran] vinreban todos sobre temas profundisimas  
de la Teologia el buen hombre trataba de explicar a sus oyentes como los justos ven a  
Dios, y de que manera, como vemos a la S antism a Trinidad y para convencerles de que

## 152 MAKAMISA

el no mentia explicaba todo el tursicismo/terminos(?) científicos

fol. 114 (y13)  
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Oh! no me hableis di mi mujer contesto desesperado— Pobre Tinang yo le queria despues de todo: era muy buena no me habelis de ella.

Al contrario vengo a hablarte de ella: quiero saber donde esta.

Que se yo donde esta? Se habia muerto probablemente— Ojala se haya muerto.— La he buscado por todos partes, pero desde hace mas de una semana nadie la vio

Una persona que conozco se ha compadecido de ella y le ha buscado un asilo un... en Manila.

Acaso Don Camilo? pregunta vivamente Severo.

Quien? Don Camilo el rico? contesto con indiferencia Elias y mirandole rojo no le conozco dijo no nos tratamos. Es una mujer la que le ampera(?)

Ah creia que erais su amigo. Pues bien...

Es menester que husques a tu esposa: mas vale que vaya a Manila la tenga abandonada. Esta noche me acompaneras...

No puedo, Tengo que hacer.

Entonces, manana por la manana

Tampoco.

Elias la miro de hito en hito.

fol. 114v (c6)  
This page upside-down.

alabarle n estimarlo, aun estando seguro que seria bien recompensado y pagado. Pero con extraña: el hombre tenia una gran fama de predicador y en circunstancias normales y en poblaciones menos raras que Manila esta fama perderia un Edipo tan enigmatica es e incomprendible. El hombre ni tenia voz, ni gracia ni figura, ni elocuencia, ni convicion ni sentimiento, y en todos los grandes solemnidades cuando tenia que predicar delante de toda la iglesia llena y del sapientissimo claustro a no ser por su figura masculina y la luz entrando a torrentes al traves de las

fol. 115  
Written in blue handwriting is not Rizal's. Probably mariano Ponce's?

ral.

Los cuadrantes del hierro por donde suelen corren las ruedas de la puerta estaban cubiertas de un gruesa capa de orin: el camino esquinado que conducia a la cara habia dejado crecer la yerba en los pinturas de las piedras de china y la parros que lo entoldaba se caer a pedazos.

El corazon del joven estah oprimido. Despues de abrir Pablo la puerta que le conducir a la escalera, Camilo cogio los llaves y la digo siga V. entrar el caballo y traigo los bultos: despues vayais al pueblo a traerme algo de comer y lo mas necesario para pasar la noche y le dio algunas monedas de plata y volviendose a la joven.

Andeng—la dijo carinosamente [hay de modo que esta noche] abre esos maletas y seca la ropa que se ha mojando(?)

Andeng sin embargo de ser curiosa y deseaba ver la cena se dio por muy contenta en la ocupacion que su companero de infancia la encondenendas.(?) Camilo entio

con Dona E ? en aquella con cerrada hace mas de cuatro anos.

fol. 115v. (c5)  
This page upside-down.

Asi se os debe tratar— Ridiculo esclavo—  
Que vil debes ser cuando me saludos!

El hombre tenia un andar particular: esa lento y ligero a la vez: esto es hacia muy poco camino para muchos movimientos y saltitos. Cuando se le veia venir de lejos con su sombrero de felpa [en batra(?) de palisa(?)] el habitto de una blancuna(?) cura irreprochable mirar el aire con un cara palida flacar y amarillente esgrimuarlo su baston de p ? comprende bien que no le querian los otros religiosos de un orden que la desprecian y que en Manila, poblacion la mas indulgente de todos para los ministros de Dios no haya encontrado aun nadie que quisiera

Two lines ibverted in blue ink:

"El viejo Tun, segun la novicias de Camilo fue a visitar los caballerizos y el jardin para ponesto lo mas pronto posible en estado de ser util pues iba a habitar la cosa."

fol. 116 (y14)  
This page crossed out.

Y a la noche?  
Tampoco sera otro dia.

Elias examino la habitacion y vio el salacob al lado de la hamaca

Aqui ha habido alguno penso otro que no Severo se ha sentado sobre el puesto que los puntos estaban humidos en tierra. Severo se sienta a recuesta en la hamaca y la nina no por tanto.

Y cuando podremos ponernos en buenbusca(?).  
Otro dia menos atronabas(?) manana.

Entnices pasado manana.[Dices que Paula] Y echando una mirada los preparaciones de comida exclamo:

Paula esta enferma y para vosotros tres no teneis mas que eso? Senalando al pescado seco.

Esa muchacha no compro mas que eso: por eso la habia pagado.

No habia mas dinero, señor contesto la muchacha que ponia Sres arroz sobre el calan.

Afortunadamente tengo aun aqui algunos cuartos— dijo Elias metiendo mano en el bolsillo: sigueme que comprame tapis para tu madre

fol. 116v (c4)  
This page upside-down.

estan a ello tan acostumbrados que no conceban como un Catedratico fraile pueda no tutear a un alumno;— lo que mas heria era la sonriente burlon, comica, miordas(?) con que el acompanaba sus palabras.

De igual modo queria que todo el mundo se levantare mando el palabra le saludarse cuando menos; pero el se cuidaba muy bien de devolver el saludo ni de hacer caso del que la saludaba: a lo mas la dirigia [a] el una mirada que significaba muchas cosas por ejemplo— Te honras con poderme saludar!

Todavia necesitas mucho para que merezca que yo te rebaje hasta al punto de cootestarte.

fol. 117 (c3)

sus labios eran finos y contraidos por una semisonrisa desagradables su voz es[t]a seca y desagradable auo en momento en que se burlaba da los pobres esto diamantes que no tenian valor para replicar a mis burlar e insultos aunque enseñaba Canones y tenia que hablar de decretos, dogmas, concilios etc. hableba un embargo en lengua de tieoda que escogia para rasonar sus sermones.

La gustaba fijar involuntariamente sus miradas en las demas pero asi! da aquel que se atrevia a mirarle cara a cara!— Por que me miras tu? Tengo yo algo en la cera acaso? Esa su pregunta misma pero no era este tuteo brusco lo que mas heria este es ya la costumbre de todos ellos y los estudiantes

fol. 117v

In blue ink probably Ponce's.

fol. 118

sus ropas y elhajas.

Explicados el porque la gente iba con preferencia a la misa mayor, sigamos nuestra narracion.

En la iglesia hacia pues mucho calor y muchas dormitaban y cabeceaban sudando y medio desmayadas, Entre estas se veia una vecina de Cpn. Barang, una mujer joven gruesa vestida lujosamente con mas brillantes y mas labrados. [La po. buena mujer rendida por el sueno estaba medio postrada y medio]. Era Dona Quiteria la mujer de Doo Pacomio, el designado para suceder en el mando a Cpn. Pepe, el marido de Cpoa Barang. La Buena mujer rendida por el sueno estaba medio arrodillada, medio postrada cabeceando a mas y mejor [y abriendo] Abria con esfuerzo los ojos, recitaba una salve y se volvia a dormir envuelta en una mirada de [indignacion] desprecio que su vecina, la severa y seca Cpn. Barang llena de indignacion la

fol. 119(y)2

Agaio io blue ink ad handwriting different probably Ponce's?

The following numbers appear in the manuscript 0752394 and the addition of:

1,8287670  
0 152394  
1.9811610

Pero vamos a entrar en casa.

Cole Andeng a coger las llaves de la casa ... Esta de cerrado desde que sa murió su padre...esta todo abandonoado...asi lo dispuso.

Camilo contemplaba coo tristeza el cuidado del jardio y la soledad mientras que el cochero y el de la [Pablo.] bamacaba bajaba las maletas y cosas al coche.

No sabiamos que iba V. a alli y no hemos preparado nada.

Si cootesto suepiocelmente(?) Camilo.

Si \_\_\_ bubiero dicho Don Eustaquio que era V. bubieran venido toda los ceramos(?) y cuidos a recibirla.

Si volvio a repetir.

La llegada de Andeng trayendo [la gran llave] un gran manojo de llaves de hierro le saco de su reflexiones.

Pablo abrio la vieja que giro pesadamente dando paso al joven que despues de una ausencia de diez anos tenia la felicidad de volveri nalgobag(?) si bien lo mostraba vecio y desierto.

Entre tanto el cochero montendo sobre uno de los caballos partio a escape que aomiar(?) a los demas cuandos de la llegada D. Camilo

fol. 119v.

This page is a bit longer than the other pages in the MSS. Written horizontally unlike most of the manuscript, there are a handful of pages like this which written in pencil and very cramped is hard to read and perhaps the original will have to be consulted. Not connected to the story the page contains notes on the natives of New Guinea!

fol. 120 (g3)

Written in violet ink.

tan malo como el dice, como hereje. Yo estaba oyendole desde un cuarto mientras rezaba el rosario con mi tie; papa la defendia a V. pero el cura no queria creerle. Yo voy a convencer a papa de que vayamos el pueblo de V.; el medico dice que necesita ir el campo. Escribirle V. a papa para que no deje de ir. Debe ser muy hermoso un pueblo!

Esta carta estaba escrito la primera parte, esto es hasta la fin [una?] con una letra inglesa clara, y correcta; la mano de la mujer que habia tupado aquellas caracteres lo habia hecho con cuidado pero toda la portada apenas en inteligible: las letras no estaban por bien escritos, habia faltas de ortografia horribles: la mano que lo escribio tendrían mucha[s] prima(?)

De aqui deduje Camilo que Maria Clara habria omitido(?) la primera en parte por orden de Don Santiago que lo leyó despues la porduta(?) lo escribio ella sin saberlo su padre. Algo vio el en aquellas lineas, algo que no lo expresaban los pobre.

fol. 120v

Another page of notes unrelated to the story. Mix of French and Spanish. The last part seems to be the Credo in French.

Counseil de Nicea (Ariamos) [?]= Consubstancial rechazada en el concilio de Nicea por 80 obispos admitido en el de Nicea por 318— Concilio de Nicea—325— Nous croyons Jesus consubstantiel au Pere, Dieu de Dieu, lumiere de lumiere, engendré et non fait. Nous croyons aussi au St. Esprit.— modo de distinguir los libros apor por de los que no lo son Crisanto y Mironius que firman la condenacion de trio segun Niefro y Baronio.

Concilio de \_\_\_ y Selencia 359 considerado despues como falso concilio por haber negado quanto se hizo en el concilio de Nicea.

381-C de Constantinopla anatematizan el de R. \_\_\_ St. Gregorio de Neziaceno lo preside =Jesus Crist s'est incarne par S. Esprit et de la Vierge Marie— il a été crucifie por nous sous Ponce Pilate— il a été \_\_\_ et il est resuscite la troisième jour, suivant les Ecritures.— Il est assis a la droite du Pere— nous croyons aussi au St. Esprit, seigneur vivifiant qui procede du Pere

[4] 331-C de Etero

fol. 121 [g4] [98]

Aquel apreciable Don Camilo y aquel nombramiento de V. significaban mucho; era un cambio que se queria introducir en sus relaciones con Maria Clara: [aquella seguridad] aquella escena vulgar de los que hachers vendrian del craneo da Don Santiago y aquella seguredad era el efecto de la conversacion de esta con el cura? Maria Clara le amaba, de lo contrario no hubiera puesto el [padre tu?]; la inocenica, la inexperiencia y el amor solo pueda dictraerlo Lucia alli la ingenuidad da su alma que obedece los mandatos de su padre pero sin faltar a los exigencias de su cargo abierto al amor hace poco. Aquella carta estaban escrita por la hija y por la novia las mas deliciosas manifestaciones de la mujer.

Camilo beso la posdata que leyó dos o tres veces; y reflexiono despues pensando en otras cosas que no en el amor de Maria Clara se fijo en las acusaciones del Cura de Binondo y quiso pensar en ello. Hernando Sibila! Hernando Sibila, dacia conozco

fol. 121v.

Text in French and Spanish unrelated to the story.

Nous n'avons jamais ete chez ces peuples que pour nous y enrichir et pour les calommer (Voltaire)— Juan XVI instituyo la fiesta de todos los Santos a mediados del siglo X=Juernidad primitivamente en China= Su Orden abad de China tenian costumbre delibres muchas almas del Purgatorio no por sus ninos. Girad flos Sanctorum Tom II pag 445.= Sigaberes in terra+ Macabao Landica+ Virgilio Alice pandunitur manes— Suspended ventos; alus sus guagite vasto—infestum elintur'selus aut exluntur igni—

Tout laique qui recontreran en chemin un pretre ou un diacre lui presentera la cou pour s'appuyer si la laique et le pretre sont tout deurp a chaval la laique s'arretera et saluera revenement le pretre, enfin si le pretra est a pied et le laique a cheval le laisque descendera et ne remontira que lorsque l'ecclesiastique sera a une certaina distancia. Le tout sous raison d'etre intardit pendant aussi longchamps qui'il plaira au Metropolitaine (Concile de Macon)

fol. 122 (98.)

templo, cuando se acercaba la Semana Santa e iban al fin a crucificar a su hijo que venia sufriendo desde el principio de la cuaresma era para hacer llorar a las mismas piedras como diria Fr. Fernando a sus feligreses! Y sabe Dios si la Madre y el hijo hace [tenido que] sufrido ellos que desde el primer domingo han tenido que aguavitar las mismas doce estaciones, oyendo la misma voz gangora de un picaro que como devoto encabera la procesion, siguiendole paso a paso como [pobres] mendigos [a quien se los promete] que ruelen un limosna an medio de una turba de viejos trovadores cofrades religiosos muchas viejas ninas y gente ociosa encorrrados y retorcidos como sus mismas almas y conciencias] que van a la iglesia por no aburrirse en su casa y no tener dinero que jugar en la gallera.

Al fin [la musica] el campanillo se modero poco a poco

fol. 123 (a1)

Las mujeres se miraban unas a otras, atomitas, interrogando unas y encogiéndose de bombros otras mientras doblaban sus lambong o velos y removian sus labios haciendo creer que no cesaban de rezar. Toda la iglesia estaba escandalizada de qua al Cura el P. Agaton no haya querido dar la comunión a nadie, precisamente en plena

cuaresma, en el domingo de la Pasión. Todas las devotas estaban fuera de si, otras lloraban de disgusto—por no decir da rabia— y muchas se atrevian a cuchichear en voz baja suposiciones y sujestiones atrevidas. Solo una acaso la mas interesada por haber sido la primera en recibir el feo [por haberse] al acercarse [la primera] al comulgatorio permanecia inmóvil, recta erguida como si no se apercibiese de lo que ocurría

fol. 123v (a1) (99)

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Recto el cuerpo erguida la cabeza Capitana Barang aunque de rodillas dominaba con su mirada la muchedumbre y nada se le podria escapar de quanto pasaba an la iglesia [del pueblo da Pili] A no ser por el movimiento de sus mandibulas acompañado de las silencias gimnasia muecas de sus finos labios, a no ser por el deslizar pausado y lento de las cuentas del rosario entre los huesudos dedos de su diastra se la habria tomado por una estatua sepulral o por una monja libre de sus fajas y ligaduras. Cpna Barang rezaba aunque no lo parecia sus ojos profundos y ejecutadores no reflejaban la piedad ni la devocion [parecian] creerias que vigilaban a los fieles. Sus labios agitandose en silencio con contracciones y movimientos gimnasticos no parecian formular suplicas ni plegarias sino [acusaciones y filipicas menos/ asando] imprecaciones o conjuros y acaso, acaso amargas acusaciones

fol. 124 (o2)

[Las mujeres se miraban unas a otras con miradas o interrogacion encogimlando al hombro mientras resogian sus velos y removian sus labios para hacer creer qua razaba. Toda la iglesia estaba escandalizada Recta el cuerpo erguida la cabeza Cpna Barang aunque de rodillas dominaba la muchedumbre y nada se le escapaba/ inmóvil como si no se apercibiese de] de lo [cuanto] ocurría en la iglesia. Era una Sanora de sus cuarenta o cuarenta y cinco años, seca, delgada, da fisonomia dura y energica vestida mas que pobre miserablemente aunque con munuciosa limpieda. Su camisa de sñamay toda zurcida y remendada con pedazos de diferentes tejidos, parecia acabada de plancharse; la seya azul, cesto de pasadas epochas conservaba cuidadosamente sus pliegues bajo la envoltura de un tapis de Malabon remendado atrozos; un ancho pañuelo de colores oscuros de un tejido basto y ordinario le cubria la cabeza descubriendo solo el perfil, notable por su nariz aguilena y por la concavidad de sus mejillas que tornaba distintas formas gracias a los movimientos exagerados de sus maudibulas

fol. 124v. (100)

solo una persona, Cpna Barang, permanecia indeifer

fol. 125 (o2)

Junto a alla veias a una mujer, joven aun pero palida y gastada con una nina dormida en los brazos. Esta de un ano probablemente [tenia paredes?] llevaba ya sobre al cuello tres o cuatro escapularios y tenia puesto una camisola pretenciosa llena de cintas y trensillas. La Joven [como Cpna Barang iba vestida] vestia pobemente mas pobemente aun que Cpna Barang la cual si iba remendada y zurcida daba sin embargo

a conocer que sus ropas se habian hecho para ella.

[En la iglesia] hacia un sofocante calor, el aire se hacia irrespirable [la gente] todos sudaban el sudor se evaporaba, y la misa aun no se concluie.

La joven como cansada de su carga quiso sentarse sobre los talones, pero una mirada severa de Cpnia-Barang la obligo a [levantarse] enderezarse.

Cpnia-Barang murmuro algunas palabras

fol. 125v (a2) (j01)

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[Ella era la mujer mas temida del pueblo de Pili mujer implacable ante quien]

fol. 126 (a6)

lanzaba. [En efecto] Y a la verdad, Cpnia-Barang no solo no se dormia ni vestia lujosamente, pero ni siquiera sudaba y eso que hacia calor.

El Cura acababa de hacer su comunión, y la iglesia estaba casi en silencio habiendose callado la musica como para no turbar al sacerdote [mientras se tragaba] en el dificultoso acto de comerse a Dios. Una que otra tos, algun ronquido un bozreo, el grito de algun chiquillo solo se oia pero tosito ronquido y tos se callaban y se perdian en el murmullo misterioso de tantas hocas que en silencio rezahan.

Cpnia-Barang [que espiaaba todos los movimientos del sacerdote, pusose el lambong o velo para acercarse a la santa misa] estaba de mal humor porque con gran sorpresa de todas, el Cura no habia querido dar la comunión a nadie. Ella era muy devota a comulgaba todas las semanas [Las otras devotas y pronto se vio a multitud de mujeres desplegar sus velas y cubrirse con ellos para recibir] Ella se habran puesto na lambong y se habien acercado al corporculario pero el sacerdstan le habia a dicho que el cura no daba

fol. 127

aquella vez de comulgar.

fol. 128 (a2)

Ninguna alhaja, ningun adorno mujeril se veia sobre ella; solo un rosario intercalado dedistancia en distancia con numerosas medallas de laton y cuatro o cinco mugrientos escapularios eran los unicos adornos de su descarnado cuello ocultando a la vista la osamenta de su aplanoado seno.

[Capitana Barang se mantenía asi] A verla asi inmóvil y rígida de rodillas durante toda la misa, [y a no ser por el movimiento] ser la tonaría por una momia libre de sus fajaduras si los movimientos de sus mandíbulas [y las muecas de sus labios] y el deslizar pausado y lento del [su] rosario contador entre sus huesudos dedos no nos advirtiese que la momia rezaba... Cuando decimos que rezaba [avenuramos mucho] lo decimos de referencia, porque a juzgar por el rodar continuo de sus ojos profundos y escrutadores a juzgar por las muecas con que acompañaba sus frases silenciosas, mas que rezar parecia [mas bien] formular imprecaciones siniestras

fol. 129 (a3)

conjuros y acaso terribles acusaciones. Pero en el pueblo se sabia que asi era el modo de rezar de la rica e implacable capitana Barang.

En la iglesia hacia un calor sofocante. Era la misa mayor en domingo de Pasión y la gente que no cabia en ella sudaba y hacia la atmosfera pesada e irrespirable. Y no era porque la iglesia de Pili sea pequena no era la iglesia mas [famosa] mas grande y espaciosa que habia en la provincia con una torre elevadisima [llena de campanas y esquilas para regocijo de los fieles y ocupacion de cristianos] desde cuya cumbre se podia descubrir en dias serenos la ciudad de Manila. La iglesia podia contener apretandolos un poco unos ochos mil buenos cristianos y como Pili contaba con [tres sacerdotes] cuatro misas en domingo para sus veinte [mil] cinco mil vecinos, [para] el lector que no esta al tanto de lo que pasa en Pili [esto le parecera algo anomalo] se estranara de que

fol. 130 (a4)

la gente se agolpe precisamente en la misa mayor.

Nosotros que vamos a poner al lector al corriente de muchas cosas que pasa en Pili [le explicaremos] empezaremos por este punto importante de la religión.

Pili decimos tiene cuatro misas, esto es una del cura y tres de sus tres coadjutoras. Los domingos pues las misas empiezan desde las cinco y terminan a las nueva con la misa mayor, Las misas rezadas las dicen los coadjutores y el Cura el [felibroso?] P. Agaton, celebra la mayor y luce en ella su preciosa voz de baritono qua pone an ralieve el coro del pueblo. La gente que idolatra a su cura, desdena las misas rezadas qua dicen los coadjutores indios, uno de ellos muy fardon y se van a oir la mayor para tener musica, canto etc. y para ver tambien a las chicas que naturalmente van a esta misa para lucir

nb.

Someone wrote on the bottom of the page of the photostatic copy "End". Perhaps it was E. Alzona?

fol. 131

#### Capitulo IV La Cena

fol. 132 (1)

[Hemos aqui lector] Hemos llegado, lector.

Oye una afinada orquesta, la orquesta de Ignacio Morales. [Yo no soy musico pero como] porque toda Manila confiera que el la mujer de los 19 o 20 que hay por las alrededores, no [voy a decirlo tambien] pues aunque no entiendo una nota [y aunque hace tres anos que oyeron] tengo mucho talento musical y se juzgar [verdades que] hace cuatro anos que he comprado una flauta y tengo un metodo de Toulon, Juan de Dios Morales me ha dado lección; por medio mes verdad es que ya me ha olvidado de la escala. Pero esto no importa. He [visto un venerable] oido a un venerable sacerdote la \_\_\_\_\_ sucinta de las penas del infierno y los musicales y piezas que en el cielo se cantan en determinados dias y basta yo no se si hizo una especie de revista y sin embargo su

mira era muy gangosa. Esto demuestra que se puede ser muy buen musico contra todas las [naturaleza] orejas.

Voy viendo que me doy a lo dignisimo. Sera la ultima lector [dijo]: Como subiremos. Bah no se apure V.; esperaremos aqui a al

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(2)

de se abituvieron; Cristobal debio haber olvidado y los rezos del colegio; las mujeres sobre todo Amelia [que no sabia el ayer] tenian la disgracia de no saber el latin y apesar de su buena voluntad no podia contestar; el teniente de la guardia civil miraba con malos ojos al pobre fraile y en fin los dos ingleses que se miraron un momento de un modo muy significativo contestaron en ingles al piadoso rezo.

Mi pobre reverendo franciscano se puso colorado, tosio cuatro o cinco veces y al fin se sento murmurando cinco o seis latinos y algunos palabras que se oyeron como herejes, paganos etc. etc.

[Mi querido padre le dijo el alcalde; siento mucho no poderle a V. contestar] El alcalde Siento mucho no poderle a V. contestar su benediction porque he olvidado el latin; si V. rezan en castellano, que dicen lo oye tambien a Dios: Senor alcalde, los rezos en latin pierda su merito rezandoles en castellano.

Por eso le mira esta en latin. Se reza en latin porque era el lenguaje de Jesucristo y de Moises: la biblia esta en latin: sonrie Cristobal:

Amelia (aporte a la tia) Como se llama este plato?  
...Tinola es un plato del pais.

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[Amelia — a Cristobal — Puede]

\*in pencil is text: "Solo el militar contesto comun."

El alcalde B. al cura — Padre Cura, parece que esta V. de duelo en la comida [que] pues todo lo que V. come tiene un color negro, [como mollijo(?) sangre corazon] con aire del maliciosa sonrisa,

Es verdad, padre cura, dice el franciscano; yo quiero compartir con V. sus pareceres si V. los tiene [echando una mirada odiosa(?)] yendosele los ojos al plato. Los ingleses seguian comiendo callandose.

Las mujeres olvidadas en la comida se callaban y apenas se cambiaban entre ellos algunos palabras.

Como sucede siempre en una mesa en donde los comensales que apenas de conocer [en donde cada] quieren guardar cada uno prudencia o al menos apostutarle, en donde la diferencia de estados de opiniones y presunciones(?) va delante de todo sentimiento conciliador, el silencio y la finalidad suele predominar, era especie de status quo antebellum, o en calma armenezadora que tienen los nubes caminando en silencio antes de una tempestad. En parecidas circunstancias los prudentes hablan muy poco y midan sus palabras, los tan famosos se dijan llevar por su estupidez

fol. 135 (4)

diez [y] e ignoran la direccion de sus tiros; la gente maleducado o grosera salta todo obstaculo para no reptimirse, los de animo pacifico [juego] pero incapaz esclamado en su inocencia poner la cbispa, y lo que indiferentes en los unicos que no suelen

indigertarse ni ponerse roncos.

El buen franciscano estaba muy picado de que no le bayan respondido a su bendicite y atribuia esto a la presencia de los extranjeros; y creo que tenia razon, porque un parece que si no hubieran estado alli presentos el buen alcalde le hubiese complacido a mi digno sacerdote. Este queria desfogar en alguno su discontento [que] y no [podia] pudiendo hacerlo con los ingleses y desgraciadamente se fijo en Cristobal que estaba muy silencioso comiendo. Aprovecho esta ocasion para llamar la atencion sobre Cristobal y ponerle en ridiculo; asi es tomando un tono medio familiar medio sonriendo, pero bastante chocante.

Debe ser muy sobroso eso que comes, bagontau que no abres el pico ha?

Sin duda alguna, mi muy reverendo franciscano, le respondio [despues de] sonriendo a su vez pero algo sorprendido; sin duda alguna, es muy sabroso y [si V. quiere \_\_\_\_\_ quel] y puesto que a V. \_\_\_\_\_ el cura [que no le ha dado a V.] parte de su plata, le ofrezco a V. esto del que le [asegural] garantizo el buen sabor.

Y diciendo esta le ofrecio con una delicada sonrisa un hueso me-

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dio roido del que pendian aun algunas tenderas.

Los dos alcaldes se sorprendieron los ingleses y el militar no pudieron contener su risa; las mujeres se sorprendieron; [pero] el franciscano se puso palido pero no pudo decir por de pronto una iota; el cura le replico el cura al cabo de un momento como en ayuda de su correligionario.

Veo que te picos, bagontau, y no siento mal a un joven que habla a sus superiores; le dijoe en un tono enfatico y dominante el dominico.

Se engane V.R.; porque V.R. adverte que no soy yo [el] inferior a V.R. el que me he picado, sino V.R. el que esta al lado de V.R. y sino observe V.R. quien de nosotros esta mas violento y derasogado(?) en el tono siempre alegre cargando en los V.R.

Y tranquilo y risueno se dirijo a los demas comensales de la niese(?) como pidiendolas su opinion.

Amelia le dirijo una mirada, ella que debio de haber comprendido algo de lo que pasaba. El militar estaba muy alegre y parecia aprobar y aminar al joven; los alcaldes le miraban a Cristobal un bastante interes aunque con un poquito de severidad y admiracion; los ingleses callados como siempre y muy formales.

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Cristobal comprendio la mirada de Amelia, asi es que anadio:

[Por joven que sea yo e inferior a V.R. anadio con una poquita de formalidad creo sin embargo que nadie tiene derecho a por]

Sin embargo si he podido ofender a V.R. (senalando con la cabeza al franciscano) me pasa haberlo hecho: educado desde mi tierna(?) infancia en el extranjero [donde los] ignoro los costumbres [deben diferir tal vez de los] de mi pais [que no conozco aun] y no estoy acostumbrado a los bromeas(?) y al tu familiares que agradezco por lo demas como una prueba de afecion y de confianza.

[Ah, ah dijo el franciscano] Y dirigiendose a Amelia como ofreciendole vino le dijo en aleman — Este V. contenta?

Ah, ah, dijo el dominico, con un poco de imitacion, y donde se ha educado cuanto tiempo ha estado alla?

Doce anos, contesto secamente.

Habia gastado mucho y que ha aprendido?

Lo que ha gastado perdoneme V.R. que no lo sepa: [pero] mi padre solo lo sabia y el se lo dira si le pregunta: y en cuanto a lo que ha aprendido, solo sabe decir que me quedan aun mucho que estudiar y aprender

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El alcalde Sta. Cruz comprendio que el joven Cristobal estaba algo picado asi es que queriendo cambiar de conversacion repuso.

Habia V. estado en varios puntos de Europa; podria V. cositarnos(?) algun con de lo que ha visto por notable?

Y ha pasado V. en Espana esos doce anos?

No del todo, señor, contesto volviendose a el y suavizando su acento; ha estado ademas en Francia, Alemania, Ynglaterra, Belgica Suiza e Ytalia; pero en donde ha vivido sus tiempos he sido en Francia; alli he estado cinco anos.

Los comensales no se pudieron menos de mirarla: tan joven

Y bablara V. sin duda algunos idiomas a sus del castellano.

Hablo un poco el frances, el ingles, el aleman, el italiano y el espanol [poco un poco]

Quien mucho abarca poco aprieta murmujo el dominico

[De modo que] Aqui iniciar(?) a los senores, dijo el alcalde señalando a los ingleses pude(?) de V. hablarle en ingles pero en cuanto al aleman y el italiano los los olvidareis aqui porque no le hablara nunca.

Ese debe parecer, [pero ahi tiene señorita por ejemplo. Habla el tantos idiomas como yo a aspcion del espanol que alla aprendieron.]

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pero felzmente encuentro personas que hablan todos esos idiomas por ejemplo la señorita habla tantos idiomas menos el espanol.

Y le dijo un aleman. — Me encuentro en una posicion tal que os suplico me perdoneis si extralimito faltando a las formas.

El franciscano no cabia en si y buscaba una ocasion de atacarla a Cristobal asi es que sin reflexionar lo que se decia le pregunto.

Y sin duda habras aprendido allo a perder el respeto a nuestra santa madre la Yglesia, como hacen todos esos protestantes que viven y mueren como animales sin acordarse al Dios.

He aprendido alli, mi reverendo padre, a [ \_\_\_\_ de tal modo quel] [que mi conducta \_\_\_\_] revindicar con mi conducta la mala fama de nuestra religion, mejor dicho la mala fama que tienen nuestros religiosos; esto es — y dispensemse V. que no le dije seguir, les he querido demostrar que no siempre el nombre catolico quiere decir retrogado. En cuanto al modo de vivir que tienen los protestantes, no tengo nada que decir de ello: he respetado y he sido respetado, he cumplido con ellos mis deberes y ellos han cumplido con migo en los sayas(?); he vivido en paz y nadie me ha turbado en mis derechos.

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Y tu no habras confesado nunca alli hoy habeis pasado santa cuaresma sin reconciliarte un Dios, pregunto el fraile en tono severo, gangoso, fiel siempre a su modo de tratar a las gentes

+ [Pero podre yo saber porque pregunta V. tanto y a que remita fecha debol Aunques no soy sacerdote, eso que me pregunta no se hace mas en el confesionaria porqua yo [busco siempre por confesor] lo que me han creer que V.R. confunde los dos curas.

[Desgraciadamente no me he encontrado con su digno sacerdote como V.R. sin el hubiere confesado con el, y sabe V. que le hubiera dicho verdad es que ha confundido la mesa]

Pero me parece dijo el teniente de la guardia Civil que podemos hablar de cosas mas utiles, da conversacion menos enojos, y [sobre todo] he observado que durante la cena V. no hacen sino herirse mutuamente.

No sera culpa mia, senores contesto Cristobal.

[Quieres decir que] Ni tampoco es mio entonces.

Afortunadamente para todo el cura tocaba a su fin.

Sin embargo aun durante la discusion Cristobal no habia saltado nunca a su vecino ni habia dejado de ser galante.

Tendria V. inconveniente en decirmos V. que ha viajado tanto que ha hallado mas de notable en esos paises, le pregunto el

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(10)

el alcalde.

Dispense V. pero quisiera responder bien a su pregunta: cada pais para mi tiene dos ordenes de nobiles y son: las que se refiere a la [terreno] naturaleza muerta, este mal pais y a sus monumentos: los que se refieren a la naturaleza pensadosa estn es a los habitantes en su moral, legislacion, educacion e [industria] y los que se refieran a la naturaleza dinamica digamoslo asi que corresponde la industria, la egicultura, y el comercio. Ademas un pais puede tener una notabilidad [respecto a] si se le cump \_\_\_\_ a un pais u no tenerlo si la le compra a otro. Pare el joven como yo el estudio de los pueblos ofrece pocos atractivos asi que lo poco que he observado y podido recoger puede reasumirse en lo siguiente: Alli en un pais donde las [libertad] preciosas facultades del alma gozan de [la] libertad de tal modo que llenan sus sagrados fines, alli he visto mayor moralidad, mayor orden mayor progreso; la gente es mas respetuosa y hospitalaria, las leyes son sus equitativos y el despotismo apenas si se conoce. La libertad de conciencia, la libertad de cultos

fol. 142

(11)

Veo que profeso V. esa creencias(?) que reprueba(?)

Y porque no?

Porque todo eso conduce a que se pierde la religion.

Tan mala opinion debe V. tener de la Catolica que cree que cualquiera investigacion sobre ella, la haria desaparecer, tanto miedo(?) tiene pues al analisis del racionismo(?)? Vamos yo creo que el que se oculta es porque debe tener faltos.

Va deretro Satanas. Yn nomine Patris et filii ... exclama el franciscano — he ahi lo que aprendies vosotros en Europa de hereje. Me gusto haberme conocido.

Creo, señor, dijo el cura que podemos levantarnos.

Pero quisiera saber una cosa; dime de donde eres? De que pueblo eres?

Yo [ creo que no le toca a V. preguntarme ni pedirme mi pregunta] Como sera V. acerca Guardia Civil tambien. En ese caso aqui tiene V. a en jefe dijo señalando al teniente que si la permite a V. [amenos que no se a V. Carabinero o una cosa que el estilo. Pero si V. a Espana puede V. pedir hacer quel pedirme mi pasaporte en poblado

y eo una mesa , no se lo negar(?)

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Bien dicho, amigo mio, dijo el teniente sonriendo, muy bien dicho.

Vamos bagonlasco(?) ya moderara tus h\_?s dijo algo amargamente el dominico levantandose [con] Ya nos volveremos a ver.

Te modrando V. Sus h\_?s repitio el franciscano levantandose tambien muy trabajosamente [No] Es malo tener orgullo.

Pero es peor ser estupido exclamo Cristobal lanzandoles con fio unido de desafio y de duda.

Los dos frailes se fueron juntos; el alcalde de Binondo los siguio; el de Sta. Cruz y el teniente se le acasieron a Cristobal y le dijeron: Bien, se ha portado V. muy bien, pero algo imprudente. El teniente le dijo al oido: tengo V. cuidado de boy en adelante; no come nada que no conozca, ni escribe ne da a nadie, ni hable mal de nadie ni entre sus verdaderos amigos V. es bucero(?) aqui. No lo olvida.

Amelia comprendio lo que habia pesado, estaba pensativa e inquieta se susurraba mucho. Cuando entro Cristobal muchos miradas(?) se fijo bien(?) en el. Daba el brazo a Amelia que no hablaban.

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fol. 145

"Cpn V"

fol. 146

Capitulo 5

[Desperados?] frailes hablaban juntos alla en la ventana y p[r]oyectaban tal vez el modo de convertir al Catolicismo a nuestra santa Religion aquella a\_? descariada Entretanto la mesa se ba vuelto a aperejar y nuevos couvidades la cubrian. Cristobal estaba medio perezoso, el que se habia prometido una noche feliz. Los espanoles firmando un grupo alla cerca de una ventana hablaban entre si animadamente.

Cristobal se vio abandonado y solo en medio de aquella reunion [miro hacia] busca con los ojos a Amelia y sorprendio una mirada de este llena de interes entonces el se atrevio a acercarse(?) a ella para hablaba(?)

Este le dijo coo el acento mas dulce pero breve y en voz baja.

[Comprendo] Yo se lo que os ha pasado pero no lo puedo comprender: quizas ni cos ni yo conocemos muy bien nuestro pais, pero de todas modos lo siento.

[Perdona] Gracias Amelia, pero no es de mi de quien quisiere hablamos, quien

fol. 147(2)

de vos..

De mi porque?

Porque?

Si, [porque] Por lo pregunto.

Porque el acontecimiento de esta noche no debe [ocupar] ilustrar mi imaginacion porque seria un egoismo ocuparme de mi y porque hace tiempo que me ocupo de otra cosa.

Os comprando \_\_\_ Emilia bajando los ojos; pero queréis que nos ocupemos de otra cosa, el lugar no es muy aproposito.

Como queréis; dijo con a\_?rgare(?) [tenia razon] veo que os pesa(?) el recuerdo de nuestro viaja y.teneis razon; hoy habeis visto las miresis(?) de mi pays las que me alcanzaron an parte y... [lo que llama mi pais y en donde soy menos y en esta]

Qua queréis decir?

No os basta que lo comprendeis y queréis que os lo dia yo mismo.

Cristobal sois muy enigmatico.

Y yo os dijo Amelia que sois muy franca pero en una fiaqueza

fol. 148 (3)

cruel. Pero dejemonos de estos minerias(?) Sabeis porque estoy acerca en Manila cuando debia haberme corrido(?) a abrazar a mi anciano padre que debe esperarme con impaciencia? Sabeis ya [lo que me detrence?] me ha detenido en esta estrana ciudad en donde solo recibo ameriguros(?) y desilissiones?. Pues sois vos, que me prometisteis que nos volveriamos a ver que me d\_?s noticias vuestra y me escribereis y sin embargo ni noticias ni carta he recibido de vos. Sabeis [que os] cuanto os amo y si no lo sabeais esta misma prueba que os doy os bastara sin duda alguna.

Haceis muy mal con reprocharme eso: creo habemos dicho ya que mi padre esta enferma y que desde que he llegado he veleado puesto a su lecho noche y dia. Yo le encontre muy cambiado hace cuatro anos que no le ha visto.

Y yo hace doce que no he visto al mio y debe ser muy anciano ya; pero nuestro recuerdo que no se separe de mi noche y dia...

Y el vuestro creeies que no me acordado de vos, creeis que he olvidado vuestro generoso corazon, corazon de...amigo creeis que os he olvidado en aquellas momentos en que encontrandome sola en la alcoba donde mi padre \_\_\_ una su agitado me encontraba asilada...

fol. 149(4)

Perdonad yo no os acerco y menos ahora que os veo y os hablo: pero perdonad Amelia tal vez [no os vuelve a ver antes de partir] rositan(?) vamos los momentos en que, nos vemos que quisiera a provechar estos para hablamos de nuestros proyectos...

Aqui la frente de Amelia se arroque(?) anubli un poco, pero \_\_\_ le pregunto eo voz triste.

Que teneis que decirme, amigo mio?

Que tengo que decimos? Saber de voz si... y se detuvo.

Si...? pregunto Amelia con interes.

Si...vuestro padre...he oido decir que...

En esto se acerco el franciscano el dominico y Capn. J...

Conoce a este preguntó el franciscano a Cpn senalandole a Cristobal Le bemos preguntando su nombre y no sin he querido decir.

Cristobal se ergvio \_\_\_ las cejas [y murmuró algunos palabras].

Pero parece que me busca V. querella, [fraylos], exclamo con un acento reconcentrado.

Oye le conokes a este, invitio el franciscano dirigiendose a Cpn.

fol. 150 (5)

Si, padre, es el hijo de mi amigo Cpn Ramon; he sabido que el ha llegado y le ha invitado; debo, padre muchos favores a Cpn Ramon.

Pues dile a tu amigo que de [mejor] a su hijo mejor educacion y que nos si el no lo tiene nosotros lo podemos \_\_\_\_ (1)

Oh [no seras tu] miserable no serias tu quien de consejos a mi padre e un hombre honrado, hipocrita [exclamo]

Que es lo que dices—grito el padre furioso y echando chispas y arrojandosa sobre Cristobal para [abofetearla?]

Pero este mas listo le dio un puntapié que le la hizo [tambalear?] y caer sobre unas sillas que se romperon por el peso.

Un murmullo, un grito se escapó de varios puntos; varias movimientos de indignacion y aplomo(?) se diera a entender. Le acercaron mucha por interrumpir Cpn no sabia que h\_\_?\_r y los españoles se acercaron(?).

Cristobal se cruzo de brazos.

Maldito seas, el conyunto(?) condenado, hereje, provengia\_?

(1) Un relampago hrillo en los ojos de Cristobal y un nubé velo en entenderimiento; se puso palido y exclarar.

fol. 151(6)

el cura de Binondo mientras acudia a su companero.

Cristobal le miro con desprecio [y soltó una caraceja]

El franciscano se levanto al fin y fuera de si grito.

Echales de esta caer; esta enconmulgado, he tocado a un ministro del Señor; oy Cpn echale de tu casa.

Cristobal desafiaaba a todo el mundo con aire amenazador y provocativo—Varios se separaron de el muchos se la acercan entre ellos el militar y el alcalde.

No se le echo a nadie asi asi de una casa, exclamo el teniente de la guardia Civil— Tu Cpn echela de tu cara al que no tiene razon.

Tu alma esta cordonada de hereje...

Weri well rem viel decian los ingleses.

Yo no se decia Cristobal porque no te abofeteo y no te apluto huyo(?) mis pies, falarrio(?) e hipocrita—

Con. queria dirigirmee a el para recomendarle la prudencia.

fol. 152(7)

cuando oyo la voz de Amelia que le decia en Aleman.

Cristobal, Cristobal os ruego salid de aqui antes que os [echen?], oh yo no lo podria sufrir.

Cristobal se sonrio amargamente y extendiendo la mano al franciscano qua se [limpiaba] palpaba el cuerpo le dijo:

[Oye tu encuentro] Tu que vienes aqui bajo la capa del sacerdote ridiculo [miserable] de mezzele(?) de groseros pareciere nos volveremos a ver y me [te] dire a [lección; yo no me puedo estar mas tiempo en una casa] yo me rio da tis(?) y de tus preteensiones; ya ver la punta(?) de mi zapato he podido mas: [y entre tanto ya ma voy aqui se asfixia la horror] de y [tu en tu causa no debes recibir mas que recibir a candelas(?) como ese] y [\_\_?\_\_] y yo me voy: sepa V. que no \_\_ up quien he \_\_ la

cuestion; senores mis testigos:

Y atravesando de un paso firme y noble le sale bajo tranquilamente los en otros; no sin dirigir antes una mirada a Amelia.

Entonces el Cura se arrodillo y mirando al cielo algo la mano y dijo..

Tu ves, Señor, a que estan espuestas tus ministros por tu santo servicio te suplico, Señor castigues e las miserables que echan(?) a perder

fol. 153(8)

tu buen rebano. Sn Francisco, padre mio y vosotros santos y santos defendad nuestra sante religion. Protijed a un pobre sacerdote entre las insultos de los herejes. En el nombre del Padre del Hijo y del Espiritu Santo Amen dijo Cpn. J...

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Chapitre 7.

fol. 156(1) or (7)

[Llego a la fonda de Lala y subio a su cuarto que daba al rio de Binondo Cacendio su h\_\_ y se dijo caer abrumado sobre un sillón de bejucos y cayo en una profunda meditacion.]

Si le llego a la fona [cayo] se dijo caer sobre un sillón fatigado por las emociones de aquella noche y se \_\_\_\_ en muy profunda meditacion. Pero de pronto se irguio(?), se dijo:

No [dijarme] abatirme al primer golpe [por las primeras golpes]....? Valia la pena da haberme preparado, con la mirada siempre por el porvenir [de haber estudiado] y pasado mis noches en el estudio, mis días en la observacion, y mi vida entera en recoger y conservar a todo lo util, provechoso [a] todo lo que puede hacer grande digno y [noble] elevado a un hombre para vacilar tan pronto en la primera lucha o en la primera en \_\_\_\_\_. Semejante a un arco cuidadamente preparado y trabajado por el mas habil artifice que se rompe a la primera prueba, sere yo de esos espisitores(?)-teoricos sabios en el gabinete, ignorantes en medio de la naturaleza, heroes en la tribuna y en el Parlamento generosos defensores, esclavos mercenarios en el campo de batalla que al primer encuentro arrojan su escudo y

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vuelen la: espaldas al enemigo. De que sirven doce anos de continuo atesorar, de que doce anos de destierro, de que el sacrificio el haber dijado [mi familia] la querida patria? Para vacilar y plegarme(?) al primer golpe a la primera contrariedad no habre privado del amor de mi familia de mi madre y de mis hermanos [que espiraron] muertos en mi ausencia, para esto me habre arrancado de mis hogares(?) y [habia \_\_\_\_ largo tiempo por paises estranos(?)]. A donde he ido la carga que me habia puesto sobre el corazon para preservarla contra todos los ataques....

Miseria, miseria al in tu eres el mismo hombre con sus primeras quizas con mis defectos. Que te distingue de lo comun de los gentes? [Pero no, no puede ser; examinaron lo pas\_] Donde aquel sentimiento de legitimo orgullo; donde la secreta esperanza que tenias de volver a tu pais con algo util para tus semejantes, donde los grandes propositos y generosos aspiraciones? Si yo no traigo sus que el egoismo, el egoismo solo. Mis propios intereses, los intereses de mi corazon son ahora los que me ocupan....

Y sin embargo, no puede ser asi; no debo haberme equivocado en la idea de mi mismo. Lo que me he sucedido ahora no he

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sido efecto de mi educacion sino solo de mi juventud. Examinaramos bien; esta sobrexitaria de mi cerebro es el efecto de mis pasiones.

Y ahrio la ventana dando poco a un aire fresco y casi frio: apego su luz. La luna brillaba en el cielo, y Manila toda descansaba. Lo que el canto de su gallo turhaba la tranquilidad si es que no le haria sus silencios.

Lunido en la oscuridad sin otra luz que la de la luna que penetraba por la abierta ventana se puso a reflexionar. Cualquiera que le hubiere

[\_] el hecho visto en aquella actitud meditaron de la cabeza caida sobre el pecho y la mira de veja fija [por el espacio indefinido] con el suelo; asi alumbrado por la luz de la luna, le hubiera tornado por uno de esos genios de la noche que dicen los viejas apesarme en las ruinas.

Hasta hace poco, murmuero, no he hecho sino \_\_\_\_\_ de vaya [la otra] en regir recogiendo a mi \_\_\_\_\_ todo lo que veia util por el edificio que mismo levanta en medio de mis compatriotas. Mi animo si bien \_\_\_\_\_

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y sin flores sin embargo no era escabrioso ni sembrado de espinas; no he sido el simple viajero que se dije llevar por la corriente por el capricho o la causalidad; no soy el vano ruido que atrevian el espacio para extinguirse; yo creo haber hecho mas. Creo no haber dado un paso durante mi peregrinacion sin consagrarlo a la felicidad de mi pais; he creido que mis vigilias y mis estudios [han suplido] podian suplir mis anos y mis inexperiencias y he meditado y raciocinado cuanto me en posible sobre la nacion, los pueblos, las razas, sobre sus preocupaciones, y sus escencias, sobre su modo de ser, sobre su civilizacion, sus industrias y sus leyes en fin sobre todo su pasado su presente y su porvenir. Y juzgandome bastante capaz para prestar un servicio a mi pais y a mis c\_\_\_\_\_, he vuelto a mi patria con la conciencia tranquila con la confianza en el porvenir entreviendo tan solo sonrisas y bendisinos. Y en tanto ....

Oh mientras mi inteligencia vigilada trabajaba mi corazon dormia y me obedecio y yo loco de mi que tome y por lo tanto su sueno por tranquilidad, su indiferencia por [sangre fria] emosion. Mientras y por lo tanto soy como otro cualquiera, con todos los les pasame del hombre y del orgullo: amor y celos

fol. 160 (5)

[A] Una sola mirada; [a la primera] una sonrisa [que los] ha bastado para trasformar mis planos. Primero el interes, luego la simpatia, luego la amistad, luego el amor y [despues cuando] muy tarde me apercibi [era ya muy tarde] del \_\_\_\_\_ y de la \_\_\_\_\_. La misma historia del amor .... El continuo trate de un largo viaje, los variados

espectaculos de la naturaleza, unos veces risuenos tranquilos y poeticos otros veces amenzadores, grandinos e imponentes: el conocimiento de los virtudes del objeto acuerdo, las dulces imprecisiones comunicades. Al principio los fines y raspetuosos formulas, despues algun cortas conversaciones, un tarde el lengueje de la juventud ....

[Mi amor propio] Al primer insulto, al primer ultraje no he podido dominar ni colera y la he dejado desbordar obrando como cualquier otro sin saber reprimir ni aun recentimeto ni mis emociones y en la lucha en el mundo he tenido que retirarme para ser [ridiculo] objeto de las iras de un fraile ridiculo y quedarme a el ojo de los demas un ridiculo que el.

Y despues y despues los celos .... los celos .... Oh! sin duda alguno no soy el mismo que me imaginarlo(?) en mi orgullo, no: todo aquello ha sido un sueno. hermosa pompita de jabon que se ha d\_\_\_\_ do al primer contesto. Cuanto tiempo perdido

Y quedo silencioso ocultando su cabeza entre sus manos

fol. 161 (6)

[Pero no me exajerare]

Los cantos de los gallos se iba repitiendo y multiplicandose la luz de la luna se iba tornando palida; asomandose(?) en el oriente poco a poco.

Pero no me exajerare yo repitio, mi situacion; ?que necesidad habia de sacrificar yo los instintos de mi alma y de mi corazon al fin de mis aspiraciones. Sin acaso incompatibles los generos pusieron con los generosos pensamientos? Que? acaso esos otros, esos \_\_\_\_\_ [que] de la \_\_\_\_\_ de antiguedad, tan de virtudes solidas y sobrehumanos han dijido que en de \_\_\_\_\_ h\_\_\_\_ y abdicacion sus passiones(?); y los que ademas las edades p\_\_\_\_\_, sus h\_\_\_\_ de corazon de fuego y de \_\_\_\_\_ ..

Y quedo silenciar. [Levanto su cebeze].

Oh si, murmuero h\_\_\_\_ exajerado, y creia que mimision era muy egoista; sin embargo, \_\_\_\_\_ en su justo precio la \_\_\_\_\_ amenos .... En mi primera pruuba si no he podido salir brillante, en cambio no debi salir muy humillado ....

fol. 162

7

Amaneci ya; el fervor(?) de la manana y la luz de la aurora traian al mundo algo de alegría

Asomose Cristobal a la ventana y miro hacia el oriente en un poco mas de calma pero con un profundo tristeza.

Los objetos principiaba a distinguirse. — Algunas banchas cargadas de zacate atravesaba de cuando en cuando el rio; los vendedores de leche se veian correr ya atravesar el puente de Binondo.

Cristobal de pie en la ventana miraba siempre a los lejos: su mirada vaya(?) melancolia arriba ya por entre los techos de ladrillo y se fijaba en un punto lejano del horizonte. La paz y la calma descendian a su espíritu y los ultimas \_\_\_\_\_ se dirijaban de su animo al par que los tristes reflexionan y porque? por la luz del dia, tal vez, tal vez por algun recuerdo o [buen] pensamiento que \_\_\_\_\_ de su mente; tal vez sus meditaciones le mostraban muy claro el camino del porvenir.

Entonces casi se sonrio cuando se acordo del fraily y se aplaudia a su mismo: al por que se aruseba de haber tenido celos.

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Mi! [con el pretexto de \_\_\_\_\_ de Amelia] Voy de escribir a Amelia y me despediré ella y de su tia: y todo se lo dire hasta mis actos y despues ira a ver a mi padre para padirle su consentimieoto .... aun puede ver feliz... Despues ella me podra ayuda en el cumplimiento de mis planos...

Se recordó de los ameoazos del fraile y se sonrio:

Oh en cuarto a eso, no me ioquieto. Como le vuelen a ver...

Algo debia yo tener anocbe por inquietarme que tan poca cosa ....

La naturaleza humana

\_\_\_\_\_ ro para llamar al criado el que se [le] presaoto al instante — trayendo una carta.

Llego señor, ayer, dijo laconicamente el criado entre ?\_d\_?

Puede V. traerme el desayuno.

Si señor.

Cristobal reconocio la letra de su padra a su vista se apodero de el un especie de remordimiento. Que le diria su pe\_?\_ estuve: dando vueltos un momento a la carta y despues lo abrio

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9

Mi querido hijo: Segun tu carta de Singapore que recibí ultimamente seguías hasta Hongkong para visitar aquella isla inglesa que (dices sus ) no has visto todavia, lo que hara alargar tu viaje en dos o tres dias mas. Yo que le ha [podido] estado o asperatado por aspacio de doce anos, yo que he contado dia por dia los dias de tu ausencia encuente muy largo en dos dias que se has [perdido] empleado en asa a HongKong [no dabo sin duda emplear la palabra perdido por que se qua \_\_\_\_ ni mal gantas]. Sin embargo creo que haces bien y gracias a Dios [que] temgo paciencia por dos dias.

Segun mis calculos [a estos h\_\_\_\_\_] dentro da dos dias debes llagar el par [ya] a Manila. Lo noto puedo constante por que mi edad y mis dolencias me lo impidan y por miedo de que te datengas un minuto en la Ciudad te escribo [a todos los] cuatro cantos iguales a estos dirijidos a los mujeres fondos de Manila para que inmediatamente llegues y abrazos a tu anciano y solitario padre.

Sin mas hijo mio hay que estas aun lejos yo te doy mas que mis bendiciones: \_\_\_\_\_ vengo tu un \_\_\_\_\_ en cambio \_\_\_\_\_ y un consuelo de mi vejes.

Ver al instante Ramon Dinanganib

Cristobal no puede detenir un \_\_\_\_\_. Que hacer dijese a Amelia

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10

Los generosos peosamieotos de la ooche vivien a su memoria y si dijo primero el deber despues el corazon. Y escribio eo Aleman.

Amelia: He recibido una carta de mi padre [que te envio para decir tu ] que me espera con impaciencia. Parti a cumplir en esta dula(?) deber filiel hoy mismo porque hacia [mucho tiempo] doce anos que no le he visto.

Espero que \_\_\_\_\_ misma me alabareis(?) \_\_\_\_\_ y aprobais mi conducta. No [os] olvido ni le menos de vuestras palabras en los que leo mi porvenir. Dentro de un ca\_volvere. — Al partir lo que sus siento es no haber podido hablar aun voz \_\_\_\_\_ antes de ser a mi padre. Sin embargo le hablare de nuestros proyectos.

No quiero ofendros(?) dicieodo que os \_\_\_\_\_ da mi \_\_\_\_\_

Metio la carta en un sobre y puno la direccion. Medio hora despues un cocha partir para el sud de Manila.

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BLANK.

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3

su ser y una niebla se estendio a sus ojos.

Entonces [recordó] la observacion del ingles se presento a sus ojos en toda la vardad y recordó las reticencias de Amelia [y los]

Recordó qua esta habra querido \_\_\_\_\_ preguntas [de so] y entonces de creyo burlado; [pensó que todos]

Veia que los dos hablaba con mucha animacion y que Amelia bajaba a menudo los ojos. Y el joven parecia feliz.

Cristobal sentia frio en todos sus extremidades, sentia que la faltaba la voz y la perspiracion y que se la recaba la boca; como por simpatia sentia un dolor material fisico an el sitio [al lado] de su corazon que le concepcion(?) despues este dolor se traducia en un peso sordo que parecia qua se empiaba. Sin embargo sus ardientes ojos no se podia separar de aquella preji\_?

Oh! pensó el, es que tantos dulces recuerdos, tantas promesas de amor se \_\_\_\_\_ pronto! Sará imposible una mujer que no engaña, una mujer que no mientras(?) una mujer que no sea egoista

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Sera(?) imposible encontrar [un] el sueno que uno se forma en sus h\_\_\_\_ de amor; es que se pareciera todas las mujeras y la educacion seria por ellas un atractivo nada mas. Oh no! no es posible que sea asi! no, ella no sabe mentir ella no es mas que amable y todos eso es amabilidad. Como el un desconocido para ella .... Pero el es hermoso...

Y una sonrisa de Amelia dirijida a su pareja, parecia \_\_\_\_\_ las ultimas palabras de Cristobal. Cristobal lo vió! Pero no hallo una sola palabra y se quedo inmovil.

Despues de unos cinco minutos murmuvo lugubremente como por si solo: pero yo me puede subir ahora allí, me puedo subir... Esperare aqui abajo y para que...Jamas...sin dishonorarme

En esto habia terminado el rigodon, y la feliz pareja ocupo dos sillas al lado de la ventana como para hacer ver a todas las carecinants(?) su felicidad — Por un efecto muy comprensible de ley la figura(?)

fol. 169

(5)

del joven estaba iluminada y de Amelia no se veia unos que la elegante y graciosa siluet de su hermoso perfil.

Cuao bella es — nunca la habia visto mas bella.

Los ojos de Cristobal se bumebedian.

Como recordas todos los esceos de su nevegacion y le parecian su sueno desvanecido. Le parecia que [aquella] Amelia de ante no en esta que hoy halla en la ventana. Y en semblante se ponía sus mas triste y mas palido cada vez; su tinta sombrío se estendia por toda su fisonomia.

Pero no, dijo volviendo en si, eso no es posible; yo me exajero y me dijo llevar

por los celos; no, todo eso que vao es muy natural, y no se puede pedir otra cosa: como, puede ella recibir de otro modo una persona que le habla con \_\_\_\_\_ habla de un modo muy gente; no, eso es posible .... solamente que el ha sido sus galantes y sus afortunados que yo .... el ha bailado en ella y yo no .... Maldito sea el fraile que se ha atravesado en mi camino. Yo le esperara aqui

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y cuando ella me vea no podre menos de asuerme(?) cuando segra que la ha esperedo y la esperara.

En esto tono algunos aires de un Wals de Strauss \_\_\_\_\_ oir: Amalia y su caballero se al \_\_\_\_\_ uno en brazo da otro y se perdieran entre las innumerables parejas que como revoltaba por el sala.

Porque no he de subir yo tambien .... Oh no, no jamas.

Entonces el le veia en su imaginacion poseer a elle del brazo de el y hablando de amores: el \_\_\_\_\_ verle sonreir como ella lo sabe y con cuento gracia y dulzura. Sus ojos le buscaban y estaban ten atento que no noto que un pobre le pedie limosna.

El mendigo filipino [pobre se elgo] y uno de los mas \_\_\_\_\_ e \_\_\_\_\_ qua be vistn en mi vida, pero se \_\_\_\_\_ y se alejo.

[Despues del media hora de \_\_\_\_\_ por que Cristobal.]

Ceso al Wals, y Cristobal espero en veno que aparecian en la ventana: ni su sombra siquiera se dibujo: tocará una polka y entonces el creyo \_\_\_\_\_ vez etrazar y desaparecer rapidamente

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(8)

Vistara V. bien lector. Un pentalon aprestadito botins argollen(?) pongese V. de las camisas que le hizo Seguera, el traje de lino que le hizo Mejor bien para m\_?\_ V. bian y vamps ella. Vamos e tomar un coche.

Oiga V. cochero.

Hombre! no cige V. de V. al cochero; eso no es castila, es el mil tono, diga V. asi.

Oye ... tu! cochero parito ca ... Mecano na ibid iceo dalehin namin ....

El cochero — Donde, senor.

sa casa ni Cpn. Calle de Jolo.

El cochero — Dos realas, senor.

Masiado, caro mananacao yan, Vamos, sicapat suluna p...

Asi se habla al cochero, si, asi es el tono y dijese V. de buenas formas.

## THE AUTHOR

AMBETH R. OCAMPO was born in Manila in 1961. He was educated at the Ateneo de Manila University through primary, secondary and tertiary levels, obtained a BA and an MA in Philippine Studies from De La Salle University, and has taught at the University of the Philippines (Diliman), San Beda College, and De La Salle University.

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